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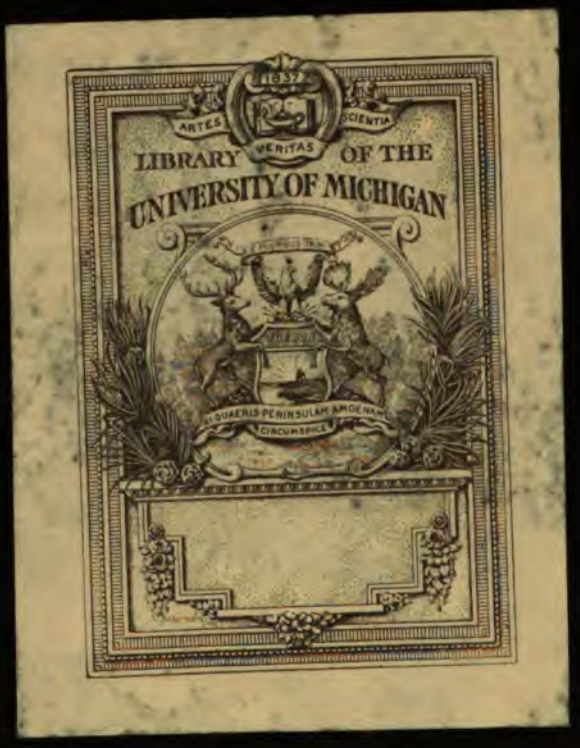
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THE

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VOL. I.

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1879.

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THE MONITOR:

An Illustrated Dublin Magazine.

JANUARY, 1879.

THE MOORES OF MOORE'S COURT.

By Denis F. Hannigan.

Chapter I.

One night in the summer of the year 1828, two young men were seated together in an apartment in Trinity College, Dublin. A decanter and two glasses lay on a table before them; and, as they sipped their wine, they chatted with the careless freedom of students who have just passed the final examination for a University degree. They were both about the same age, and had entered college in the very same year. Moreover, as if nature sought to aid accidental circumstances in linking them together, there was a striking resemblance in their personal appearance: the only perceptible difference being that, while both were dark-featured, the face of one was wilder and more gipsy-like than that of the other, and his utterance more rapid and vehement. They were both dressed in the fashion of young Irish gentlemen of that period; and, to complete the parallel, they both wore their college gowns flung loosely over their shoulders. Yet, despite these points of resemblance, an acute observer would probably discern in that gipsy-like face traces of genius and imaginative power, which he would fail to trace in the more passive countenance of his companion.

"I assure you, my dear Charley," the quieter-looking young man was saying, "I never liked any fellow better than you, and never will. I am not one who can easily form new friendships. In fact, I am determined to call few persons my friends. Most people are time-servers and humbugs; and I, for one, don't believe much in attachments generated by self-interest. So don't talk any more about my forgetting you when we part, as I

suppose we must, for a little time, now that we have taken our degrees. There, now! I've had to make a little speech in order to explain my feelings. Come, then, old boy! let me drink your health again."

The young man with the gipsy-like face eyed his companion curiously; and, though he raised his glass to his lips without speaking, his nerves did not seem to be quite steady, for his hand shook slightly.

"What's the matter with you, man?" said the first speaker, observing his friend's uneasiness, "you haven't seen a ghost about the room, have you?"

The young man with the gipsy-like face reddened. "No, Frank," said he; "the only ghosts that ever trouble me are those conjured up by my own fancy, and I sometimes find these rather troublesome, I assure you."

"Yes, I can easily understand that in your case. You have always found your imagination exceedingly active; and poetry seems to have given that faculty an abnormal stimulus. In a word, you are too much of an idealist."

"Oh! as for poetry, my dear Frank, you surely would not call me a poet for writing some verses at college, and contributing a few stray effusions to periodicals? But, indeed, the fancies I speak of may have their root in reality more than you suppose. I have just been thinking how our social relations overshadow our lives and chill our strongest affections. Do not the misfortunes of the most gifted men prove that man is, indeed, 'the slave of circumstance?' If such were not the case, how could men of generous impulse and pure enthusiasm ever go wrong? In fact, it is the world that spoils fine natures. It tries to sharpen our wits by freezing our hearts; and so we either lose what is best in ourselves or change into hard worldlings."

"Come! it is you who are speech-making now. Well, I agree with you to some extent. But I don't believe everyone is what you call a worldling."

"As far as I have seen—of course my experience is narrow—the only persons who are not worldlings are enthusiasts and school-girls. The ordinary notions about wealth and family are simply intolerable. The *man* seems to be utterly merged in his *possessions* or his *antecedents*."

"Now, I think, I see what you are driving at, Charley. You fancy my people are full of narrow pride and insolent exclusiveness. You think they believe in nothing but those stupid conventional distinctions that should have died out with the absurd fashions of the last century. This is not the case, let me tell you. Our family, the Moores of Moore's Court, is an old one; but my friends, I hope, are the friends of all my family."

"I would not advise you, Frank, to be the spokesman of your family. Pride of race is very strong still in Ireland, notwith-

standing Pope's fine platitude about 'all the blood of all the Howards.'"

"Oh, you sceptic!" cried Frank Moore; "you will stick to your own prejudices, in spite of my attempts to persuade you. Now, to convince you that you are wrong, I ask you to come down to Moore's Court for a few weeks, after you have gone home to Cork, and received the congratulations of your worthy parents. There is no need of formal invitations. Take a note of the thing, if you like; but don't forget to come."

He looked at his friend as he spoke, to watch the effect of his words; and, observing the other's embarrassed silence, exclaimed—

"I am surprised at you, Charley! Why do you hesitate? I thought you were quite free from the *mauvaise honte* of the school-girl. Surely, there can be no reason for refusing?"

"Oh! I am sure my friends in Cork would be quite glad that I should go to Moore's Court; but"——

"But what? Why do you raise objections, when there is really no reason for doing so?"

"It may seem strange; but I am rather shy, you know, and have not mixed much in society; and I could not bear the idea of intruding myself upon people who may not wish to know me."

"Oh! I see; you, who have been bred in a town, are much prouder than any of our country aristocracy, whose insolence you were condemning a few minutes since—really, you are not consistent. You have done great things in your time at college; you have beaten me in everything, I grant you; but, for God's sake, don't wrap yourself up in the pride of intellect, which is, I am convinced, deeper and more incurable than the pride either of wealth or of birth. Throw off your philosophic reserve, man. I suppose you are not going to enter a monastery. Man is a social being—promise to come."

The young man with the gipsy-like face here rose as if he were about to depart. He advanced towards his rather self-complacent companion, and laying his right hand on his shoulder, with a mixture of kindness and sensitive timidity, exclaimed—

"Do you think I can ever forget our college days? If you think me one of those who cannot appreciate kindness or generosity, you do not know me. I shall not try to analyse my feelings; but, let me say, I am, and shall ever be your *friend*, in the best sense of that word. For the sake, then, of that friendship, I will accept your invitation, though I know none of your relatives."

"Oh! come now, Charley," cried Frank Moore, "you do not imagine my relatives are Chinese or Hindoos? my friends surely are their friends—and that's enough about it."

"Let me be plain," said the darker youth, with an undercurrent of haughty self-consciousness in his tone and manner. "I hate patronage or assumption; and I should feel myself bound to resent such a thing even from the noblest. You said, awhile

ago, that your family is an old one. Mine, as far as I know, is not. The distinction, in my opinion, between an old and a new family is a mere sham; and I would not like to meet people who condescended to speak to me as a harmless person, but one of a lower caste than themselves. I may say, I am over-sensitive on such points."

"Pooh! pooh! I suppose one man is as good as another—'a man's a man for a' that'—with a few slight modifications," said Moore, endeavouring to treat his friend's remarks lightly, though he was evidently a little nettled at such utter contempt for the distinctions of birth. "Be sure, Charley, we shall all show you as much kindness and unreserve as you can wish for. By-the-bye, do you leave to-morrow for Cork?"

"Yes, to-morrow evening."

"Why 'tis to-morrow already," said Frank Moore, smiling as he saw the first grey light of dawn through the window. "Let's see the hour"—looking at his watch—"Lord, bless us! 'tis three o'clock. No sleeping for either of us to-night, *mon cher ami.* I intend, however, to sleep during the day, like a night-watchman."

The young man with the gipsy-like face extended his hand, which the other grasped with affectionate warmth.

"*Au revoir*, Charley, old fellow! I shall see you at Moore's Court."

"Good-bye, my dearest Frank. I hope we shall soon meet again; but I can't give you an express promise."

CHAPTER II.

ON the following night Charles Callanan, the young man with the gipsy-like face, took his seat in the mail-coach for Cork, which was expected to start from Dawson-street every afternoon at two o'clock. In those "good old times," punctuality seemed to be regarded as a very disagreeable virtue; and it was often an hour later than the appointed time when the crazy old vehicle rumbled on its way out of Dublin, with its burden of miscellaneous "traps" and travellers. On the present occasion the number of passengers was more limited than usual; indeed Charles was surprised to find that, besides himself, there were only two others, a gentleman and a lady, travelling by the mail-coach. Perhaps it was this fact, more than anything else, that induced him to cast a glance of close scrutiny at the faces and general appearance of his fellow-travellers. The gentleman—for, perhaps, courtesy requires that we should use that conventional term in introducing him—was a corpulent-looking individual, who had long passed his grand climacteric. He was dressed in the costume of the ordinary country squire of the period; and, if one were to judge by his posture and manner, his character

seemed to be marked by an utter absence of repose. He twisted his legs uneasily from side to side, glared around him fiercely with his small red eyes, yawned, and grumbled. Indeed it was evident that just now he was in that excited mental condition which results from indulgence in alcoholic stimulants.

The lady who sat on the opposite side, though considerably the junior of her male companion, was not young enough to be his daughter. She was a pale, resigned-looking woman, of apparently about five-and-thirty, dressed with the greatest neatness, but without any of that exaggerated display of fashion which many of the fine ladies of the time affected. There were marks of suffering on her wasted features; yet in that careworn face some traces of beauty still lingered, and there was a subdued sense of dignity in her demeanour, such as only aristocratic birth or conscious power can give.

Scarcely had Charles taken a mental note of these peculiarities in the aspect and manner of his travelling companions when the horses plunged forward with that sudden, jerky movement which seems necessary in order to initiate the locomotion of a mail-coach. The coachman cracked his whip, and shouted vehemently at the horses; and the old vehicle went rumbling on its way. Out through the streets of the city, faintly illumined by the lights from the shop-windows—out into the suburbs, where wild-looking men, and unkempt women with babies in their arms, stood at the doors of wretched cabins, staring at the coach with idle curiosity, and where a few bare-legged tatterdemalions screamed and danced in the mud as they saw the lumbering vehicle roll by—out into the roads, where no lights appeared save the stars twinkling overhead, and no faces gazed at the old coach save those of the lazy cows in the fields, who, roused by the noise of the wheels and the clattering hoofs of the horses, opened their sleepy eyes and stared in stolid wonder.

Meanwhile the corpulent-looking passenger was staring at Charles Callanan with an expression of mingled curiosity and insolence. He did not seem like one who cared much for what are called the amenities of social intercourse; and his indifference to the ordinary rules of good breeding seemed to be increased by the strong wine, or, it may be, whiskey, which he had largely imbibed before leaving the metropolis. The lady tried in vain, by some casual remarks, to draw away his attention from the third passenger, seeing that this curiosity was becoming rather painful to the young man. But her efforts were utterly in vain, and seemed only to provoke the wrath of the corpulent-looking passenger, for he cried suddenly, with a menacing look—

"What are you making eyes at me for?"

"Oh, Barnes!" the lady exclaimed, with suppressed emotion.

The person whom she addressed in this reproachful fashion

only muttered: "None of your nonsense, ma'am!" with the rudeness of intoxication; and once more turned his bloodshot little eyes in the direction of the young man who sat opposite him. The inquiring expression of the eyes soon communicated itself to the mouth, and then to the tongue, which thus translated it into words:—

"I think I must have come across *you* somewhere before. I have a sort of idea that you are somebody I ought to know. Have I ever seen you before, young man?"

"I am really at a loss to say," Charles returned, with a slightly embarrassed air.

"You are a native of Cork—eh? or from the county, at least—eh?"

"Yes; I was born in the city of Cork," said the young man, with a certain show of reserve.

The questioner, unconscious of the other's feelings, or else wholly indifferent to them, continued to stare as before.

"What's your occupation, young man, may I ask?" he again demanded. "You are at business—eh?"

"Since you desire so eagerly to know, sir," said the young man, "I have no 'occupation,' as you call it, at present."

"No occupation!" cried the corpulent-looking passenger, with a horse laugh. "How do you live, then? You don't mean to tell me you're a gentleman—eh?"

"Oh, my dear Barnes, for shame!" murmured the lady, in the same suppressed tone.

Charles Callanan, with a feeling of bewilderment rather than indignation, gazed in turn at his two travelling companions. The painful situation of the lady excited his compassion, for it was evident that, both in mind and character, she was far superior to the man, who seemed rather to exercise over her a brutal authority than to regard her with either respect or affection. The sympathetic expression of the young man's features did not escape the lady's observation; but, with a sudden air of haughty disdain, she seemed to shrink from all pity.

"Now, look here, Mrs. D.," said the corpulent-looking man, catching her arm with some violence; "you know me, don't you? How dare you try to put me down with your nonsensical family airs? Why, madam, did you promise to 'love, honour, and obey'—eh?"

The lady, with a shudder, moved away from him, and only by a strong effort of will restrained herself from bursting into tears.

"What a very painful scene!" thought Charles, with a secret feeling that it was also, in some respects, a ludicrous one. "Which is it more advisable for me to interfere or to remain neutral?"

Before he had time to determine, the man had given him a vigorous slap on the shoulder. "You see, young man, matrimony

is rather a troublesome business," said he, shaking his head, and leering at Charles with the imbecile gravity of a drunkard.

"I am sorry for the lady, indeed," said Charles, aloud.

"Now, look here, my good fellow, do you think I'm drunk—eh?" cried the corpulent-looking man, with a threatening air. "You don't know me, my friend, it seems. I'm Squire Donovan, who fought a dozen duels and shot half-a-dozen men—four of them were cavalry officers. Mark me," he continued, extending his right hand boastfully, and bending the thumb as if there were a trigger beneath it, "that's the touch—eh? I'm one of those fellows that can bring down my man at twenty paces—like a bird. So look out!"

Somewhat alarmed by this blustering tone, Charles Callanan drew back in his seat a little, and eyed the man more closely. His native penetration guided him as to this individual's character. From his dissipated look and swaggering air, it was evident that he was one of those turbulent "squireens," who aped the vices of aristocracy without acquiring any of its dignity, and disgraced "the fine old name of gentleman" by their insolence, extravagance, and petty despotism.

While Charles was scanning him thus closely, he fixed his eyes on the young man with the air of one who, in theatrical slang, is said to "pause for a reply."

"I hope I have not offended you," said Charles, with more contempt, however, than submissiveness in his tone. "I am not aware that I said anything offensive."

The man who had described himself as "Squire Donovan" snapped his fingers in the air. "I want none of your mock politeness," said he; "your phiz is rather familiar, though. Let me see." Here he seemed to be looking for something in the abyss of his memory, but only to lose himself in the search. "No! that couldn't be—blood is blood. The Moores, I must say, in spite of their cursed treatment of myself, are the real old stock. But he is rather like young Moore, certainly. Begad, I really don't know what to make of the fellow's phiz."

Charles listened in utter bewilderment to these incoherent utterances. Strange to say, the lady seemed also to pay a serious attention to this maudlin self-communion.

Suddenly Squire Donovan, in a state of intense excitement, actually stood up, and stumbling towards the side at which Charles Callanan sat, seemed determined to embrace him; and, with the awkwardness of intoxication, almost fell over him. Charles, seeing the distress of the lady at this disagreeable incident, by an unusual exercise of self-restraint, laid his hands gently but firmly on the squire, and quietly placed that restless gentleman on the seat beside himself.

"You are a cool fellow, begad!" exclaimed the squire, turning

to stare once more at the young man who had so much excited his drunken fancy. "Look here, I say, young fellow! who are you, at all? I think I know you."

Charles hesitated. "No, sir; I had not the honour of your acquaintance till to-night."

Here the squire bent forward towards his female companion, who was now at the opposite side. "Look here, Julia," he whispered, but in such an awkward manner that the words reached the ears of Charles Callanan, "the fellow 'sirs' me, you see; so he can't be the genuine tap." Then, in a loud voice, he said to Charles—

"You're not anything to Sir Annesley Moore—are you?"

"Sir Annesley Moore!" repeated Charles, with a feeling of mingled surprise and curiosity. "No, I am not a relative of his; but I happen to know his son."

The lady here appeared to be even more interested than before. "I presume, then, that you and my—Sir Annesley's son, I mean, have been fellow-students?" she said, in what seemed to Charles a slightly patronizing tone.

The young man coloured slightly, and, turning to the lady, replied: "You have surmised quite correctly, madam. We have not only been fellow-students, but very dear friends. It was only last night that we parted."

At this point, the squire, who had vainly been endeavouring to grasp, with his muddled brain, the meaning of the few words which had passed between Charles and the lady, nodded, growled, and, muttering some unintelligible nonsense, fell into a profound sleep.

The lady, with a deep sigh, gazed at the figure of her intoxicated companion, then stealthily watched the expression of Charles's face, as if to see whether he realized the degradation of the man as truly as she did herself.

Charles Callanan was not one who cared to mould his features into inscrutable gravity, in order to hide his emotions. Naturally impulsive and passionate, an enthusiast from the force both of his disposition and education, he often expressed in his countenance the thoughts and feelings that arose within him more eloquently than words could convey them. And this lady happened to possess the art of reading faces; for feminine intuition, in her case, was aided by the force of experience and suffering. The expression she traced in the face of this young stranger showed that he pitied her with a kind and unaffected pity. But, with the haughty reserve of a proud spirit, she shrank from the touch of compassion; for in her heart pride seemed still to be stronger than sorrow.

So the coach rumbled along, under the stars; and the three passengers—one buried in the depths of a drunken sleep, the two

others watching, by the uncertain light of the oil-lamp that dimly gleamed in upon them, the changing shadows that flitted over each other's faces—remained profoundly silent.

After a long interval, Charles ventured to break this painful silence by a commonplace remark. "We must be very near Kilkenny by this time."

"Indeed! I am very glad we have got so far. We can get out there."

"*You* do not stop at Kilkenny?" he said, with an inquiring look.

"Unfortunately, no," she returned; "we must go further south. We formerly lived in the County Cork; now we live in Clonmel." This last piece of information was given after a pause.

"I understood from some expressions of the squire, here—I presume he is your husband, madam?——"

She smiled sadly; and then, nodding slightly, said: "Yes, he *is* my husband."

"I understood that you were friends of Sir Annesley Moore." He regretted, the next moment, that he had referred to this subject; for the lady's pale face seemed to grow even paler, and Charles perceived that she was endeavouring to wrap herself more closely in a cloak of reserve. But, as she watched the face of the young man, in which she could read nothing but unpretending kindness and frank generosity, she softened, and her eyes were filled with tears.

"I am sure, sir, you can understand my feelings," she said; "this man is my husband, and Sir Annesley Moore is my brother."

"Ah!" exclaimed Charles, "I can understand your feelings thoroughly, madam. Pray excuse my curiosity. Circumstances have brought us together, and—it is rather painful." Here the squire shook his fist, with a fierce air, in his sleep, and muttered some terrible threat against somebody whose name was inaudible. To embarrass the situation the more, the coach and the horses seemed to conspire against the passengers' peace; for, as the old vehicle happened to jolt against some obstacle on the road, and as the beasts, touched by the coachman's whip, began to rear incontinently, the unconscious squire was flung upon Charles's knees, where he lay for a few seconds, muttering and snorting: "I am not hit, I say! 'tis only a graze—take me up, somebody!" Such were the wild expressions that passed from the lips of the drunken sleeper.

Charles was in the act of lifting him up, while the lady herself rose in nervous excitement from her seat, when the guard appeared at the window, which he lifted, and in a loud voice shouted: "Kilkenny!"

The squire woke up suddenly, and stared around him with a

bewildered air. Then Charles, rising, allowed the lady to pass out before him, and helped his drunken fellow-traveller out of the coach.

It was the custom to wait at Kilkenny for half-an-hour, to enable the travellers to get some refreshment, and also to collect any fresh passengers that might be going to Cork or any of the intermediate post-towns. When Charles resumed his seat in the mail-coach, he found that his two fellow-travellers had not returned, but that two others had taken their places. The two fresh passengers were evidently of a different class—a pair of farmers from the County Cork—hale, jovial-looking fellows, clad in strong frieze coats and knee-breeches. They were both talking, in a rich southern brogue, of the very subject on which his thoughts were just wandering.

"Did you ever see the likes of it, Phil?" said the taller and burlier of the two.

"Never," returned the other; "he's going to the bad intirely of late."

"What a life the poor lady must be lading, God help her! with such a bla'guard of a husband!" exclaimed the big farmer. "But why did she ever run away with him?—that's what kills me."

"How many years is it now, Mick, since that occurred?" asked the other, suddenly.

"Oh, she was a mere girl thin, you know, Phil," said the big farmer, with a contemplative air; "a mere slip of a thing—that's all. Let me think, now. Well, I'd say 'tis about twinty year ago, bedad."

"Twinty year ago! Is it, though, Mick? Well, how Sir Annesley foamed whin he heered it! I'm tould he swore he'd never speak to her agin."

"Well, bedad, that *was* hard," said the big farmer. "They say the squire was a gay man, thin. They used to ride out together after the hounds, you see—the squire an' Miss Julia; an' they all say 'twas a love match."

"But, man alive," said the smaller farmer, shaking his right hand argumentatively, "a 'squireen' was no match for a Moore. What was he but a poor man's son, who got whatever he had—an' 'tis all spent now—from that ould screw of an agint, his uncle. A bullet did for him, at any rate. Ah, don't be talking!" he added, as if his discourse had been interrupted, "the blood wasn't there."

A light seemed to dawn on Charles Callanan's mind. From the discussion which took place between these two genealogists—and nowhere could be found greater enthusiasts about genealogy than amongst the Irish peasantry half-a-century ago—he learned that the poor lady with the pale face had eloped with this reckless "squireen," and had thereby incurred the lasting displeasure of her proud brother and his family.

The coach was just about to start for Clonmel, but still his former companions did not put in an appearance.

The guard's face at the window again. "I suppose you are not very sorry to lose them, sir?"

"To lose whom?"

"Squire Donovan and his lady. They are forced to remain at Kilkenny till to-morrow. The squire is 'a bad case'"—by which he meant to convey that the worthy "squireen" had arrived at the final stage of intoxication since their arrival in Kilkenny.

Once more the horses reared, and the coachman cracked his whip with the usual professional shout, and the coach rattled onward under the stars. At length it arrived in the old town of Clonmel, as the first grey streaks of dawn were beginning to appear. A delay of twenty minutes; then the old vehicle again rumbled along over the dreary road.

By this time the two farmers have fallen asleep. There surely must be a soporific power in the atmosphere, as the coach itself seems to be falling into a sleep, for the vehicle sometimes staggers and splutters most disagreeably. Presently we are all asleep, jogging along under the glimmering dawn, and we are borne onward in a bewildered, semi-conscious state of trance or dream, in which the amiable squire re-appears, dragging his lady-wife by the hair, and threatening to flog her to death with a riding-whip. Then the guard interposes, and the squire tumbles out of the coach; then the big farmer drags him in again, mangled and bleeding; then the guard falls through the roof; then the car rolls over a heap of stones and into a ditch, and we are found lying dead in the ditch by our dear friend, Frank Moore; then——

Waking-up with a shock, we find that the mail-coach has at last reached its destination. The day is already old. In an exceedingly tired and sleepy condition, Charles Callanan finds himself in Cork and at home.

CHAPTER III.

MR. VINCENT CALLANAN was one of those persons whom the commercial tyro would be taught to look up to and reverence as the type of the successful man of business. About thirty years before the time when this narrative opens, he had entered the city of Cork a young and penniless adventurer, and, having unsuccessfully offered his services in many departments of commerce, at length found employment as clerk to Mr. Cornelius Delany, a broker whose caligraphy was not equal to his extensive business transactions. Callanan wrote an excellent hand, was quite a proficient in arithmetic, and showed an uncommon aptitude for mercantile pursuits. He had only been five years in the

employment of the worthy broker, when the profits of the business were found to have vastly increased. The result was that "Corney Delany," as he was generally called by his fellow-townsmen, in a moment of enthusiasm, offered Callanan a share in the business, provided he agreed "under his hand" (as the worthy Corney put it) to remain with him at least five years longer. Our young commercial adventurer readily agreed to comply with this condition; and ere the partnership had lasted twelve months, he had wooed and won the only daughter of his quondam employer—a young lady who, in spite of the commercial atmosphere in which she had been brought up, looked upon life from a very romantic standpoint (arrived at through the constant perusal of Richardson's novels and Mrs. Radcliffe's weird productions), and regarding Callanan as another Dick Whittington, bestowed upon him so many sentimental marks of favour that he laid siege to her maiden heart, and, finding no resistance, obtained her father's consent to their marriage. Whether Mr. Vincent Callanan ever regarded marriage from a romantic point of view may perhaps be seen in the sequel. Twelve months after this union, Corney Delany departed from the commercial world altogether, for—let us hope—a more ethereal sphere; and by his will bequeathed all he possessed—save a few trifling legacies for the benefit of his maiden sisters—to Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Callanan. Callanan was regarded by many as a lucky man, by others as a cunning legacy-hunter; but by those wiseacres who looked upon commerce as the basis of all morality, and money as the test of all worth, he was spoken of as a most respectable man. The opinions of others, indeed, seemed to have very little effect on the mind of Mr. Vincent Callanan, except so far as they affected his commercial reputation. He had two children, a boy and a girl; and while he had always shown himself on the whole a considerate father, he had never spoken to either of them, since first they were capable of comprehending anything around them, upon any subject but the all-importance of money and the worthlessness of everything else. The children received whatever religious teaching they got from their mother, who, under the influence of her husband's domineering will, had become a strange mixture of sanctimonious strictness and moral weakness. In reality she was one of those whose puny minds are not formed for any practical efforts—one of those whose native feebleness of character may be imperfectly sustained by judicious kindness, but is only warped by hardness into mere imbecility.

But Mr. Vincent Callanan had no time to infuse moral energy into weak natures or to kindle faint hearts with the fire of sympathy. He had been often heard to declare that there was nothing on earth more useful than money; it was the Archimedean fulcrum that moved the world. To accumulate money, therefore, became the great object of his life. His observations

seemed to confirm the truth of his theory. He saw that the most opposite varieties of men seemed to be all desirous of growing rich. When he heard enthusiastic persons make professions of indifference to wealth, and call it "filthy lucre," he suggested that they were either hypocrites or madmen. Thus he seemed to become impregnated with a passionate love of money; and even his affections exhibited themselves in a pecuniary form. The value of the gift which he bestowed upon his son, on the anniversity of his birthday, seemed to be the exact measure of his feelings. Kind words he regarded as vain pretences. He wanted no man's friendship unless it could enable him to accumulate money the faster. And it must be confessed that, however selfish and sordid such views of life may appear, Mr. Vincent Callanan seemed to have found in his commercial success a sense of satisfaction almost as great as anything we call happiness on earth. He found himself, only a few years after his old partner's death, the owner of many thousands of pounds; and considering this amount a paltry sum when measured by his heart's desires, he invested his money in everything by which a profit could be made—Government securities, bank shares, mortgages, and loans at heavy interest. It must be observed that, in those days, joint-stock companies were in embryo, and that railways only existed in the dreams of scientific enthusiasts. But, making all due allowance for the limited resources afforded by the time and the country (whose commercial life was then, in many ways, rather depressed), Mr. Vincent Callanan succeeded in adding considerably to his wealth. He was now regarded as one of the foremost commercial men in the city of Cork. He did not aspire to the distinction of being an alderman; indeed he always professed to despise all honours to which no emolument was attached. He did not pretend to believe in either gratuitous patriotism or unremunerated benevolence. Indeed he was quite consistent in his theory of life. He laid it down as his invariable rule "to give nothing for nothing," and was exceedingly literal in his interpretation of this gospel. It may be asked, whether Mr. Vincent Callanan ever aided charitable undertakings? It cannot be denied that he was known to have occasionally done so; but he always calculated the amount of profit which a donation would bring himself in the shape of custom and credit, and thus he always made five per cent. by his charitable investments. He had educated his children as well, if not better, than the sons and daughters of the gentry; and he seemed determined to establish such a position for himself that Aristocracy itself should level down to his own sphere, and acknowledge the ability of the man whose energy and enterprise had made him the equal of "the lords of the soil."

Whether Mr. Vincent Callanan's children were anxious to co-operate with him in this scheme of aggrandizement remains to be

seen. The son, Charles, a dreamer and book-worm, rather than a practical man, had only just emerged from the halls of a University, and had, as yet, no experience in the school of life. The daughter, Ellie, was a fragile creature endowed with her mother's physical weakness; indeed she had lately become almost a confirmed invalid: but from her decision of character and independence of spirit, it might be fairly inferred that she inherited some of her father's strength of will.

As if to show that the sphere in which he had attained his success had associations too precious for him to allow his family to contemn it, Mr. Vincent Callanan had not followed the example of other merchants, who purchased villas for their families outside the city. Where his wealth had been acquired, where the triumphs of his commercial career had been achieved, his family need not be ashamed to dwell. Accordingly, he improved the old house of the broker, and adorned it with everything that taste could suggest or money procure. Here it was that Charles and his sister had passed their lives, in that sweet boy-and-girl intercourse, which is, after all, perhaps the healthiest and purest allowed to mortals in this sad world; here it was that Mrs. Callanan had moped away her valetudinarian existence; and here it was that Mr. Vincent Callanan had, for well-nigh a quarter of a century, managed his business and his household on the strictest commercial principles.

Let us now follow Charles Callanan to the home whose moral and material condition was thus fashioned by his father's unbending will.

When he arrived in Cork, after his adventurous journey in the mail-coach, Charles felt completely fagged. His mother and sister came forward eagerly to receive him, but his sleepy condition seemed to throw a cloud over his affections, for he saluted them both in a semi-conscious and highly unreal fashion. Mr. Vincent Callanan being engaged in his "sanctum sanctorum," a small office into which nobody, save a confidential clerk, was ever permitted to enter, Charles observed to his mother that she need not disturb his father's privacy, as they would all meet at dinner, and that in the meantime he should have recourse to "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." He scarcely observed the fried bacon and eggs, and the fragrant coffee which were laid before him. He swallowed some food automatically; and, apparently in a condition bordering on somnambulism, he staggered off to his bed-chamber, and sweeping off his clothes, tumbled into bed.

It was only in the evening, when, after enjoying a long and refreshing sleep and indulging in the luxury of a bath, he came down-stairs, that he fully realized the fact of his being at home. His father met him just before dinner, and shaking hands with him in a very business-like manner, said—

"So you have come home, Charles. I hope your health has not been impaired by your books."

Mr. Callanan was a man rather above the middle height, with features even darker than those of his son, and black hair and whiskers. There was generally a sleepy look in his eyes; but sometimes, under the influence of some unusual excitement, they were lit up with a kind of fierce light. His mouth was firm and compressed, and seemed to indicate strong self-restraint. A keen physiognomist might, perhaps, have traced in his features intense mental energy and indomitable will, but might have found it hard indeed to discover the master-passion of this man's gloomy soul.

"I can assure you, sir," said Charles, in answer to his father's question, "I felt exceedingly tired, after my journey in that eccentric mail-coach. Otherwise my health is in no way impaired, I believe."

"'Eccentric mail-coach!'" Mr. Callanan repeated. "What do you mean, Charles? I really cannot see the force of such an expression."

"Well, a vehicle which seems to travel in a kind of ellipse or parabola might perhaps, without much exaggeration, be described as 'eccentric,'" Charles returned, with a smile at his father's literality. "Besides, you must know, sir, I met some very eccentric persons—at least *one* very eccentric person—travelling in it on this occasion."

"Oh! for that matter, the world is full of eccentric persons," said his father, without the slightest show of interest. "It is, in my opinion, a mere waste of time to speculate on every odd individual you meet."

"But do tell us, Charley," cried Ellie Callanan—an interesting girl of eighteen summers, on whose face the hectic flush of consumption threw its sickly lustre as she spoke—"do tell us something about your adventures."

Charles looked, first, at his father, whose impassive countenance seemed to betoken either indifference or abstraction; then turning towards his sister, he asked:—

"Have you ever heard of Squire Donovan, Ellie?"

"No," replied the girl, quickly.

Mr. Callanan looked up, as if he had been suddenly roused by the last words. "Squire Donovan! oh, yes; I know him."

"Do you really, father?" asked Charles, with some curiosity. "Well, I must say, I never met a stranger character. He seems to be a most unmanageable person—a regular 'fire-eater,' and evidently a hard drinker."

"I met him once in the course of business," said Mr. Callanan slowly. "He is an utterly worthless creature, in my opinion."

"His wife was with him travelling from Dublin," Charles observed—"a very interesting lady."

"'Very interesting lady,'" echoed Mr. Callanan—"rather an ornamental style of talking. Those are more of your new-fangled

expressions, Charles. You surely don't mean that this lady concerned our interests in any way?"

"Oh! really, sir, you seem to me to take too narrow a view of things," said the young man, rather annoyed by his father's strictures.

Mr. Callanan cast a stern look at his son. "I hope you don't intend to dictate to me," he said, in a tone of severity; "I am too old for that. Besides, you know nothing of the world as yet."

"I wish to take men as I find them, and esteem them for their good qualities, not for their profitableness," Charles warmly returned.

"Oh! I see. So you have begun to think for yourself, Charles, since I saw you last!"

"Surely, that is what you should desire, father?" said the young man, in a tone which, with any other, would be really persuasive.

"But you must *reflect* and *calculate*, not *dream* and *mope*, like your mother there," returned Mr. Callanan, who evidently wished to make his son see everything around him through the mental microscope he used himself.

Apparently, indeed, there was a marked difference between father and son; the father, a man of strong will and practical power, seemed to recognise no earthly object as worthy of ambition save individual gain; the son, with little experience of what is called "the world," but far greater intuition and far wider sympathies, strove to direct his mind by the supernatural light of truth. A moralist would probably say that the root of the father's ethical creed was worldliness, and that the son's philosophy of life was based upon disinterested kindness. The son felt, in the depths of his heart, the truth of the fine old adage which tells us that virtue is its own reward; whereas the father seemed to consider all actions vain which did not meet with an earthly recompense. But moralists are sometimes superficial students of character.

"I am sorry you think so ill of my mother, sir," said Charles, in reply to his father's last observation. "She taught me many good things."

Mrs. Callanan, on hearing these words, burst into tears, which she usually did whenever the slightest demand was made upon her sympathy, and, with impulsive fondness, rushed over to the place where her son sat, and kissed him in a childish fashion, as if he were an overgrown male baby.

"What ridiculous stuff all this is!" cried Mr. Callanan, contemptuously. "I am afraid, Charles, you have not much *head*, after all."

"I am not so sure of that, papa," said Ellie, with an incredulous little laugh. "But, at any rate, I think *heart* is better than *head*."

"Oh! that's one of your stupid school-girl notions," returned

her father, in a tone that was intended to be rather conciliatory than otherwise. "But, indeed, it is idle to argue with persons who are full of sickly sentiment."

"But if you discard sentiment altogether," Charles observed, gravely, "you weaken some of the barriers of virtue."

"For the life of me I can't understand what you mean, Charles," replied Mr. Callanan, with the fainted shadow of a smile. "But this much is plain to me, that you have rambled away altogether from your mail-coach experiences." Herein it may be observed that Mr. Callanan acted like a skilful driver who turns a timid horse with ingenious dexterity, when the animal is in danger of falling or shying at some disagreeable obstacle. It was not often that Mr. Callanan exercised this faculty he possessed of leading erratic conversation into smooth channels, and in the present instance his efforts were completely successful, for Charles quietly resumed his account of the journey in the mail-coach, and at last got a patient hearing.

He did not sentimentalize much over Mrs. Donovan's sorrows; he felt that it was safer, in his father's presence, to give the bare details. Yet both his mother and sister seemed to be moved at the story. "How sad it is to see a lady of high birth treated in such a brutal fashion!" Ellie exclaimed, when her brother had finished.

"It is sad; but I suppose it is the will of God, my dear," said Mrs. Callanan.

"Nonsense!" cried Mr. Callanan. "What is there in a woman of good birth, as it is called, that should save her from the troubles of life? She deserved to suffer, in my opinion. There is a retribution in it. She married a drunken brute; why should she complain of him now? She should have considered the consequences beforehand. But, indeed, all people of that class are good for nothing. They seem to be put into the world to do mischief."

Charles looked curiously at his father. There was a strange earnestness in the words themselves; but there was an intense, and even vindictive bitterness in the tone in which they were uttered.

"Yet we should have some sympathy with the sorrows of others," Charles suggested.

"I don't see the force of that," returned his father, with a sardonic smile. "Our feelings are not made to be wasted on idle sentiment any more than the goods of this world." The remark was correct, but the spirit that indicated it was false. After this a blank silence ensued, and the conversation soon waned.

Very soon after dinner, Mr. Callanan, who never abandoned his business habits, retired to his office. When he had left the room, Mrs. Callanan said: "Charles, I did not wish to speak of the matter while your father was here, but it has troubled me very much."

"What is it?" Charles inquired, a little mystified by his mother's words.

"You know, Charles, my nerves are quite shattered; and, I fear, Ellie is not very strong. I do so wish to see Doctor Colgan."

"Then let us take a walk down the Mardyke, mother, and we can drop in to see him when we are passing."

"Shall we go, then, immediately?" asked Ellie, rising as if to leave the room.

"Oh! yes, let us go now, while we have time," cried Mrs. Callanan, with nervous impatience. "I wish so much to see the doctor."

Accordingly, the two ladies hastened to prepare themselves for the walk, which was also to serve the purpose of a visit to their medical adviser; and, accompanied by Charles, soon after left the house and proceeded in the direction of the Mardyke.

CHAPTER IV.

AT that time the Mardyke was the most fashionable promenade in the city. It was a fine avenue, almost a mile in length, with rows of trees on either side, through which the eye gazed on some pleasant vistas: green fields and picturesque-looking houses, that seemed a delightful blending of life and nature.

Along this handsome walk Charles sauntered, with his mother and sister. His sister, with her arm locked in his, almost overwhelmed him with questions on a variety of subjects; while his mother walked beside them, with an expressionless face, over which a sickly smile occasionally stole. Mrs. Callanan had never reflected whether young minds require to be formed; for her own mind, having been allowed to develop under the combined influence of unhealthy romance and coarse worldliness, was in too maudlin and infirm a state to have any strong influence on other people's nature or character. She was merely a good-natured automaton. The animation of her daughter, whose pale features were lit up by the fire of her nature and the liveliness of her fancy, was a strange contrast to her own spiritless languor.

"How glad I am you have come back!" exclaimed Ellie Callanan; "you must tell me everything that has happened since you went away—how long ago is it now? Five years, is it not?"

"Yes, I believe it is five years since I entered Trinity," replied Charles.

"How I should like to see Dublin!" cried the girl; "there are many things in it that one can see nowhere else in Ireland."

"I hope we shall travel soon," said Charles. "Papa may be induced to consent; and I am sure it would do you some good.

Meanwhile, don't grow melancholy at home. Youth should always be glad."

"Now, Charley, am I not to assume that you always talk like a mere visionary, if papa's logic be correct? According to him, young people should learn to despise their own emotions."

Charles glanced thoughtfully at his sister as she spoke, and for a few minutes seemed lost in reflection.

"What are you thinking of now?" asked the girl, suddenly. "Do you believe papa's doctrine is right?"

"Perhaps we do not understand him," said the young man, gravely. "I am sure he does everything with the best intentions."

Here Mrs. Callanan laughed, and blushed with a sentimental air, as if a compliment had been paid to herself.

"You are quite right there, Charles," she said: "neither of you can understand your father properly. He is a very superior man."

"Oh, mamma!" cried Ellie naively, "papa is not so romantic as you are. He never reads Mrs. Radcliffe, and does not believe in Sir Charles Grandison."

"That's because he is a man of business," Mrs. Callanan gravely replied.

"So was Dick Whittington, mamma, and he was a very romantic character," said Ellie, demurely.

"Nonsense, child!" said the elder lady, who always made a vain effort to assert her parental dignity whenever her weaknesses were too much exposed. It must be observed that Ellie was too much attached to her mother to laugh at her follies in an ill-natured spirit.

Charles watched the changing hues of his sister's countenance as she spoke, and observed that, after this temporary outburst of animal spirits, an unhealthy pallor settled on her features. Inherited delicacy of frame seemed to weigh down upon the girl's ardent nature and strenuous will.

"You are looking pale, Ellie," said the young man, after a short pause. "Perhaps we had better walk more slowly. A few minutes' walk will bring us to Dr. Colgan's."

"I sometimes feel a strange lassitude," said Ellie, dreamily, "as if I were going to faint; then, something within me seems to lift me up, and I feel strong again."

Charles perceived the truth of this simple description. Body and soul were struggling in deadly conflict; and it was only the potency of the girl's spirit that sustained her feeble frame.

"We must see what Dr. Colgan says," said her brother. "I think change of air would be a real benefit both to yourself and mamma. By-the-bye, I have myself received an invitation to spend a few weeks in the country."

"Where? from whom?" asked Ellie, with sudden interest.

"You have heard me speak of my friend, Frank Moore?"

"Oh! yes; you have often mentioned him to me in your letters."

"He asked me, before I left Dublin, to go down and spend a few weeks at Moore's Court."

"How delightful!" cried Ellie, with enthusiasm. "Oh, surely you will go?"

"We don't know these Moores—do we?" said Mrs. Callanan.

"I knew Frank Moore at college," returned Charles, glancing at his mother, who seemed to grasp this fact for the first time; "and indeed he extracted a kind of promise from me; but"—Here he hesitated; and his sister, with intuitive quickness of perception, exclaimed—

"Oh! I know what troubles you. You are afraid papa will raise some objection."

"You have guessed rightly," said Charles, with a smile. "I intend to speak to him about the matter to-night."

"Oh, here we are at Dr. Colgan's!" cried Ellie. "Do you know him, Charles? Such a queer old man."

"No; but I shall have the pleasure of making his acquaintance presently, I suppose." As he spoke they approached the Doctor's residence: a large, pretentious mansion, picturesquely situated at the end of the Mardyke.

Charles knocked at the door, which was presently opened by the Doctor's buxom housekeeper, who gave instant admittance to the visitors. Charles asked her whether the Doctor was engaged. "No," she said, "he is in the library; and I believe you can see him there." She led the way up a wide, handsome-looking stairs, into a small room at the left-hand side, in which they discovered, on entering, an old gentleman seated at a table, engaged in reading an old volume with a comic illustration on the page that lay open, and also in discussing a large tumbler of punch. The old gentleman, apparently a little disconcerted—for perhaps he felt that his situation was not quite consistent with his professional dignity—rose from his seat, and presented the appearance of a large, ungainly man, wearing an immense wig, turned rather awry, and a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles rather awkwardly adjusted over his nose.

Doctor Augustine Colgan was one of those old physicians who contrived to grow rich without troubling their heads very much about the relative merits of allopathy and homœopathy. He had come to Cork, many years before, a poor and almost utterly unknown young doctor, having vegetated during the earlier years of his professional career in some country district not far from Bantry. But, by a fortunate combination of circumstances, he soon grew so rich as to excite the envy of some of his professional brethren. He had, in addition to his practice as a surgeon, opened business as an apothecary, which his former apprenticeship to a country practitioner enabled him to do; but he added to the sale of drugs and the practice of surgery, a far more lucrative source of income, by marrying in his fiftieth year

a very rich old lady, who had hitherto lived a life of discontented celibacy. Whether Dr. Colgan would ever have attained to the high reputation of a Jenner or a Gull, had he depended solely on his professional ability, may fairly be doubted; but certain it is that, now at what may fairly be called the close of his career—for his years were already considerably more than the three-score-and-ten, supposed to be the normal duration of modern life—he had amassed a very large fortune. The Doctor was rather a favourite in society, though he was regarded by most people rather as an original than a man of genius. He never neglected an opportunity of displaying his learning. He would talk on any subject under the sun, and maintain his own infallibility even on the most doubtful questions. It seems that some of his medical brethren had found him so obstinate in cases where a number of opinions had to be consulted, that they were forced, for the sake of harmony, to acknowledge his wisdom, at least in his own presence; while others, who loved to preserve a kind of neutrality on all physiological problems, were won over to his side by his daring self-assertion. In his domestic contentions, however, if rumour spoke truly, Doctor Colgan did not find himself so often victorious; for his wife—an old lady, seldom seen out-of-doors, as she was bereft of all power of locomotion, and was therefore driven about in a closed carriage, but reported to be of fabulous age and uncontrollable temper—was accustomed to pour vials of wrath on the head of her lord and master. The poor Doctor was known to have described his fate to some confidential friends in the form of an allegory, telling them that he was like Prometheus, who, after he had drawn fire down from heaven, was chained to a rock, and had his liver gradually gnawed away by a vulture To those who sought to learn the hidden meaning of this figurative language, the worthy physician refused any further explanation; but the initiated knew well that the Doctor's Promethean fire was nothing else than his money, which he vainly thought to enjoy, when he found himself chained to the rock of Matrimony, and his digestion very much impaired by the gnawing tongue of his peevish consort. It was probably owing to this skeleton in the domestic closet, that Doctor Colgan had found it necessary, of late, to indulge in an unusual quantity of stimulants to sustain his animal spirits.

Doctor Colgan was well acquainted with Mrs. Callanan and her daughter; but he had only heard of Charles from the lips of others as a promising young student. As he always took care to form his own judgment of other men's abilities by his individual observation, even though they might have gained a world-wide fame, or reached the loftiest heights of literature or science, it is no wonder that he soon began to apply his philosophic test to Charles Callanan.

"Good-morrow to ye all—or rather, good-evening!" cried the

Doctor, in his usual voice, which was a hollow roar that sent back a loud reverberation, and yet, strange to say, had a dull, inarticulate effect on the ear.

Having shaken hands with all three, he shouted :—"Come, my friends, sit down! Let's have no ceremony, if 'tis agreeable to the ladies."

"Oh! don't mention it, Doctor," said Ellie, with difficulty restraining a tendency to laugh. The Doctor, whose observation in some things was rather keen, quickly perceived her sense of the ridiculous.

"Come here to me, little one," said he, glancing shrewdly at her through his spectacles. "Oh, you wicked rogue!" he cried, pinching her cheek playfully, "laugh as much as you can; and, if you *can* always laugh, you'll never die. That's my prescription for you." Here he sighed and shook his head after the manner of Falstaff. "Ah! what's money, after all?" he exclaimed—"nothing—nothing, unless you can enjoy it properly. Youth, beauty, agreeableness—those are the things to touch the heart. Yes, I assure you, Mrs. Callanan," he added, eyeing that lady with a kind of comic pathos, "I regret, I deeply regret—God forgive me my sins!—that I did not marry a young wife."

Charles Callanan looked on in sheer astonishment, while the Doctor—perhaps rendered rashly confidential under the influence of strong punch—gave expression to his discontent.

"I think your regret is very unpractical, Doctor," said Charles, with a smile.

The sound of a strange voice aroused the Doctor from his abstraction, his sense of hearing being quite unimpaired by age. "Never mind, my young friend," he said, addressing Charles with an air of solemnity; "the world is all before you yet. Do you think you can read the book of life before you have turned over half its pages? You can only learn by sad experience; and you're an ass if you imagine that you can baffle fate. I know it, my boy. What does Horace say?—you are a classical scholar, I presume?—

> 'Eheu, fugaces, Postume, Postume,
> Labuntur anni: nec pietas moram
> Rugis et instanti senectæ
> Afferet, indomitæque morti.'"

The Doctor delivered these words with a deep Gregorian intonation, which was rather new to Charles's ears.

"Come, young sir, I believe you are a linguist," he went on, with the air of a self-sufficient pedagogue; "translate that passage for me into good prose or verse—*construe, Domine!*"

"Really, Doctor, this is unexpected," returned Charles, with a feeling that the situation was becoming a little ridiculous: "I remember the ode you refer to very well. It is a very beautiful poem."

"Beautiful poem!" cried the Doctor, disdainfully; "how the deuce are we to know that till we hear what the poet is *at?*—eh, ladies? Is this the way you've been taught at college?"

"Well, I think the sense of the passage you have just quoted, Doctor, is that the years are rapidly gliding away, and that even virtue can't save us from the approach of old age and death."

"That's a very loose version," observed Doctor Colgan, learnedly shaking his head. "I could give you a much better one myself in verse, and with a touch of the vernacular in it too. Now, listen: here's an original translation:—

> '*O-hone*, Postumius! the years are flying;
> Wrinkles and trouble are wearing us fast;
> Where's the good of life, when we're always dying?
> The green sod must cover us all at last.'

Now, is there a man in all Ireland could render it better than that?"

The Doctor's effort was greeted with an irrepressible burst of laughter from both Charles and his sister. The unction with which he repeated his own attempt at translation, and the gurgling sound of his voice as he delivered it, added to the absurdity of the scene.

"Ah! my young friend," said he, with a patronizing wave of the hand towards Charles, "you might go through the curriculum of a University, and yet find a man that never went to college to teach you a trifle—that's myself; though 'tisn't I should say it. I was grounded by one of the great old Homeric scholars of this country—Daniel O'Flannigan, if you ever heard of him. Why, man, I put down fellows of Trinity in my day. There was a time when I could repeat Homer and Virgil for you like a 'Reading-made-Easy.' But I'm getting old now, you see. Would you be surprised to hear that I went through the 'Republic' of Plato and the 'Poetics' of Aristotle in my time—ay, and Dionysius Laertius, into the bargain?"

"I perceive your classical education was not neglected, Doctor," replied Charles, laughing; "but might it not be possible that in your time the *memory* was over-cultivated, and the *understanding* allowed to grow barren?"

"Understanding!" echoed the Doctor—"now don't talk nonsense to me, my dear young friend. What's understanding? *Intelligentia—comprehensio—intellectus:* aren't these the synonymous equivalents in the old language? And what's the force of *intelligentia?*—'perspicuity,' isn't it? And what's the meaning of *comprehensio?*—'grasp of intellect,' isn't it? And what does the term *intellectus* imply? why, 'the thinking faculty,' of course. In a word, don't they all mean 'brains?' And do you mean to tell me that we had no brains in my time? I must say this is a little presumptuous on your part, young man. But, if you like to remain and have a bumper of punch with me, when the ladies are

gone, I'll undertake to *sack* you; and I'll give you every fair play."

"Many thanks, Doctor, but we must be going immediately," said Charles. "My mother and sister are in a hurry, I believe, and I must accompany them."

Indeed the ladies had listened to the Doctor's extraordinary display of learning with some bewilderment.

"Well, I'm sorry we can't continue the discussion," returned the pedantic old physician. "I never give way to an opponent. My motto is '*non omnis moriar*—never say die!'"

"But I fancy that is not the force of Horace's words, Doctor—does he not rather refer to his hope of gaining immortality by his writings?"

"Who spoke of Horace?" asked Dr. Colgan, rather impatiently.

"The words you have just quoted are the words of Horace."

"Oh, indeed! but mightn't they have a thousand other meanings?" the Doctor retorted. "You don't mean to say you know what was in a man's mind nearly two thousand years ago?"

Charles smiled. "I see, Doctor," said he, "you wish, like Rousseau's philosopher, '*de nier ce qui est et d'expliquer ce qui n'est pas.*'"

Miss Callanan giggled, for the passage seemed strongly applicable to the Doctor's inconsistent pedantry. The worthy physician himself, who had never been taught French pronunciation, having gathered whatever he knew of the language from old books, opened his mouth and eyes in rather a bewildered manner. Indeed his knowledge consisted merely of a heterogeneous mass of classical references and ill-digested general information; and he was utterly unable to appreciate either the exuberant wit or playful fancy of the authors he loved to quote. However, his combative nature now came to his rescue, and he showed himself fully equal to the occasion.

"So you think I'm beaten by your bit of French?" he cried. "If you think yourself competent to beat me in languages—me, who wouldn't give way to the Provost of Trinity himself—I would say to you, in the words of Virgil—

'Ah, Corydon, Corydon, quæ te dementia cepit?'

in other words, 'what the devil ails you?'"

Charles felt that to continue a war of words with such an obstinate opponent would be an utter waste of time; and accordingly he adopted the good-natured policy of flattering the old physician's vanity.

"I am very happy, Doctor, to meet with a man of your erudition. We must be parting now, I suppose; but, of course, I shall see you again."

"Oh, my dear young friend," returned the Doctor, filling out a

fresh tumbler of punch, "you are too complimentary. Let me have the pleasure of drinking your very good health."

Doctor Colgan felt a little too elevated at the close of this scene to "dignose the ladies," as he himself phrased it; but having given Ellie Callanan some very general directions as to the medicine and regimen he wished her to use, he promised to call at Mr. Callanan's house in a few days. The old physician's gallantry exhibited itself forcibly when they were departing, for he squeezed Mrs. Callanan's hand until there was imminent danger of her going off into a fit of hysterics, and kissed the tips of fingers towards her daughter in a very Quixotic manner.

(To be continued.)

MONSEIGNEUR DUPANLOUP.

ANOTHER illustrious name has been added to the death-roll of contemporary celebrities. A grand and imposing figure has passed for ever from the crowded stage upon which men enact that drama, old as the world, and as full of incidents as there are human lives—the great drama of history. Those who were wont to regard with an interest proportionate to the importance of the issues involved in its rapidly-shifting scenes, the dramatic spectacle which French history has for well-nigh a century presented, will henceforth miss the familiar presence of one who, for a considerable portion of that period—a period filled with great names and great events—played therein a conspicuous part; who was one of the best known and most influential public men of his time, and, if republicanism had not for the moment replaced monarchism in the popular affections, and the secular policy of the age had not barred the way to political power for churchmen, might have been called

> "To mould a mighty State's decrees,
> And shape the whisper of a throne;"

who, among the host of rarely-gifted men who made the epoch of the Catholic Renaissance resplendent with their fine genius, was perhaps the most successful in arresting and retaining the attention of a public oftenest hostile and unsympathetic, and at a time when Catholicism and patriotism not unfrequently seemed to confront each other as opposing forces, succeeded in grafting the patriot on the prelate, and proving to the world that love of the Church—the one thing great in Europe, as Montalembert called it—and that other great thing, nationality, are not incompatible; who entered with spirit into almost all the leading public questions of the day, and handled them with a breadth and grasp

of mind which exhibited a mastery of dialectics; the champion of every great and holy cause, the intrepid defender of the faith and of the rights and authority of the Holy See against the encroachments of the civil powers or the subversive doctrines of the revolutionists whom in the pulpit, the tribune, and the press he unceasingly and courageously combated; a pulpit orator who, if he was not *facile princeps* in an age that has heard Lacordaire and Ravignan, delivered orations enough in themselves to sustain the national prestige for sacred eloquence, one of the traditionary glories of the Church of France; a keen debater, in whom his political opponents in the Assembly found a foeman worthy of their best and brightest steel; a voluminous writer who, if his style has not the graphic vividness of Chateaubrian , the idiomatic individuality of Louis Veuillot, and the spontaneity and *entrain* of Montalembert, has scattered through the pages of some of his more carefully elaborated works passages of rare beauty of diction and loftiness of sentiment worthy of the classic period of French literature, when what he loved to call *le grand français* was cultivated by the pleiad of brilliant orators and writers from whom Louis Quatorze borrowed much of the lustre with which his name is associated; but, above all and before all, a bishop, cast in the masculine mould of the ages of strong faith, who wielded the crozier with a firm hand, a bishop after St. Paul's heart—vigilant, labouring in all things, doing the work of an evangelist, fulfilling the ministry—a grand sacerdotal soul of whom one* who never left him for twenty years, and who saw everything in that soul, has said, that his last appeal was for the Holy Father, his last pre-occupations for the impending struggles in which he would not have failed to have taken a prominent part and borne himself nobly.

In chill October, when Paris was still enjoying its *panem et circenses*, in the midst of the Babylonian confusion of tongues in the Champ-de-Mars, which synchronized not inappropriately with the confusion of ideas in an age so "sick about questions and strifes of words" as ours, Catholic France learned with surprise and sorrow that the great Bishop of Orleans was no more, and felt as soldiers must feel when, standing upon the breach, they see some brave general whom they had often followed into action only to come out victorious, suddenly struck down; while in distant Ireland, for whose famished poor the dead prelate had once so eloquently and pathetically pleaded, and for whose people he had always cherished a warm regard, as warmly reciprocated,

* His vicar-general, the Abbé Lagrange, author of a *History of St. Paulinus of Nola*, and who, it is expected, will write the life of the Bishop of Orleans, for which he is specially qualified. A life of Mgr. Dupanloup, by the Abbé A. Pougeois, curé-doyen of Moret-sur-Loing (Seine-et-Marne), and author of a large monumental *History of Pius IX., his Pontificate and his Age*, has been already written, is at press, and will be soon issued by Pougeois of Paris.

MONSEIGNEUR DUPANLOUP.

the sad intelligence was received with deep and widespread grief: a grief intensified when the shadow of a great loss fell upon the land, and the two foremost Catholic nations in Europe were united in a common bond of sympathy and sorrow.

Felix Antoine Philibert Dupanloup was a native of that mountainous Savoy,* which gave to the Church one of the greatest of its modern doctors, and to literature one of the most brilliant and philosophical writers who ever strove to reverently read God's handwriting on the wall, in the profound teachings of history—St. Francis de Sales and Joseph de Maistre; that Savoy whose ambitious dukes intermarried with the Bourbons and the Paleologi, proudly called their country the guardian of the Alps, and themselves Kings of Cyprus, Jerusalem and Armenia, and whose House acquired a sinister renown in connection with the Popedom, long before its late crowned chief consummated the grand iniquity of the nineteenth century in laying sacrilegious hands on the Patrimony of Peter. If, as Byron says, "high mountains are a feeling," and inanimate nature has any share in those subtle influences that go to the formation of national or individual character, the stern grandeur and sublimity of the Alpine scenery, in the midst of which young Dupanloup grew up, and which he afterwards loved to re-visit, must have left their impress upon a mind more than ordinarily susceptible to the attractions of all that is grand, austere, or sublime; a mind, too, that was most at home in the breezy atmosphere of public discussion, which quickened and stimulated its faculties, like the keen, brisk mountain air of his native Savoy, and whose indefatigable intellectual activity kept pace with a physical elasticity that enabled him to cover acres of ground in his long walks on the banks of the Loire, by the sea-shore, or up the mountain sides, with the same facility with which his fluent pen traversed reams of paper.

This noisy, bustling century, destined to witness the birth of so many great men and great events, was only two years old when one of the choicest of its master-spirits, the son of an officer in the Sardinian army, was born, "in the dawning of the year," at Saint Felix, a small village lost to view amid the forests of Upper Savoy, which then formed part of the department of Mont Blanc, having, along with Nice, been incorporated with France in 1792, to once more revert to its hereditary masters, until it was ceded by Piedmont to Napoleon III. as the price of the conquest of Lombardy, in a war avowedly undertaken "for an idea." The Corsican eagle was then soaring into pride of place and power over the heads of the people, whose eyes were so dazzled with the brilliancy of his military genius and the consular magnificence of his surroundings—"prologues to the swelling act

* He did not become a naturalized French citizen until 1838.

of the Imperial theme"—that they did not perceive that the testamentary executor of the Revolution, as he called himself, was aspiring to an absolutism which was to eclipse the more than pagan pomp and splendour of the Grand Monarque. Dupanloup, to whom it was given to be brought into intimate association with so many remarkable personages whose names belong to history, saw the solemn entry of Maria Louisa into Paris—whither he was sent in 1810 by his maternal uncle, curé near Annecy, who first took him in hand and tried unsuccessfully to get him into a seminary in Savoy—and the year following witnessed the baptism of the feeble offspring of the Hapsburg alliance, whom they called "King of Rome." Having heard that the emperor, whose star had then reached its zenith, was going to hold a review in the Champ de Mars, the young Savoyard, anxious to see the extraordinary man upon whom, as Portalis said, the destinies of the world depended, and before whom the earth stood in awe, and who was described by Cambacérès, after the peace of Schönbrunn, when he inhabited Fontainebleau, as having "an air as if he were stalking about in the midst of his glory;" the young seminarist—at this time *en sixième* in a semi-lay, semi-ecclesiastical seminary, under the direction of the Abbé Teyssère, who was reviving the half-forgotten traditions of a classical and Christian education in an old hôtel in the Rue du Regard, one of the most retired quarters of the great city—escaped from his guardians, and, mingling with the crowd, succeeded in elbowing his way to the front rank alongside some old grenadiers, to see the *petit caporal*, magnified into a despotic sovereign, whose umbrageous majesty dominated the greater part of Europe, ride past amid a whirling cavalcade of generals and uniforms; then, the review over, stood his ground intrepidly, at the risk of being crushed under the horses' hoofs, and followed Napoleon all the way to the Tuileries. In 1818, after obtaining the lion's share of the academical prizes in the Rue du Regard, at the Abbé Poiloup's, and at the already celebrated catechetical courses of Saint Sulpice, which he simultaneously attended, he was transferred to the *petit seminaire* of Saint Nicholas-du-Chardonnet, where he first gave striking proof of his precocious powers. Before being admitted to the third forms, the young laureate was required to do ten exercises without committing a single blunder, every rule overlooked being equivalent to a solecism and three faults. Young Dupanloup, we are told, wrote with a sure hand the ten dreaded pages, which justly caused the twenty-four fellow-students who were to pass with him from the paternal government of the Abbé Teyssère under the sterner sceptre of M. Thavenet, to tremble. The twenty-four failed, but Dupanloup's papers were faultless. The hypercritical director, however, wished to see a fault where in reality there was only a misplaced elegance. The pupil had rendered *beaucoup de lait* by *plurima lactis copia;*

the master contended that it should have been *plurimum* as governing the genitive, and he was sent to rejoin the unsuccessful candidates in the fourth forms, until, a month after, M. Thavenet, who formed the strongest generation of humanists he had known, took him kindly by the hand, and said encouragingly: "*Mon ami à partir de demain, vous irez en troisième.*" The promotion was well merited, for he continued to occupy the first place in his class, and carry off all the prizes against competitors, who subsequently achieved no inconsiderable distinction—Fresse Montval, the littérateur; Thuillier, rector of the Academy of Toulouse; Michel, one of the last directors of the Ecole Normale, and several others. A few years after he was afforded another opportunity of showing the stuff that was in him, when a metrical translation into Latin of the fine passage in Chateaubriand, "*Il est un Dieu, tout le proclame dans la nature,*" &c., was called for. The first line of Dupanloup's translation:

"Omnia plena Deo: quis te, Deus, esse negabit?"

at once showed that he had thoroughly seized the sense and spirit of the original. At this time he thought of becoming an advocate, but his fellow-pupils, who had given him the cognomen of "the orator," were better prophets of a future definitely fixed by M. Menjaud, who died Archbishop of Bourges in 1861, and who was the providential medium of revealing to him the Divine will. "I understood I was to be a priest," said Dupanloup, "and as soon as I knew the will of God, I was seized with an indescribable joy. My life would have one consolation, one aim." "In the hour of adolescence, at that dawning of the soul when it awakens to life," says Henri de Riancey,* "God speaks to him; that nature, at once tender and impetuous, hears the secret and irresistible voice of grace which bows and captivates it. The young Samuel hears that ineffable language which makes the spirit of faith, sacrifice, proselytism and charity penetrate to his inmost veins. His vocation will neither be the thunder-clap of the road to Damascus, nor the ray of the *tolle, lege;* it will be the progressive expansion of a free and affectionate mind unfolding more and more under the sun of grace, as a hardy flower, planted in a propitious soil, carefully cultivated, sheltered from storms, vivified by the dew, grows, develops, colours, and gives forth its perfume in warm beams of light." From St. Nicholas's the young levite passed, in 1820, to St. Sulpice, where almost all the French episcopate have been trained, and where M. du Boys, Counsellor to the Court of Grenoble, defrayed the expenses of his education, spending his vacations with the Rohan family at their historic château of Roche Guyon, where the Abbé de Rohan,

* "*Célébrités Catholiques:*" *Mgr. Dupanloup, par Henri de Riancey.*

the future Cardinal-Archbishop of Besançon, gathered around him every year the *élite* of the Sulpiciens, of whom he strove to create a kind of sacred battalion in the militia of the sanctuary. M. Riancey dares affirm that it is in great part to the sojourns at Roche Guyon that the Church of France owes the Bishop of Orleans; it was there, at least, that this diamond received its final polish, for it was the Abbé de Rohan's aim to form his young friends not only to faith, piety, and charity, but also to letters, politeness, and high breeding. In Dupanloup the literary instinct was innate, and early disclosed itself. One summer, under the Restoration, when the young seminarist was only sixteen or seventeen, Lamartine, during a visit to the château, gave his hosts and their guests the first reading of a tragedy in five acts, into which he had thrown his whole soul, but whose *hardiesses* rather startled those who were accustomed to the old rules of dramatic composition, and to whom the eccentric sallies of the romantic school were not as yet familiar. The poet was entreated, in the interests of his reputation, to abandon the idea of publishing; to this he not only consented, but even undertook to destroy the work. Accordingly, the next morning, he took up the manuscript, which he had left on the drawing-room table the previous evening, and tore it up and threw it into the fire, declaring that it was the only copy he had. But young Dupanloup, who had been an eager listener and was charmed with the piece, had arisen during the night, crept softly downstairs, obtained possession of the manuscript, which he hurriedly and stealthily copied, and then restored to its place. The copy, it is said, still exists in the bishops' cabinet at Orleans, and that he spoke of it a few weeks before his death, intimating his intention of publishing it with the consent of the family.

It was towards the Christmas of 1825, in the seminary church "eternally dear to his heart," and where for years he was wont to pass the feast of the Nativity, that he received the imposition of hands from Mgr. Quélen, Archbishop of Paris, who had fostered his vocation, and by whom he was appointed curate at the Madeleine, where—as M. de Salvandy reminded him on the occasion of his reception at the Academy—he served, as catechist, an humble apprenticeship to sacred eloquence—an apprenticeship actually begun in the parish of Saint Sulpice before even being admitted to orders. The Abbé Dupanloup soon became one of the notabilities of the Paris clergy. His instructions in the Chapel Saint Hyacinthe were addressed to crowds of the aristocratic youth of the French capital, then thronged with Italian, Portuguese, and Polish *emigrés*. It was *de mode* in the Faubourg Saint-Germain to go and hear the Abbé Dupanloup's catechism. The catechist could count among his auditory the pious Marie Amélie, who went to hear him concealed in the crowd; the Princess Louise, afterwards Queen of the Belgians;

Princess Clementine, subsequently Duchess of Saxe-Coburg; Doña Maria, destined to wear the crown of Portugal; and the future Empress of Brazil, daughter of Don Pedro. He was received into the highest society; the *salons* of all the grand hôtels were thrown open to him; he became confessor to the young Duc de Bordeaux, the posthumous son of the Duc de Berry, now called the Comte de Chambord, whom the Legitimists expect will yet play a great part in history when the hour of France's regeneration shall have struck; was appointed catechist to the Orleans princes, and chaplain to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, Madame la Dauphine, daughter of Louis XVI. Still the young cleric was dissatisfied with himself. He afterwards confessed that at first he did not realize his mission. "The children listened to him," says M. Hairdet,* "as they would have listened to a beautiful melody, but they retained nothing. 'I was rhetorical,' said he, 'when it would have sufficed to have unfolded the truth.' It was afterwards he acquired that lucidity of explanation, brilliant elocution, and elevation of language, which have made him one of the greatest orators of our times." "He catechized in the palaces, he catechized in the churches, he catechized among the poor. Which of his pupils," asks Henri de Riancey, "will forget the Chapel of Saint Sulpice, the Chapel of the Assumption, and that Academy of Saint Hyacinthe, where he assembled, moved, and inflamed young fellows who are now men: the one, their faith preserved and saved; the others, their repentance recovered and regained—all their beliefs here and their hopes of immortality hereafter? Of those young academicians, titulars or aspirants, who drew from that pure and attractive source solid ideas of Christianity, who fortified themselves for public or private life, some have gone very different roads. Some have halted in the lower ranks; others pushed to the front; others, perhaps, been lost in the crowd. Some are in courts, on the steps of the throne, in exile, on seats of justice, in the pulpit; some are commanding armies, guiding squadrons, directing departments, honouring retreat and proscription. There are some everywhere. Well, wherever they are, even failed or fallen, not one will hear the Abbé Dupanloup's name with heart unmoved, without a tear of gratitude, remorse, or affection, moistening his eyelid. I don't know of any finer eulogium." The Catechisms of Saint Hyacinthe,† in which he was assisted by Père Pététot, afterwards Superior-General of the Oratorians, and M. Legrand, subsequently Vicar-General of Paris, formed a kind of connecting link between Frayssinous' conferences at Saint Sulpice—for the Abbé Dupanloup had known

* "Mgr. Dupanloup, Biographie et Souvenirs," par J. Hairdet, redacteur de la *Defense*.

† A former disciple of the Bishop of Orleans has published a collection of the instructions, homilies, sermons, &c., delivered at the Madeleine from 1825 to 1835.

those eminent ecclesiastics, who, at the beginning of the century, were the heirs of the Church's past, the Frayssinous, Borderies, MacCarties, Forbin-Jansons, and Emerys—and the grand Conferences at Notre Dame founded by Mgr. de Quélen. The Abbé Frayssinous was the first in France to inaugurate the apologetic teaching of religion from the pulpit; but, more discursive than eloquent, he had, as Lacordaire observes, stopped at the vestibule of the temple, and had not penetrated into the mysterious depths of Christian dogma. "Besides," adds the great Dominican, "another age separated us from his; he had spoken under a despotism which had not long tolerated even his exquisite prudence; we had to speak under the empire of liberty. By his age and his traditions he was a venerable image of the old French clergy; we personified an ardent, impassioned generation, asking of the Church that youthfulness of forms and ideas which was never incompatible with her immutable antiquity."* It was reserved to the Abbé Dupanloup to be the first to answer this special need of his time, when, on February 16th, 1834, he delivered from the pulpit of Notre Dame the first of those powerful discourses which have made a sceptical, scoffing age turn aside from the vain babbling of contemporary sophists to listen, with newly-awakened emotions of wonder and admiration, to doctrines preached by the great Christian apologists of the nineteenth century—the Lacordaires, Ravignans, and Felixes—as they were preached more than eighteen centuries before by the Apostle of the Gentiles from the steps of the Parthenon. Mgr. de Quélen, the historian of his life tells us, "had specially in view those young men who came with laudable motives to this immense city, sojourn at once of so many virtues and so many seductions, where the poison of doubt and unbelief is mingled with the treasures of knowledge youth is ambitious to acquire. It was for their sake he established during Lent a doctrinal Station on the fundamental truths of religion." The Abbé Dupanloup's reputation had preceded him, and he immediately attained, *per saltum*, an elevated position among sacred orators at an epoch when, to use the words of one of his panegyrists, France was astounded to learn that they were almost instantaneously multiplied in her midst. His oratorical method was not that of the seventeenth century—of his great predecessors who had Louis XIV. and the *beaux esprits* of the French Augustan age for listeners; but of a more modern epoch. As a preacher he has been classed with the school that loves the inevitable rigidity of the pulpit—an eloquence stately, correct, polished, but, at the same time, fluent, harmonious, *colorée*. His colleagues, when he was going to preach, used to say, "Allons entendre les *Magnifiques* de l'Abbé

* "*Le Testament du P. Lacordaire*," *publié par le Comte de Montalembert.*

Dupanloup." His principal discourses are the funeral orations on Père Ravignan, Mgr. Menjaud, Cardinal Altieri, General Lamoricière, and the Pontifical Zouaves who fell in defending the Holy See, and the two published panegyrics of Joan of Arc. It was fitting that the orator who opened the Conferences at Notre Dame, should speak the last farewell in presence of the remains of the eloquent Jesuit whom he preceded in the pulpit, and, as it were, introduced to a generation that had hung with rapt attention upon his words; and that touching valedictory discourse has been pronounced by competent critics to be a *chef d'œuvre* of its kind. But it was in discoursing to a French auditory of that gentle, angelic, heroic figure, unique and incomparable, to which no parallel can be found in history or poetry, and whose beauty surpasses the ideal itself—the martyred Maid of Orleans, who personified the two things nearest and dearest to his heart, faith and patriotism, the two forces that vitalize and energize a people—that he rose to the highest level of his powers as an orator. "In the love of God," says her panegyrist, "is concentrated and elevated every noble love. And among the noblest there is one that God has consecrated, that our Lord has felt, and with which the hearts of the saints have never ceased to beat—the love of country. Let us not think, gentlemen, that those two loves are antagonistic, and that we must elect between the duties of a Christian and those of a Frenchman. No, no; religion points the way to heaven, but it does not make us forget the dear native land here. Religion is only the harmonious concord of duties; and the more a saint comprehends what he owes to God, the more also he comprehends what he owes to men. That is why it was the love of France along with the love of God fired Joan of Arc. By her natural and supernatural qualities Joan of Arc is a flower of old France; daughter of the people—of that people of the fields, where, perhaps, the old national faith and virtues are best preserved—in her is concentrated true patriotism, unconquerable repulsion of the yoke of the stranger, generous enthusiasm for the honour and independence of the fatherland—in a word, in the day of peril, heroic love of her country, her king, the native soil, and the French." The severe candour of the historian is not lost sight of in the glowing phrases of the panegyrist, whose judgment upon the iniquitous mock-trial at Rouen is thus pithily summed up: "God permitted it; England ordered it; France allowed it; and a bishop did it." Indeed it would be hardly accurate to call them sermons or panegyrics, in the ordinary sense of the word. They are much more. The first, in which he unfolds those three grand elements, always found in every great undertaking for the glory of God and the salvation of peoples—inspiration, action, suffering—is a finished historical study, elaborated with consummate art, disclosing to us the heroic

virgin, radiant in the midst of the sombre atmosphere around her; although he simply calls it "a modest narrative, such as I have read it in the old French and foreign historians." The second, delivered nine years after, is a thoughtful study in hagiography, based on documents "of such authenticity that if the Church one day desired to decree to her memory the honours paid the saints, the process, if not completed, would, at least, be perfectly prepared beforehand." Instead of the national heroine lighting up a dark and degenerate age with the lustre of her more than masculine courage, shaming a weak and indolent prince into action, and fearlessly facing her cowardly accusers, we have the saintly shepherdess, for whom her panegyrist ambitioned a niche in the temple alongside St. Genevieve and the Blessed Germaine Cousin, displaying a sanctity of the purest brilliancy in the midst of licentious camp-life—a young girl of eighteen thrown among courtiers and warriors, and yet, far from tarnishing the flower of her innocence, preserving, according to a contemporary witness, all her native goodness, humility, virginity, devotion, honesty, and simplicity. It was a subject that possessed for Mgr. Dupanloup a peculiar fascination. "According as I advance in my course," says the aged prelate, with a touch of blended piety and pathos, "life, likening a declining day, is illumined by two or three rays from heavenly horizons, and those rays shine on the brow of Joan of Arc. I find in her all that I hold dear, even that name of Orleans which has became mine, since God made me bishop of your souls. I love the simplicity of the fields in her origin, the chastity of her heart, her valour in combat, her love of the French fatherland, but, above all, her saintly life and death. In her I recognise the saint: along with the heroism of courage I wish to pay homage to the still higher heroism of virtue. I say, saint: you will, I hope, after you have heard this discourse, come to the conclusion that that name is not too great for her; and the Church itself, to whom alone it belongs to authentically declare her sanctity, will perhaps one day decide it for us." It is noteworthy, that among the most recent public acts of his episcopate was an appeal to Rome to open the cause of her canonization, in which he was joined by twelve of his venerated colleagues, and the institution at Orleans of the preliminary process required by the canons. Although the Church has postponed the solemn investigation of the claims of Joan of Arc to be raised to the honours of the altars, her devoted panegyrist and postulator of her cause has enabled France to discharge a debt of gratitude to her pure and inspiring memory, by restoring the ancient expiatory monument at Orleans, destroyed by the revolutionists, and erecting ten magnificent stained-glass windows* in the Cathedral, where she often

* The following are the subjects of the memorial windows, which, together with the expiatory monument, it is estimated will cost 150,000 francs: 1. Domrémy, valley of

knelt in prayer before and after the victory, and where the story of her blameless life and heroic deeds will henceforth be perpetuated from generation to generation, rekindling in the souls of her descendants the vital sparks of faith and patriotism which glowed so fervently in her breast, which made her what she was—a patriot and a martyr, and which have inspired the noble and eminently patriotic thought of glorifying the deliverer of France in the three predestined places where the Divine light beamed brightest upon her brow—Domrémy, Orleans and Rouen. It was at Orleans that honours were first paid to her memory; it was Orleans originated the annual commemorative processions and panegyrics which have kept her memory green in men's souls; and it is "Felix, Bishop of Orleans," who, of all her countless panegyrists, has most closely identified his name with her and with the cause of which she was the divinely-appointed defender.

Improvisation was a gift Mgr. Dupanloup possessed to a remarkable degree, and he not unfrequently utilized it in the pulpit. One day, during the Lent of 1834, when he was dining with the curé, a messenger abruptly announced that the priest who was to preach that night at Notre Dame was taken suddenly ill.

"Are there many persons in the church?" he asked.

"The church is full," was the reply.

"Very well, I'll replace him."

"But the subject was announced yesterday," objected the messenger.

"Reason the more to give me the points to be treated."

Ten minutes after he was in the pulpit, and, it is said, he was never more eloquent. Indeed it has been remarked, that he was always best when he improvised. By the advice of two senators of the Right, he wrote his last speech to the Senate, and was much less effective than if, instead of reading it—he was then very short-sighted—he had improvised from the tribune. His well-stored mind was such an inexhaustible treasure of knowledge, adapted to every great question of the hour, questions, many of which he had taken so much to heart, and so thought out as to make them his own, that he was fully equal to any

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the Meuse; Joan of Arc's house and garden; the church; first voices from heaven. 2. Vaucouleurs; Joan, accompanied by peasants, parting from John of Metz; the Sire de Baudricourt. 3. Chinon; Joan presents herself to Charles XII. in the midst of his court. 4. Entry of Joan into Orleans; she approaches the Cathedral, followed by the whole people. 5. Taking of Tournelles and deliverance of Orleans. 6. Joan returning thanks to God in the Cathedral. 7. Coronation of Charles VII. at Rheims. 8. Joan taken at Compiegne. 9. Joan of Arc in prison. 10. Joan of Arc on the stake. Mgr. Dupanloup, in his appeal to France last July, in aid of this great national work, than which, he declared, he never undertook any work with more hopefulness, proposed to throw the competition open to all the artists and glass painters in France, whose designs should be exhibited for a month in Paris, after which a jury should pronounce upon their respective merits, and select the artist to whom the definitive execution of the work should be confided. Although the list has been open only a few months, the sum required has been already subscribed, the appeal, to use the bishop's own words, having "found an echo throughout all France."

occasion which might present itself, and those occasions were not wanting. "You have all the noble passions of our old soil," said M. de Salvandy, in the words of greeting he addressed to him on his entrance into the Academy. "We feel a heart beating under your every word, a soul ascending and soaring to other skies in every thought of yours, an eloquence always true, facile and brilliant. In fine, to speak to this country of all that awakens its emotions—faith, fatherland, virtue, justice, glory—you have a language of exceptional strength, power and brilliancy." His reputation as a pulpit orator had grown with such rapidity, that six years after the inauguration of the Notre Dame Conferences, he was called to fill the chair of sacred eloquence at the Sorbonne; honours having crowded so thick upon him that he was successively first vicar of Saint Roch, then the most fashionable church in Paris (if the word "fashionable" be allowable in such a connection); honorary vicar-general of the archdiocese, in which quality he had been charged by Mgr. Affre with a difficult mission to the Holy See, whence he returned with the additional distinctions of Roman Prelate, Prothonotary Apostolic, Doctor of Theology, and Grand Cross of the Order of Christ; having had the refusal of two of the principal parishes in Paris, that he might become first prefect of studies, and subsequently director of the Seminary of Saint Nicholas. Indeed, throughout his long life, honours sought him—not he them. "Queen Marie Amélie," says a writer in the *Gaulois*, "was one of his most fervent admirers. She attended his sermons for a whole Lent at Saint Roch. If the young priest had been ambitious, it was a fine opportunity for solicitation. But not only did he ask for nothing, but he obstinately refused propositions made him. He wanted neither dignities nor honours. It needed nothing less than a formal order of the Archbishop of Paris to induce him to place himself at the head of the *petit seminaire* of Saint Nicolas-du-Chardonnet. Still, despite the enormous labour his new position imposed upon him, he contrived to continue his preaching, to prepare books of Christian apologetics, and to follow the movement of his epoch in everything." One of the movements of his epoch, the first and the last that he assailed with a voice that never faltered and a pen that, in hands such as his, became a powerful weapon, was the resuscitated Voltaireanism introduced into the schools by Michelet and Edgar Quinet.

It was the 27th of May, 1842: "Voltaire," says M. Hairdet, whose narrative of the incident is the most graphic and concise I have met—"Voltaire was placed so high in the opinion of those young men, that when the new professor read a quotation from the philosopher of Ferney, there was something like a murmur of surprise, then of anger. This scene was repeated afterwards. The professor was speaking of the eighteenth-century philosophy: he ended with this quotation from a letter

of Voltaire to Thiriot (October 21st, 1736)—'Falsehood is only a vice when it does evil; it is a very great virtue when it does good. Be then more virtuous than ever. It is necessary to lie like a devil, not timidly, not for a time, but boldly and always. Lie, my friends, lie; I will pay it back to you when opportunity offers.' 'What do you say to that?' continues the Abbé Dupanloup. 'Was it not of those men still more than of those Spinosists and pantheists of his time, that Fenelon spoke those words I have just quoted for you: "It is not a sect of philosophers but of liars?" Should not what you have just heard excite the indignation and contempt of every one who, in the midst of prejudices and passion and troubles, has any sentiment of honesty?' Frantic applause greeted this first cry of indignation. But, at the moment when M. Dupanloup was about to resume, a hiss, one prolonged hiss, was heard. They all rose to their feet. The indignant orator, with that prodigious presence of mind which always stood him so well, uttered that proud response of Cicero's—'Nihil me clamor vel sibilus iste commovet, sed consolatur, cum indicat esse quosdam cives imperitos, sed paucos. Quin continetis vocem, indicem stultitiæ, testem paucitatis.' (Neither this clamour nor hissing disturbs me. It consoles me; for it shows that some citizens are ignorant but few. Why do you not restrain your voices which show your folly in revealing your paucity of numbers?) The plaudits redoubled. The press laid hold of the incident. The *Courrier français*, the *National*, the *Constitutionnel*, and the *Phalange*, on one side; on the other, the *Univers*, and the *Union Catholique*, renewed the contests of the Sorbonne auditorium. Ministers grew uneasy; and the *Gazette de France* reproduced a notice posted on the 10th of June on the door of the lecture-hall—'The Abbé Dupanloup will not resume his course of sacred eloquence at the Sorbonne on this day, Friday.' The Government which was to fall by the Revolution, was afraid that one should combat the Revolution." But the Abbé was determined to have his say upon the subject, and when the *Siècle* afterwards proposed that a statue should be erected to Voltaire,* he promptly denounced it as an insult to religion and to France, and was barely dissuaded by Augustin Cochin from rushing into print with those admirable letters, then actually begun, in which, a decade later, he pilloried for ever the author of *La Pucelle*.

. . . "Ce singe de genie
Chez l'homme en mission par le diable envoyé"

as infamy personified. It was one of the last blows the great Christian athlete struck in defence of the Church, and Europe could

* The statue was unveiled at Paris on the 13th of August, 1870. In less than a month after, the downfall of the Second Empire was proclaimed, 80,000 soldiers surrendered at Sedan, and Louis Napoleon was a prisoner in the hands of the victorious Germans.

judge by the rebound that his arm had not lost its power, nor his hand its cunning. The idea, however, was at first little relished by the Bishop's *entourage*, who thought that the demonstration* would fall through of its own accord, and that it would be only magnifying its importance to take it *au serieux*. Mgr. Dupanloup, we are told, went to Paris to consult a young Frenchman whom he desired to engage in the struggle, submitted his plan to him, asked his advice as to the fittest time for publishing, the best title to adopt, the advantages or disadvantages of bringing it out in book-form, or issuing it in instalments in the shape of letters.† Still all his most attached friends were opposed to the publication; but he combated every objection, and the "Letters to the Members of the Municipal Council of Paris," who had given the strongest impulse to the movement, were published last May in the *Défense*, immediately arrested public attention, were commented on in every paper in Europe, and produced such a reaction that what was avowedly meant to be "a grand international demonstration against Christianity"—the apotheosis of the man who had assailed its dogmas with an astuteness, a virulence, an audacity, and a pertinacity truly satanic—dwindled down into a very poor affair at the Gaité Theatre. It was a startling revelation, not only for France but for other countries. Men who had been taught to regard François Marie Arouet de Voltaire as a large-hearted, high-minded benefactor to his species, were shown what a heartless, soulless, time-serving, fawning sycophant was the revolutionary fetish they had been worshipping; while others, in the words of Cardinal Guibert, admired the conduct of Providence in permitting the design of some impious fanatics to

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* The Centenary project originated in 1876 with the *Droits de l'homme*, a journal famous, or rather infamous, for the rabid war it made upon the Church and social order; and the 30th of May, the day fixed upon, happened to have been the anniversary of the burning of Joan of Arc at Rouen.

† The habit Mgr. Dupanloup had of, so to speak, only regarding the *ensemble* of a question so as to be able to take a better grasp of it, and form a higher and more competent judgment of it, sometimes, M. Hairdet says, embarrassed him very much. Thus, in his last polemic *àpropos* of the Voltaire Centenary, his notes were taken very carefully upon separate slips. All Voltaire's works had been carefully examined, and the extracts classified in the order of the projected publication. Mgr. Dupanloup then took some large sheets of blue paper, which he doubled up, and attached the notes thereto with wafers. All these notes bore beneath, with the greatest precision, the indication of the volumes, the work and the page from which they had been taken. The Bishop, while classifying these notes, followed the train of his thoughts, cutting off the bottom of the slips containing the indication of the sources, and collecting the clippings in a corner of his desk. When he had finished his classification, he then perceived that it was impossible to range the notes alongside the text. With a little patience, as he used the scissors rapidly and irregularly, it might have been possible to recover the trace of at least the greater part of these extracts, and check them with the help of Voltaire's works. But, to complete his distraction, at a late hour, one night, the Bishop, in place of ringing for his valet-de-chambre, stooped down near the fireplace and took up the very note-clippings with the indication of all the sources to light the fire. He had to recommence all his researches, of which some idea may be formed from the fact that Voltaire's works are comprised in seventy octavo volumes.

assume a certain consistency in order that the friends of truth might be afforded an opportunity of enlightening public opinion upon a man, whose name had become a rallying cry for the enemies of religion, who thought he was making profession of philosophy in declaring war to the death against a religion whose dogmas contain the sublimest of all philosophies, and which, by its maxims and its institutions, has borne humanity to moral heights unknown to ancient civilization.

R. F. O'CONNOR.

(To be continued.)

THE COMBAT OF PERSEUS WITH THE GORGON.*

BY T. C. IRWIN.

The thunder of departing gods still rolled through distant night,
And in the palace Perseus stood alone. To aid his flight
Mercurial plumes like rainbows glimmered, and serene and bright
Minerva's glassy shield; there, too, lay Pluto's helmet dim,
And awesome as some thunder-cloud descried on ocean's rim,
Portentous and remote beneath the stormy stars—all these
Gifts to the hero, adventure-bound, by the favouring Deities.
'Twas midnight; nor did other light, save of a torch, intrude
On those celestial 'mid that stony chamber's solitude,
As thus with wings, shield, sword, accoutred stood he; but when the helm
Was donned, no more could mortal eyes behold him in the realm;

* The adventures of Perseus, son of Jupiter and Danae, form one of the most interesting subjects to be found in the earlier heroic period of Greek mythology. Polydectes, who was King of Seriphus, one of the Cyclades, where Danae and her son had been shipwrecked, wishing to seize the former, yet dreading the vengeance of the young hero, gave a banquet to which she was invited, and from which all male guests were excluded who did not present the monarch with a horse. Perseus, who had none to offer, told the king that instead he would present him with the head of Medusa, the only one of the terrible Gorgons who was mortal. The deities favoured the dangerous expedition which Perseus had undertaken. Mercury lent him his wings; Minerva her shield, resplendent as glass; and Pluto his helmet, which had the power of rendering its wearer invisible. The *habitat* of the Gorgons is placed by ancient writers in various places. In harmony with Ovid, we have selected the Atlas range—the north-west mountainous domain of Africa. After vanquishing the monster, Perseus arrived in Seriphus, where Danae, assaulted by Polydectes, had taken refuge in the temple of Minerva, and, turning the terrible head of the Gorgon on the king and his associates, turned them into stone—the eye of the Gorgon, it is unnecessary to remark, having the fatal power of petrifying all objects on which it was turned. The above lines refer chiefly to the combat of Perseus with Medusa. The account of his subsequent adventures at the feast given in honour of his nuptials with Andromeda, and his destruction, by a similar agency, of Phinias and his riotous band, are painted in the fine flowing Latin and rich natural colouring of Ovid.

As swift he mounted the topmost tower, the feathery 'vans unfurled;
Then swept invisible as a blast across the widening world.

Vast was the exploit he emprised, immensive as unknown
His journey through the upper sky, by tempests overblown;
But, armed by gods, he had sworn to find the Gorgons thus alone,
Even on the limits of the world—their awful wilderness of stone;
So westward pushed his daring way, now hurried aloft, now blasted prone
Upon some starry cloud-rack; or, beside the solitary moon,
Voyaging the cold blue void, until it sank from sight with watery swoon
Beneath the horizontal surges cold; and rising morn
Touched the Cambunian hazy peaks, and his first winged day was born.
Beneath him shone the vast Olympian vaporous walls, serene abodes,
The cloudy citadels cerulean, folding gateways of the gods;
Parnassus, Athos, Rhodope, great Aetna, flame and vapour furled;
White Caucasus, green Apennine; Alps walling up the northern world;
Beneath the morn and evening iris; north, the empire of the snow;
Southward the universe of cloud whence Deluge flows, and still will flow.
Such scenes he saw passing across the earth three times the night and day,
And over mountains, oceans, nations, sped supreme upon his way;
By sun and moon and stars companioned, firm in soul careered the blue
Aerial infinitude, embracing in remotest view
The eastern realms, whose snowy summits goldened in the dawn begun,
And hills Hesperian by the ocean, reddened as the setting sun;
Touched the clear, starry road sublime, by which the gods ascend the height
Of Heaven, and heard the thunders echo round the battlements of Night.
And lastly, in the farthest dark, where on each hand the icy poles
Gleamed vague and faint—where orbs were setting slowly toward their ghostly goals,
Past shadowing hills, black plains, pale lakes, coasts barren, where the cold foam rolls,
Beyond the shoreless waste of waters dimly hover the Land of Souls.

At length, when the fourth day was burning o'er the Lybian waste, and on
The Atlantean pyramid stupendous piled unto the sun,
The flying hero, tempest-wafted o'er Cimmerian wastes of wood,
Chilled near its hanging starry shores, scorched in the flaming altitude,
Was whirlwind caught far out along the aged seas—then, by one blast,
Swept Africward, upon the Atlas's awful steeps alit at last;
And rescued by that wandering storm from tumults of the cloud and foam,
Saw fronting him the rocky pathway leading to the Gorgon's home.

Lo! there a precipice-surrounded desert spread, whereon had grown
Herbage and forest, lake and river, men and cattle, into stone.
Here, as if browsing petreous grasses, oxen herds rock-cold and grey;
And here a train of travellers and cattle, statued on their way;
Sheep stooped their stony noses to the stone; the birds on silent trees
Perched sightless-solid on the boughs, whose leaves once murmured in the breeze;
And from the sunbright edge of the ravine a cataract headlong flung
In solid curves, above undaunted Perseus climbing, downward hung.
Sometimes on foot he scaled the steep, and now on wing across some chasm
Flew where profound abysses yawned, rent open by some earthquake spasm,
The while in front he held the shield, lest from the vague colossal gloom
The Gorgon's eye should fix his eye, and he become—his sudden tomb.

At length he reached the summit of the shady pass, where overhead
The mountain's gaunt, primeval walls impending horrent o'er him spread,
As though all ocean turned to stone were heaved in one stupendous wave
Over the world. Here first he heard voices uncouth that seemed to rave
Instinctively irate at one approaching—sounds of wings immense
Unfolding; while a monstrous form swept down amid the shadows dense,

He knew not what; but felt its size, as, dazzled by his shield, It bore
Sidelong around his invisible form—the caverns echoing with its roar.

Long was the combat 'twixt the sightless, viewless hero and his foe,
Furiously following through the air, hither and thither, the flying glow;
Now by tempestuous pinions beaten against the cliff; in watchful poise
Shifting in front of that Form primeval, whose loud, raucid, raging voice
Clamoured, and buffeting the walls, 'mid clouds of flying feathers, smashed
In its rage, while with its fellows' cries the hollow-sounding caverns crashed;
And the low sun already sped adown earth's last declivity,
His flamy, neighing steeds and igneous axle toward the aged sea;
When Perseus, flying this way and that through gloom, as in a hideous trance,
Shield-guarded, dreading evasively the fixture of the Gorgon's glance,
With one sweep of his sword irresistible cleft through the neck: down on the rock
The head fell, the body immense beside. Down he alit, and seizing the lock
Of twisted serpents, stiff with death—averting still Medusa's head,
Turned it upon her sisters twain, who, shrinking with terror, bewildered fled;
Then, by its snakes the horrible trophy bracing aback, mounted the night,
By this time fallen, and over the darkened desert pursued his conquering track.

HIGH TREASON.

A TALE OF THE JESUITS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY C. W. CHRISTALL.

PROLOGUE.

LOOKING back from our times of peaceful security through the mist that intervenes between us and the sixteenth century, it would seem at first glance almost incredible that the English nation should, in the short space of thirty years, have relinquished a faith that they had steadily held for nearly nine centuries. Historians have touched the subject lightly, with strong anti-Catholic feelings, and with an evident reluctance to offend the susceptibilities of their Protestant readers; and the impression left upon the public mind is, that the Reformation chiefly owed its strength to the powerful revulsion of feeling that set in against the ancient faith, in consequence of the cruel treatment of the Reformers in the reign of Mary.

Occasionally one better informed, or more boldly honest than the rest, has, after consulting a few antique records, given the result of his studies to the world, and shown with some fairness that the Reformers were not quite so blameless, nor their opponents altogether so deserving of reprobation, as had hitherto been supposed. But such writings, while shedding a faint gleam of light upon that dark epoch, have had little permanent effect.

The process by which the extinction of the Catholic religion in this country was effected, is to be found in musty and obsolete acts of parliament, city records, and manuscripts of contemporary writers, dispersed among the various libraries of the religious orders. Some of the latter are now in course of publication; but although they afford abundant material for a truthful history of that troubled period, they are in their present state attractive to few; will, in all probability, remain unknown to the general public; and, judging by the treatment that less inaccessible authorities have received at the hands of some of our "historians," will not do much to remove the deep-seated prejudice with which Protestant writers invariably approach the uncongenial subject.

Cardinal Manning has said with force and truth, that the people of England never voluntarily surrendered their faith: it was taken from them. It is far less difficult to destroy than to construct; so easy to forget: and when the Catholic religion was forcibly put out of sight, is it surprising that it should cease to be remembered?

The substitution of the royal supremacy for that of the Pope, evidently seemed to Henry VIII. a very trifling matter. It was so much more convenient, and simplified matters so greatly, to recog-

nise the sovereign as the ruler of men's souls as well as bodies, than that there should be tiresome appeals from his authority to that of a foreigner hundreds of miles away. We have heard very recently from a statesman of some note the parrot-cry of "divided allegiance;" and Germany is still engaged in the difficult task, in humble imitation of King Henry, of compelling its Catholic subjects to render to Cæsar the things that are God's.

Henry had, however, no intention of abandoning the faith that he had so valorously defended against the attacks of Luther. Desirous of retaining all the ceremonies and all the doctrines, save one, of the ancient religion, he sent Protestants and Catholics with stern impartiality to the scaffold: the one for denying Transubstantiation, the other for the rejection of his claim to the headship of the Church.

The Courts of High Commission, originally created for the purpose of enforcing the doctrine of the royal supremacy, were occupied during the reign of Elizabeth in rooting out all traces of the ancient religion.

In the course of a few years an inquisition, compared to which the much-abused and little-understood institution of Spain was a model of kindness, was established in the land, together with a penal code that vied in severity with any enacted during the early years of Christianity.

Under its operation, the loathsome prisons were filled with recusants; men, women and children were herded together with thieves and murderers. Pestilence, engendered by the foul vapours of the dungeon, thinned the ranks of the victims; and at York, twenty gentlemen of family and position were carried off in one week. Executions of priests and laymen were of frequent occurrence; and in the same city, for refusing to plead at her trial, Margaret Clithero was pressed to death under circumstances of the most revolting barbarity, and her body buried beneath a dunghill.

Outward conformity to the established worship was deemed an insufficient compliance to the laws of the realm; a rigid subjection of the conscience was further insisted upon. The practice or profession of any other creed than that established by Elizabeth was declared treasonable, and recusants and Puritans, although in far different degrees, alike bowed their necks to the rod of the persecutor.

The ecclesiastical laws passed during Elizabeth's reign had but one object in view, the extirpation of the Catholic religion. It was declared high treason to be a priest, or to harbour a priest, to say Mass, or to hear Mass; and those who incurred the penalties of treason were condemned to forfeit all their property, and to be hanged, drawn and quartered. Recusants, as the unhappy Catholics were called, were at the mercy of their neighbours and enemies; daily watched by the pursuivants, liable at any hour to

be hurried before the Courts of High Commission, there to be interrogated upon oath how often they had been at church, and when and where they received the Sacrament, and to be condemned as recusants to fine and imprisonment. In the case of converts, who, in the language of the time, were said to have been "reconciled" to the Church, the punishment was also the forfeiture of all their goods and imprisonment for life; while those Catholics who fled the country had their property at once confiscated, and given or sold at low prices to followers of the Court. Year by year proclamations were issued by the Crown, calling upon bishops and ecclesiastical commissioners to redouble their vigilance, and strictly enforce the laws relating to religion; and the meaner agents employed to put these laws into execution were empowered to act without warrant, and, as a stimulant to their zeal, were allotted a share in the recusant's goods; and their hapless victim found himself compelled to submit to extortion and cruelty, without the faintest hope of obtaining redress.

Under the pressure of these severe laws, the Catholics quickly dwindled into a feeble and insignificant remnant; but all the terrors of the law were insufficient to stay the little band of devoted priests who issued from the seminary of Douay, to sustain the failing courage of their co-religionists, and keep alight the waning lamp of faith.

Side by side with the seminary priests came the vanguard of that illustrious order that, persecuted in all countries and in all ages since its foundation, has never been defeated, nor made to swerve from its onward course; that has worked patiently and unceasingly for the salvation of souls, bearing calumny, contempt, imprisonment or death, with unfaltering courage; the greatest and noblest, the most hated and feared, the most bitterly persecuted of all religious orders, and that has been peculiarly the heir to the reproach of Him whose name it bears—the Society of Jesus.

Just fifty years ago, England, with tardy penitence, blotted from her statute-books those inhuman laws; but from that measure of relief the Jesuits were excluded, and to this day their presence in England is contrary to law.

The scene of the bitterest persecution which it was the lot of our forefathers to undergo, was in the north, where the Court of High Commission was presided over by one of the fiercest and most unrelenting enemies of the Catholic religion. It was not zeal for religion, but an insatiable greed of wealth, that rendered the Earl of Huntingdon so anxious to put down Popery. Records still remain to show that the ill-gotten gains of sheriffs, pursuivants, and other agents of the commissioners, were heavily taxed by this nobleman, and even of the money wrung by the very jailers from the Catholics they had in charge, a large proportion went into his pocket. The jailers, perhaps not unreasonably, complained that his demands were so heavy as to leave them no profit for themselves.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, there stood by the roadside, near the village of Holme-on-Spalding-Moor, distant about thirty miles from the city of York, a solidly-built house of moderate dimensions, with numerous outbuildings attached thereto, and all the appurtenances of a farm. The extensive range of barns, stables, and granaries in the rear gave indication of some degree of comfort, if not of opulence; but a closer inspection would have revealed the fact that the barns were empty, and the long rows of stalls had for their sole occupants some three or four rough-looking, under-bred horses, that eagerly munched at their coarse and stinted provender. The place bore the stamp of desolation and neglect. Doors had been torn down, and lay broken to pieces in the mire; corn and fodder, trampled under foot, were strewed about profusely, and the stacks of corn and hay had been to all appearance but recently removed, carelessly and in haste.

It was a rough, wintry night. The rain, beaten by the wind that swept across the wild moorland in heavy, sudden gusts, pattered violently on the casements, and lay in pools around the house; or dripping steadily from the leafless trees that stood about it, saturated with slow persistence the miry soil beneath.

The front of the house was entirely dark, save that from one window there faintly gleamed the intermittent reflection of a fire. The apartment to which it belonged contained two men, engaged in serious converse, their voices hardly raised above a whisper. One of them, a stout, well-made man of about thirty years, his fair, open face darkened by an anxious frown, sat beside the chimney-corner, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees.

"We were told," he said, "that you were sent to London as soon as you were arrested. I caused many inquiries to be made there, but could learn nothing of your fate."

"I was taken to London, Gilbert," said the other; "but for some reason they brought me back again, and I have lain in prison on Ouse Bridge for nearly four years. I escaped, as I told you, the night before last, and have wandered about ever since. My ankles were so galled by the fetters, and my progress so slow and full of danger, that I was more than once tempted to surrender myself to the first passer-by."

The speaker was a man of wild and singular appearance, with long, matted hair and unkempt beard. He did not seem much older than his companion, but his features bore the indelible marks of intense suffering, and from the haggard, careworn face his dark expressive eyes gleamed with strange brilliancy. Wrapped in a huge horseman's cloak, drawn closely round his spare form, he lay upon a rough couch of straw, over which some coarse sacking had been thrown, and his feet, that seemed to give him pain, were encased in hastily-improvised bandages.

"I thought escape from the Kidcotes was impossible," said his

friend. "I was at York last week, and the mayor, as a hint of what I might expect, would have me look at his prison."

"There are several prisons," said the other; "three on Ouse Bridge, and one in the Castle. It was the mayor's Kidcotes that I was in; and having no money to pay our good jailer for my keep, I was consigned to the lower hold."

"Why did you not send to me, Vaughan?" said Gilbert reproachfully. "The money I hold of yours, albeit it is not in my hands now, but still in safe keeping, should have been returned to you to the last groat."

"I was better without it," said Vaughan; "and it was not mine to use, but a trust for my child. You would have run great risks in bringing relief to a prisoner there. Two ladies came lately on such an errand, the one having her father, the other her kinsman, prisoners at York for their religion. As soon as they had entered the prison, enquiry was made as to who and what they were. Admitting that they were Catholics, they were taken before the mayor, who offered them the oath of allegiance, as they call it. Not understanding its meaning, they refused to take it, and were committed themselves to the prison on Ouse Bridge."

"Well," said his friend, with a weary sigh, "what are your plans, Frank? You must lie here, of course, until your wounds are healed; but what is to be done next?"

"My presence under your friendly roof, Gilbert Langton, puts you in sore peril," said Vaughan. "If you will conceal me until to-morrow, I will make an effort to escape to France, if possible. Give me the loan of horse, and if I can reach Hull, I think I can depend upon a friend there for a sea passage."

"Your imprisonment has given you strange notions of the liberty accorded to recusants. There are spies on every road; the most harmless personage is stopped and questioned, and if his replies be not satisfactory, he may think himself fortunate if he escape with the loss of all he has. I am not allowed as yet to go more than five miles from my house without leave of the commissioners; but before the end of the week I shall be relieved of that restriction."

"How so?" inquired Vaughan.

Gilbert moved uneasily beneath the searching gaze of his friend, and turning his face moodily to the fire, said, with great reluctance:

"You will hear it soon, Frank, if I do not tell you." He paused for a moment, and added, "I have submitted; taken the oath; promised to go to church; to conform to their accursed worship, and denied our common faith."

"You, Gilbert Langton! You?" said Vaughan, starting up.

"Is it surprising?" said the other, bitterly. "So long as I had sufficient means I paid the fines for recusancy—twenty pounds every month, levied thirteen times in the year; and I had scarce enough left to support my household. One bad harvest deprived

me altogether of the money to satisfy the rapacity of our tyrants, and the greater part of my lands were seized. Not long since, the pursuivants came hither and took all my goods, breaking open doors and chests, and refusing the keys that were offered them. Again, last week, I was visited, and what the former harpies had left, was taken from me; the few cattle I had were driven away; my stacks of hay and corn sold for half their value; and I was threatened that upon their next visit they would carry me and my family to prison. What could I do? To hesitate would involve us all in irretrievable misery. I did as others have done; as many more will be compelled to do. I rode to York the same afternoon; renounced my errors; took the oath."

He stamped his foot upon the ground, and rising from his seat abruptly, paced the room hurriedly, while his frame quivered with suppressed agony.

"You must have suffered deeply, my poor Gilbert," said Vaughan, "before they forced you to this extremity."

"I have paid in fines during the past five years more than would suffice to purchase all the land I possess," resumed Langton. "So careful was I to avoid giving offence to the law, that when Father Campian, the Jesuit, being in this neighbourhood, sent to say he would visit us, I declined to receive him. It was fortunate that I did so; for when he was under the torture he gave up the names of all who had sheltered him hereabouts."

"We heard of it up yonder," said Vaughan. "But he was promised that no harm should befall those whom he mentioned; and but for that promise he would have told them nothing, although he was many hours upon the rack. If we blame him for that error, let us remember that he expiated it with his own blood, and underwent the agonies of martyrdom unshrinkingly."

"No faith is kept with us," said Langton. "The punishment for harbouring a priest is often death; and everyone he mentioned paid dearly for their fault. I escaped for the time; but they afterwards seized everything I had, even to our beds. And there are false pursuivants going about, who rob and spoil suspected Papists; and if we complain to Lord Huntingdon, these leeches, who suck our heart's blood, are commended for their zeal, and we are told to go and beg our goods again of the queen, if we think ourselves wronged."

"Do not despair, Gilbert," said Vaughan; "we bear the brunt of the battle. It ever wages fiercest before the end, and victory will be ours one day."

"Heaven forgive my fault," said Langton despondently. "God knows that it was not for my own safety or comfort that I did this thing. Had I been alone, neither threats nor punishment should have made me a recreant to my faith; but oh! friend, you know how bitter it is to see your darlings suffer."

His lip quivered, and he stopped. Vaughan looked pityingly

for some moments at his half-averted face, and then said gently, "My poor friend! It is with you as it has been with many more. If we would live in peace in our own land, no choice is left us but to submit to those hard and crushing laws. If we are quiet, we are suspected of plotting; if we raise our voice against injustice, we are rebellious, disloyal. Our very name is written upon the statute-book beside that of England's bitterest enemy."

"You know too well, Frank, what we have to suffer," said Langton, raising his voice in anger, but checking himself instantly, as if he feared a listener. "And like you, I might have been hurried to jail, leaving behind me the corpse of my wife, and my children without a shelter or a friend, had I not been tortured into submission. But I have not your fortitude. You blame me in your heart for my weakness."

Vaughan eagerly raised his hand with a gesture of dissent.

"Nay, it must be so," said Langton, sadly. "But to you, dear Frank, I would urge, as I can to no other, reasons that would have weight with many of our people for my sinful act."

"There is no need, Gilbert," said Vaughan; "I am not your judge; and God forbid that I should blame those whom suffering has made feeble. But the oath you have taken, I say nothing of the rest, need scarcely weigh heavily on your conscience. There is a difference of opinion as to its lawfulness. Many of the priests have taken it."

"That but adds to our troubles," said Langton. "Our priests are at strife among themselves on that very point. I neither stand nor fall by the acts of others; and I feel—I know that *I* am not without sin in the matter."

He busied himself in putting some more billets on the fire; re-arranged Vaughan's pillow, and placed some food within his reach. Vaughan looked up at him with a grateful smile. Such comforts came strangely to the escaped prisoner.

"I must be away betimes in the morning, Gilbert," he said.

"Then it will be on the road to York," said his friend, bluntly. "You could not walk a mile with your blistered feet and wounded ankles; and I have no horse that I could lend you with safety; nor could I accompany you just yet. Are the pleasures of yonder prison so alluring that you are in haste to return thither again?"

"Words cannot describe the horrors of that loathsome place," said Vaughan. "Add to which, the coarse insults of the jailers, the scanty food of the vilest description, the felons and outcasts that we have for companions, and I have long since ceased to wonder that some—comparatively few, thank God—have given way and made shipwreck of their faith."

"Is escape equally possible, think you, to those who remain?"

"I fear not. It was the merest accident that gave me liberty, and is not likely to befall another. The lower hold, where I was imprisoned, is on a level with the abutment of the bridge. It is

always dark, for its only outlet is a trap-door opening on to the river; and if this were not kept fast closed when the tide runs high, the prisoners would be in danger of drowning like rats in a hole. This door is opened twice daily, and our pittance of food thrust in, and on this particular night it was by some accident left unfastened. There was no one in the cell with me at the time, for my two companions had died of fever; and as the water rushed in, I tried to check it with some rags and straw. As I pressed against the door, it flew open. The night was dark, and ironed as I was, I climbed out and reached the abutment. I had not been there long before a man passed in a boat. I begged of him, for the love of God, to save me; told him my name, and why I was imprisoned. He was, fortunately for me, a fellow-sufferer for conscience' sake; and rowing me some distance down the river, he put me ashore, and bidding me God speed, would have thrust a coin into my hand; but he had given me life, and I could not take his alms. With a heavy stone I broke the fetters that encumbered me, and, wandering about stealthily and in by-paths, at length reached you. Had I not been able to gain shelter, I must have been retaken, for I could go no further."

"But you are without money," said Langton. "If you will not use what is yours, suffer me to furnish you with a little from my own store."

"If I can but reach Hull safely, I shall not need it," said Vaughan; "and until I return, the sum you hold will suffice for the wants of my child."

"Return!" ejaculated his friend. "Do not dream of that. You would incur forfeiture and imprisonment for life; and the laws are so variously interpreted, that it might be adjudged treason."

"It would be difficult for me to satisfy the first part of the penalty," said Vaughan, with a smile; "for I have nothing left that I can forfeit."

"For heaven's sake, then," said Langton earnestly, "do not enter into any plots. Beyond a few, here and there, rendered desperate by their sufferings, you will not find any willing, if even they were able, to attempt the impossible task of altering these wretched laws by violence.

"If I plot," said Vaughan, his face lighting up with a faint glow of fervour, "it will be for England's welfare, not for her harm. There is a work I wish to do; and whether we meet again on this earth or no, my purpose is to return to my native land, to labour, however humbly, for the accomplishment of a noble design. I have thought of it in the weary hours spent in yonder prison; pain and hunger have but intensified my desire to share in the great work that is being done in our midst; and if the sacrifice of my life will help forward by one single step the cause for which many have died, I offer it willingly, humbly, and

with joy. Though our numbers are but few, and our courage broken, we are not defeated yet. The conflict still rages; but the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

CHAPTER I.—THE PRIOR OF STUDLEY.

The accession of James I. to the throne of England was hailed by the suffering Catholics as a welcome relief from the troubles they had endured during the preceding reign. Born of a Catholic mother, who had suffered imprisonment and death at the hands of Elizabeth, he held out hopes of toleration to the Catholics; and, during the first few months of his reign, he invited the recusants to his court, and suspended the levying of their fines. A very short period sufficed to dissipate these pleasant illusions, and taught his subjects how lightly a Stuart held his plighted word. The welcome that he experienced on all sides enabled him to violate with security his promise of toleration; and firmly seated on the English throne, "he had no need of the Papists' help, since the Protestants everywhere received him with so much favour."

The laws against recusants were again put in force, the prisons once more filled; the fines that had never been remitted were suddenly demanded, together with all arrears; and the scaffolds again flowed with Catholic blood.

Disgusted at his treachery, some of those who had taken a leading part in the endeavour to secure his triumph, blindly threw themselves into the arms of their enemies. The plots of Raleigh and Cobham ensued, in which Papist and Puritan were implicated; and, driven to desperation by their sufferings, a handful of fiery enthusiasts conceived the atrocious design of destroying king, lords and commons, by means of the Gunpowder Plot.

The county of Warwick, within which the conspirators held their last meeting, presents many features of great beauty, and is not devoid of interest. The ancient city of Warwick, with its grand feudal castle, takes us back to the days of the famous Earl Guy, and evokes memories of the puissant king-maker, Richard Neville; the ruins of Kenilworth recall the woes of Fair Rosamund and Amy Robsart, and the virtues of good Queen Bess, and her trusty and well-beloved accomplice, Leicester; Saxon Earl Leofric and Lady Godiva live again in Coventry; and at a village known as Stratford-upon-Avon a certain William Shakspere, who stole the deer of Sir Thomas Lucy, and lampooned the knight into the bargain, was born and buried. And it may be that the house wherein this play-actor was born, is regarded with feelings of deeper veneration and affectionate respect than are all the majestic remains of royal and feudal piles put together.

But it is not with any of these that we have to do, although the

period of which we write was within a few years of Shakspere's death, and fewer still of the Powder Plot.

On the western confines of the county, near to the adjacent county of Worcester, beside the narrow, silvery Alne, stands the village of Aston Cantilupe, or Cantlow, as it is now called; and beyond the river the road runs in a westerly direction towards Spernall, until the traveller reaches the high road to Birmingham.

Along this road, on a fine summer's afternoon, in the year 1610, there travelled leisurely two horsemen, persons of condition apparently, followed at a short distance by a couple of serving-men, well armed and of athletic build—sturdy enough to overawe any slinking footpad having confused ideas as to the rights of property.

The road or track, for it was little better than a broad sheep-walk, wound through a thickly-wooded country, now in a deep dell, almost buried beneath the over-arching trees, and at other times along the brow of a hill, from whence glimpses of the richly-diversified scenery might be caught; or a distant village spire, with a few houses clustering round it, as if for shelter, showed that the wide expanse of hill and dale was not altogether destitute of tenants. Although the summer's sun poured down its warm and cheerful rays, the road lay so entirely in the shade, thanks to dense foliage that sheltered it, that the cool tranquillity of their surroundings fell with a grateful sense upon the minds of the travellers, who rode at a gentle trot, as if desirous to eke out, as far as possible, the enjoyments that our beautiful, but too brief summer holds out.

"How Dame Nature ever seems to preach the blessings of peace!" said the elder traveller, a commanding-looking man, with thin white hair and peaked beard. "Who could think of strife amid such scenes as these?"

"This is nature at peace, and on her best behaviour," said the other. "But, like the human heart, she has her storms and dark days. I have found that those most accustomed to the quietude and beauty of nature, are far less sensible to its influence than those who enjoy it but seldom, and at such a time as this."

"She can be a virago at times," rejoined the first speaker. "I have been told that somewhere in Italy there is a mountain that spits forth masses of red-hot stones at anyone who approaches it. Troth! I think those foolish fellows who concocted the Powder Plot must have taken a lesson from the burning mountain, when they essayed to blow us all into the next world. It was a mercy that they did not accomplish their designs."

"Would that the plot could have taught our rulers the danger of driving men to such terrible extremes! Like the mouth of that fiery mountain, the plot only showed what a vast seething mass of disaffection must underlie the peaceful aspect of our country,

that, perchance, only awaits its time to burst forth into an all-devouring flame."

"I do not think there is much disaffection now—at least, in this county. Some of our neighbours, it is true, shared in the plot; but I think they had few sympathizers. The people now are quiet and peaceably-disposed; and, indeed, for my own part, I cannot tell what there is to complain of."

"You are scarcely in a position to judge of that, Lord Aston," said the other. "Share the opinions of those men; undergo, as they did, fines and imprisonment for the same cause; and you would not acquit the laws of all blame."

"Faith! I am content to take life as I find it," returned the peer, "without going out of my way to fall foul of the law. And these crack-brained fellows who deny the right of the country to make what laws it thinks fit, must needs go to the wall in such an encounter."

"But has any country the right to oppress men's consciences?" asked his companion. "Surely, the State is not empowered to arrogate to itself the functions of the Deity, and compel us to accept at the sword's point a creed of her own fashioning."

"Now, that is the very rock on which these people split," said Lord Aston. "What was it the parson said, awhile since, of malignants who rejected the law? Something about every man doing what was right in his own eyes. Yes, that was it. And his argument was to the effect, that if men were not restrained by law, they might, by pleading the dictates of conscience, commit any enormity—nay, even take to themselves as many wives as the Grand Turk has. The State is certainly entitled to prevent such an outrage upon Christianity, but it forces no man's conscience thereby. It is the bounden duty of an English subject to live a Christian and godly life. For this purpose the law enjoins us to meet together for prayer and the hearing of pious discourses from duly-authorized teachers of the Gospel. And will you affirm, Captain Burnet, that the State does wrong to issue such commands?"

"That was not precisely my meaning," said Burnet. "If I think the State religion erroneous, and prefer to follow one that I believe to be true, who possesses the right to deprive me of the privilege of worshipping God in a manner agreeable to my conscience?"

"The State, my good Burnet, pretends not to interfere with any man's conscience," said Lord Aston, rather testily. "Believe what you please, say your prayers in any fashion you choose, and the law will let you alone. But you are expected to go to church like other folk. It is a test of loyalty—a token that you are an obedient, God-fearing subject. But refuse to comply with this gentle law, and you straightway become one of the disaffected. The king is head of the Church, as well as of the

State; and if you slight him in either capacity, your act savours of treason."

Lord Aston was quite warm, and a little offended at the obstinacy of his companion, whose drift he did not comprehend. Moreover, he had got slightly confused by his own unwonted eloquence; began to wonder what had set him off; and was dimly conscious that his reasoning had been wholly destitute of its intended effect.

Somewhat mollified by Burnet's silence, who evidently had the good sense to know when he was beaten, the peer's irritation subsided, and they quietly continued their journey.

"Now, which of these roads is mine?" asked Burnet, as they came into the high road, with a gaunt finger-post in the midst, pointing five different ways.

"There lies your way," said Lord Aston; "but as mine is partly in the same direction, we part not yet. A mile further on, you will find a bridle-path on your right; follow it, and you will find the ruin you wish to see. You do not know the prior?"

"The prior," said Burnet, looking puzzled; "who is he?"

"The people hereabout have given him the title," said Lord Aston. "He is a simple, harmless fellow, who lives there alone. Some relative of his, they say, was a monk there when the Papists had it, and he seems to believe that he has inherited some right to the place. By the way, how is your hurt? Talking of Papists reminded me of it."

"So well, under your kind care," said Burnet, "that I shall be well enough in a few days to quit your hospitable shelter."

"Not yet, I trust," said Lord Aston. "Remain with us until the hunting begins, and let our neighbours see that you can follow the hounds as well as the enemy."

"It seems ungracious to refuse your kind proffer," said Burnet; "but I have business that demands my immediate attention."

"Let me give you a piece of advice. Do not lodge again with a Papist," said Lord Aston, earnestly, "or you may chance to meet with more misfortune. If your late host, that numbskull, Fenner, had been wise in time, his house need not have been burnt, nor you all but roasted alive in it. But he must set himself up as knowing better than his neighbours; lets out that he is a Papist, and so brings the law swooping down upon his dunce's head. And see the end of it! His goods are destroyed, and he clapped in prison until he change his mind, and become an obedient subject. Here, then, we part; this is my road. You had better have one of my men to guide you. No? Then, fare you well."

He waited a few moments after Burnet had left him, and, waving his hand, struck into the by-road.

"A likely man enough," he murmured to himself. "Rather too quiet though for a soldier. I would he told us a little about him-

self. He did not drop from the clouds; but where else he came from I know not."

The face and figure of Burnet in no way belied his professional title. About forty years of age, his features, if not strictly handsome, were regular and pleasing, and they bore the impress of courage and determination; his eyes stern, but not harsh, calm and steady in their glance, were those of a man of patient, resolute nature, one likely to be very much in earnest, even if he failed of success in whatever he undertook; and his shapely, muscular figure was displayed to full advantage by the tightly-fitting doublet he wore. He was, indeed, as his title proclaimed him to be, a soldier; although not precisely of the description that the peer supposed.

For some weeks prior to the opening of this chapter, he had been the guest of a small farmer near the village of Aston. By some act of indiscreet zeal, his host attracted the attention of one of the numerous spies that infested the country, and had been denounced to the sheriff as a recusant; and that worthy, in the execution of his authority for the rooting out of popery, had sent two of his men to arrest the traitor. The capture of Fenner occurred at a late hour, and the officers decided upon passing the night at his house, intending to carry him to Warwick in the morning; and as they sat up to watch their prisoner, they were supplied with the food and drink that the farmer did not dare to refuse them. Their carouse came to an untimely end. By some accident the light was overturned, and setting fire to the woodwork, the place was burnt to the ground, In the confusion the daughter of Fenner, having been forgotten, was nearly stifled by the smoke, and Captain Burnet, at the risk of his life, rescued the insensible girl; but as he emerged from the blazing ruin, a mass of charred and half-burnt wood fell upon him, injuring his left arm rather severely; and it was not without great difficulty that the girl and her preserver were finally extricated from their perilous situation. Lord Aston, who had come down when the alarm was raised, charitably ordered the sufferers to be carried to the manor-house; and some days elapsed before Burnet was able to leave his bed.

The inmates of Aston Manor found their patient a quiet, reserved man, who imparted very little intelligence to them of himself; but from some hints that he let fall in the course of conversation, it was believed that he was an emissary of the court, whose agents, as it was well known, were frequently despatched upon secret and delicate missions; usually for the purpose of detecting or fomenting plots, of which the astute and vigilant Cecil had received such timely notice as to enable him to meet disaffection more than half way, and sometimes to assist in its development, by aiding the conspirators to carry on their intrigues until the proper moment arrived for crushing both at one blow.

It was sufficient to be a reputed agent of the wily and unscrupulous Cecil to ensure the captain a ready welcome, however insincere, to the house of any person whom he condescended to visit: and he found himself, somewhat to his surprise, treated with high consideration on all sides; and, thanks to the terrors of the spy system inaugurated by the elder Cecil, and that still enjoyed a vigorous existence, he was regarded with not a little fear.

How the rumour originated of his connection with the court, the captain did not trouble himself to enquire: he neither confirmed nor contradicted it. Before his accident he had been very active; had been met with in various parts of the country; and from his visits to known or suspected recusants, it was whispered that another Popish plot had aroused the suspicions of Master Cecil, who was known to have a very keen scent indeed in such matters.

It was rather late in the afternoon when the captain at length drew rein before the sad, majestic ruin of Studley Priory. It in no way differed from many another religious pile that he had met with. Roofless; its bare walls still raised as if in supplication; masses of stonework rudely pulled down, and half-hidden by the ivy that lovingly sought to hide and beautify the havoc that human hands had wrought; with shapeless gaps in the masonry, where stained windows once had cast their chequered shadows upon pictures and altars—upon long processions of chanting monks—upon rites of solemn splendour: it stood in mute eloquence, to testify in days yet to come the sublimity of that ancient creed to which it owed its being; and which England had pressed to her bosom for ages, only to fling aside, at the bidding of her ruler, with every mark of infamy and hate.

It stood alone in its desolation; but, at a short distance, there loomed another ruin, smaller and of more recent date; the remains of a residence, unfinished, and left to rot and moulder beside the pile from whence its materials had been drawn. The man to whom the place was granted at the dissolution would have built himself a house out of the monastic quarry, but that his life was cut short in some freak of the tyrant, and his headless trunk consigned to some remote, unhonoured grave; leaving the uncompleted pile, like his own suddenly arrested life, to point such moral as the story might suggest to any indifferent stranger.

Against one of the walls a little tenement was erected, built partly of stone, with a thatched roof; and a patch of ground before it had been hedged in and planted with herbs and poor garden-stuff. An old man of hale appearance and fresh complexion was busily plucking up the weeds; and as Burnet rode up, he came forward, and stood by his little gate, regarding the stranger with fixed, enquiring look.

A few words passed between them, and taking Burnet's horse

to the interior of the ruin, he re-entered the hut, followed by his visitor.

Presently another stranger arrived, and being also admitted to the cottage, the old man came forth again, leaving his visitors to themselves, and tranquilly resumed his work. The air was very still; and the faint tinkle of the sheep-bells in the distance, and the twitter of the birds, harmonized with the peaceful scene, making the solitude more profound; and, quitting his work, the tenant of the priory leaned thoughtfully against the palings, lost in thought.

"Well, Father Prior," said a voice at his elbow, "will you do the honours of your abode? Let us see where your treasure lies hid."

He started, and looking round, found his visitors standing beside him. He took off his cap with a gesture of deep respect, but instantly replaced it, in obedience to an impatient look from the speaker, who was a tall, bony man, with thin, aquiline nose and piercing black eyes.

"You have lived here a long time, I believe?" said Burnet, as they walked across the floor of what had been the church. "It is said that you were one of the monks here."

"Not quite that, sir," was the reply. "My uncle was one of the brethren; but the place was suppressed, and the monks all sent away when I was a boy. I do not remember much of it. When Queen Mary came to the throne, there was some talk of the monks coming back: but the place was roofless then, and has been sadly used since."

He sighed heavily; and they gazed silently at the ruined sanctuary. It was with varied feelings that the three men contemplated the scene of destruction. To the old guardian of the place, the scene was too familiar to arouse anything more than a sense of passive regret. And Burnet, although his eye wandered with wistful tenderness over the dismantled place, betrayed no emotion. But with their companion the case was far different. His thick black eyebrows were knit in a heavy frown, almost concealing his gleaming eyes; and he bit his lip almost savagely, while his thin nostrils dilated with an expression of the keenest indignation.

"Here is where we buried my uncle," said the old man, pointing to a secluded corner of the chancel. "I put these stones to mark his grave."

The fragments of masonry at which they gazed were ranged in the form of a rude cross. Beneath them slept the last monk of Studley Priory.

"And I suppose he subscribed to the doctrine of the king's supremacy?" said the stranger, almost with a sneer. "Behold the consequences!" and he looked up at the roofless building. "I feel no pity for those who blindly threw themselves beneath the heel of a tyrant. What are we now? Reduced to a mere

handful of beaten curs, who dare not call our souls our own. Yet we may not give blow for blow; we must endure patiently; obey them that are set over us, and the rest of it. Away with such councils of fear, say I."

"Hush, Mr. Smith," said Burnet, looking round apprehensively. "Even consecrated walls have ears; and it were wiser not to whisper such thoughts as these even to our own hearts. But this pile was not reared in a day, and what has been destroyed may yet be rebuilt."

"What, then?" asked Mr. Smith, impatiently. "You speak in parables."

"Simply this, that the builders are here among us, gathering up the fragments of the ancient Church that are buried beneath sorrier ruins than these. And the stones thus built up, one by one, are cemented together by the missioner's blood. But centuries may pass before the edifice can regain its former stateliness. Generations of missionaries may spend their lives in such tasks without the knowledge that their labours have been fruitful. All that signifies but little. We toil, not like the fabled Sisyphus, in rolling up the mountain-side a stone that evermore recoils upon us: we may be few and weak, but unseen hands uphold us; and the work, of whose slow progress you complain, will be completed in Heaven's own time."

Mr. Smith seemed startled and abashed, and did not reply until they had emerged from the shade of the monastic buildings, and stood again before the cottage; and even then he seemed to speak with a strong effort, almost as if the words were forced from his lips.

"I ask your pardon, sir," he said, in a low tone. "God forbid I should impute blame to those who peril their lives in the good cause. But could they but feel, as I do, the gnawing pain, the restless craving that fills those who groan under this weary oppression; who are tried beyond their powers of endurance; to whom their native land is nothing more than a huge prison-house, wherein they are bound hand and foot, and flight is well-nigh impossible—could our devoted priests, I say, fully comprehend our miserable state, their counsels would not be so lacking in spirit; so full of tameness and submission as they now are."

He spoke with fierce energy; his lips quivered, and his eyes blazed with suppressed passion, as he recalled the sufferings of his fellow-Catholics.

But not a shade passed over the countenance of his impassable auditor, and laying his hand lightly on Mr Smith's sleeve, Burnet gently drew him into the cottage.

Before sunset, other horsemen called at the Priory, staying only for a short space, and leaving by different routes: but they always came, as they departed, alone.

The prior appeared to be holding quite a reception on that quiet summer evening.

CHAPTER II.—ON THE TRACK.

IT was late that night when Captain Burnet returned to Aston Manor. The old man whom we have denominated the prior, but whose real name was Nicholas Halton, had, despite the captain's earnest wishes, obstinately borne him company for more than half the journey, guiding him through lonely and unfrequented byways until they reached the nearest road to Aston, and even then the captain had great difficulty to persuade his voluntary guide to leave him.

The hamlet that lay almost at the gate of Lord Aston's domain was a small, unpretending group of cottages, overshadowed by the thickly-clustering trees; and from its midst arose the walls of the modest church, that in its best days could not have commanded a very ample congregation. But, small as it was, there was room to spare for the great family pew that the lord of the manor had introduced for the comfort and convenience of his family; and the farmers and labourers who, in obedience to the law, resorted every Sunday to the little temple, were sparsely dotted over the benches that were furnished for their accommodation.

As Burnet busied himself with the fastenings of the gate, the clatter of hoofs sounded on the road, and looking round, he observed a small party of horsemen approaching from the village below.

The leader pulled up as he came abreast of the gate, and glanced sharply at the captain, who stood in an attitude of expectation, his face turned to the light of the moon.

"This is Lord Aston's, I believe?" said the newcomer, finding that Burnet did not move.

The captain bowed an assent, and, the gate being now open, stood aside to allow the horsemen to enter. There was a momentary hesitation, and the cavalcade passed on; but they waited until Burnet joined them, and, keeping him in their midst, rode up to the house together.

"We are strangers, it seems, sir," said the leader; a heavy, thick-set personage, who had been curiously scanning the appearance of Burnet. "Although I know most people about here, I cannot call to mind that we have met before."

"Probably not," said Burnet. "I have been here but a short time; and I owe it to an accident that befell me lately, that I have the honour to be the guest of Lord Aston."

"Accident!" ejaculated the other. "Then you are the gentleman who narrowly escaped being roasted alive yonder with some of my fellows a month since? I am the sheriff of the county, Peter Mandrill, sir, at your service."

The effect of this announcement, made in rather pompous tones, was a little spoilt in the bustle that followed their arrival at the main entrance of the mansion.

Some servants came out with torches, and, in the sudden blaze of light, the sheriff could not restrain a momentary glance of keen inquiry at his chance acquaintance, who leisurely dismounted, and ascended the flight of steps that gave access to the hall, with an appearance of utter indifference to the presence of the august sheriff.

Although it was summer, a large wood fire burned upon the spacious hearth, and before it were grouped the family of Lord Aston. London manners had not penetrated into rural districts at that time, and, after the manner of his ancestors, Lord Aston usually made the hall the family room ; but as a concession to modern habits, a huge screen was partially drawn across the hall, that gave a little more privacy to the inmates, and hid them from the watchful observation of the servants, who occupied themselves in their various duties at the further end.

The peer was sitting near the fire, his hand resting upon the head of a fine mastiff, that rose and growled fiercely, displaying a formidable array of glistening fangs, as the strange footfalls of the visitors resounded on the checkered pavement.

"Down, Wolf ; down, sir!" said Lord Aston. "Who have we here? Some benighted travellers who have lost their way? Ah, good Master Mandrill, welcome, although you come late. Did our friend, Captain Burnet, meet you on the road?"

"I hope you are come to pay us a visit of courtesy this time, Master Mandrill, and not upon any odious business errand," said Lady Aston ; a handsome person of middle age, who rose to greet the visitor.

"I never see Master Mandrill but I dream of that terrible scene we witnessed at Warwick. Oh, the horrible butchery!" said a younger lady, with a look of unaffected horror.

The sheriff stood awkwardly gazing at the speakers, as if uncertain whether to take their remarks in jest or earnest ; but remembering that he did not make the laws, and that the execution of them must be confided to some one, without regard to his feelings or taste, he strove to recover his dignity by a little rough badinage.

"Who could think of business in such enchanting company, Lady Aston?" he said, trying to modulate his coarse, harsh voice to the tone of flattery, coolly seating himself the while at the board, that displayed the remains of a very substantial meal. "If I had not been so old an acquaintance of these charming young ladies, beshrew me, but I should refuse to believe that they were your ladyship's daughters. But time flies with them, as with such old birds as my lord and me. But for you, Lady Aston, he does not budge an inch. You can stay his march like

Moses, or Aaron—which was it?—who made the sun stand still when the Jews passed through the Red Sea."

The ladies laughed at the absurd compliment; and the sheriff, after plunging his nose into the depths of a capacious flagon of ale, looked round with a complacent smirk, as if he had said a remarkably handsome thing, and then proceeded to attack a huge pie that stood conveniently near him.

"Now I will wager my best nag against the veriest screw that ever was bred," he said, pausing for a moment with his mouth full, "that you would not have laughed at that, Miss Philippa, if a young and handsome stripling had said it. Nor you either, Miss Grace."

"No young man would have had the folly to tell us that we were as old as our mother," said Philippa, with slightly-curling lip.

"Nay, but Master Mandrill means a young man of his own sober age," said Grace.

"Oh, worse and worse," said Lady Aston. "Your gallantry is thrown away upon such thankless creatures, Master Mandrill."

"Ah, it was different when I was young," said the sheriff with a sigh, trying to look sentimental. "Ladies did not jest at me then. This is a most toothsome pasty. You have the finest venison, my lord, that it has been my good fortune to taste for many a day. But you do not join me, Captain Burnet. My ride has given me an appetite. Did you journey far to-day?"

Burnet was engaged in a whispered conversation, on the further side of the hearth, with a young lady of extreme beauty—a dark, oval face, with clearly-defined, regular features; and her hair, dark and glossy as the raven's wing, was arranged in a cluster of curls above the smooth forehead. And the sheriff was surprised to meet her fixed and somewhat unfriendly glance, as she raised her luminous and expressive eyes as he spoke.

"Oh, uncle," she said, turning from the sheriff and addressing Lord Aston, "Captain Burnet has been to the Priory to-day. I should dearly like to see the place again. Do let us ride there to-morrow."

"With all my heart, child," said Lord Aston. "But you had best provide yourself with some creature comforts if you do not wish to be starved. The prior keeps no table now, as they did of old times, and lives upon simples and water, and the like sorry cheer they say."

"Those idolatrous remains should be razed to the earth," remarked the sheriff, grimly. "They do but keep alive a spirit of sympathy for the superstitious founders. I have heard people lamenting the good times of the monks, as though," he added contemptuously, "there could have been anything worthy of remembrance in those abominable Popish days."

Captain Burnet's companion shot a rapid, eager glance at the sheriff.

"But why are you so desirous of rooting out these Papists?" she asked. "There do not seem to be many of them; and I have never been able to learn in what they have offended."

"In what have they *not* offended, Miss Hilda?" rejoined the sheriff, astonished at such a question. "Their religion is unlawful: that is enough for any good subject of King James; it is a mark of disloyalty—nay, it is no less than high treason. They would hand us over to the Spanish cut-throats; people the land with monks and nuns, and heaven knows what besides; or blow us out of our beds with their Powder Plots. Why, if they once got the upper hand, we should be burned or racked, as the holy Reformers were in Queen Mary's time; and what would then become of our religion?"

"They are too few to cause any fears on that score," said Lord Aston.

"Few!" said the sheriff, impatiently. "They are far too many to let us live in peace! Like noxious weeds, they grow as fast as we cut them down, or trample them underfoot. They are not so few, but they can plot with Master Raleigh to seize the sacred person of the king; or seek to blow up his majesty, with all the lords and commons to boot. And just think for one moment," and he looked solemnly from side to side, "think what would have been the consequences if they had succeeded in their villainous design."

He threw himself back in his chair, as though he had effectually disposed of the question; and seizing the tankard to refresh himself therewith, drank confusion to all Popish knaves.

"Well," said Lord Aston, "whatever they did in the past, has been, I think, more than avenged. I am not sure that if I had to pay a fine of twenty pounds every month, and spent half my life in jail, to say nothing of my house being searched from time to time by a lot of rude fellows—no offence to you, Master Sheriff—I should find my loyalty put to a very severe test. If a man is driven to utter desperation, I know not what is to be expected of him, if he possesses a grain of spirit, but that he should strike in turn, if he find the opportunity."

"Well, we must draw the dogs' fangs, and render them harmless," said the sheriff, with savage emphasis. "They have been rather active of late; and, spite of all my vigilance, they contrive to slip through my fingers. But I know pretty well all the recusants in the county, and what goes on at their houses. I have them all in my list. I have had news of a cunning fox of a Jesuit within the past week. He is lurking hereabouts, it is said. I shall run him to earth yet."

"How cruel it is," said Hilda, her face flushing indignantly, "to harry these poor creatures in so inhuman a fashion! If I

were one of them, you should not hunt me so, without getting some hard knocks for your pains. You might kill me; but not before I had wiped out some of the bitter debt I owed."

"Truly, I think you would," said the sheriff, scowling at her, and feeling more angry at the glance of approval that appeared in Burnet's eye, as he listened to her speech. "But these are dangerous words, young lady; and spoken beneath any other roof than this, might bring you to jail."

Lady Aston, seeing that the conversation was taking an unpleasant turn, now rose; and bidding the rest a good night and pleasant slumber, left the hall. Her example was speedily followed by the others; and in a few minutes the sheriff and Lord Aston remained the sole occupants of the place.

Lord Aston was getting tired and drowsy; but manfully exerting himself to display his usual courtesy to his guest, whom he heartily wished a hundred miles off, he sat winking his eyes, and vainly trying to repress a frequent yawn.

The sheriff, however, was wide awake, and very thoughtful; pondering doubtfully, and trying to find, in the crackling logs, a clue to some vague suspicions that flitted through his brain. Suddenly he asked:

"Can you tell me who this Captain Burnet is, Lord Aston? Is he a friend of yours?"

"I cannot tell you much about him," replied Lord Aston, rousing himself. "It is said that he is on some mission from Master Cecil. We got him out of the fire at Fenner's place, when you burnt the cottage."

"Indeed!" said the other, slowly, as if thinking aloud. "He was lodging there with a recusant who is now in jail. I will have Master Fenner racked when I get back again, and see what he can tell. But what can his errand be? Has he told your lordship?"

"No," said Lord Aston, sleepily; "I have not cared to ask him. It is, I conceive, no business of mine. Why not question him yourself, if you have any curiosity on the subject?"

"To tell you the truth, Lord Aston," said the sheriff, "I should be afraid to interfere with him, if he be what you say he is. I had the ill-luck to arrest one of Master Cecil's people by mistake, a month or two ago, and was summoned to London to answer for it. It was only my well-known zeal against the Papists that served me, or I should have had to change places with the prisoner. I got soundly rated; and I suspect that I should not be let off so easily if I blundered into the same offence again. But I will know something more of our friend before I leave."

He remained in the same thoughtful attitude for some time, leaning forward with his hands on his knees, his eyes still fixed upon the fire.

He roused himself at last, and observing that Lord Aston had gone to sleep, he got up and made a clatter with the fire-irons, raking the embers together with such vigour that Lord Aston started up, rubbing his eyes, and muttering some apologies for his drowsiness, offered to show the guest to his chamber.

(To be continued.)

THE "BEAUTIFUL" IN ART.

ART, whose principle is variety combined in harmonious unity, when it exalts the mind by the representation of objects, scenes, situations, and images of beauty, power, sublimity, perfection, operates as an accessory to religion as to those systems of philosophy whose object is to unify and felicitate human minds, by raising them to a standard of high moral and ideal excellence. Art has received many definitions. "*C'est la forme*," says Madame Dudevant. "It is nature concentrated," says Balzac. But, including these conditions, it may, in its higher phases, be termed Life and Nature spiritualized—reality in part reflected, in part idealized. The mission of the highest minds—or those who unite love and imagination, and are poets and artists; or love and reason, and are sages; or love and action, and are holy men and heroes (for the original meaning of "hero" is from *eros*, love)—is to render all life diviner. The more complex our spiritual civilization, when governed by the principles of utility and beauty, the nobler it becomes. Any influence which idealizes reality into a higher beauty and associative harmony, tends to perfect society; and Art contributes to that end, by perpetuating the results of the highest emotional and ideal genius: thus constituting an ennobling presence in this world-temple of the Deity in space. Properly estimated, high Art should deal solely with what we call divine—that is, with what is true, beautiful, loveable, loving and useful. All that intelligence recognises as worthy of love, should be held sacred, and everything sacred should be rendered as beautiful as possible—our religion, temples, homes, lives. The same principle should be impressed on works of ordinary utility, albeit their beauty is best illustrated in their use. Thus, our cities, which are sacred, as the vast homes of human life, should be rendered as beautiful as may be, and primarily healthy; as health, together with being the condition for the full exertion of human energies, is a main source both of happiness and of beauty. Order, symmetry, light and shade are the principles of Grecian architecture; the Gothic is more imaginative, capricious; its cathedral aisles repre-

senting the avenues of the forest, its pinnacles the aspiring form of the tree, its ornamentation the endless variety of intervening branch and disposition of foliage. Perhaps northern architecture might be still further improved by rendering it the symbol, not alone of the tree, but of the cloud, whose forms are little less lovely, noble and various. Looking at one of those surging masses of white summer cloud, distantly crossed by perpendicular poplars, one recalls the form of St. Sophia with its domes and minarets. Combinations of the above objects and emblems suggest to the fancy certain new beauties which might be appropriately introduced into the domain of architecture. Again, fountains might be rendered most beautiful objects; and there is no structural work which admits more of the application of poetical design in which the lovely forms of tree and cloud might be united.

Material civilization is the basis of our social system; higher in order is our moral civilization, which is aided by it, but is founded on principles wholly apart from it—the eternal principles of right and wrong; above both these utilitarian regions is the domain of Art—or æsthetical civilization—the ideal domain, in which beautiful objects and beautiful emotions and imaginations are represented—the useful below and around, the poetic and sacred, above. The conceptions of the artist are only limited by the horizon of nature; but as it is his business to educate his mind and those of others for the recognition of all charms of form, colour, sound, feeling and fancy, and exert his faculties in their combinations, it is the function of the artist-poet to extract Beauty from all things—to idealize nature and life into a higher loveliness, and thus elevate both towards the Deity—the Spirit of Divine Perfection, whose ministers true artists thus become. Now, how are we to define Beauty, whose domain, objective and subjective, is so various and so wide? It may be said to consist in any symmetrical relation of forms, contrasts and gradations of colours or sounds, harmony of qualities, contrast of situations, which awaken in the soul feelings and associations of admiration and of love. To understand a subject thoroughly, is essential to conception and execution; while to love it, is the secret of making it a living product of the mind, and of evolving a perfection. Kant says (in his *Æsthetik*): "Disinterestedness distinguishes the satisfaction which the beautiful produces; we love it for itself, without having any interest in it as we have in the good;" but it may be suggested that we *have* an interest in it, as its contemplation affords one of the highest sensible and ideal pleasures to ourselves and others. Majesty in simplicity, chastity in grace, ideality in harmony, are among the elements of true beauty. Art deals, of course, with many subjects which are not in themselves beautiful; the artist selects for treatment many subjects and themes with the object of producing powerful impressions—selects, in brief, any subject which can be rendered interesting and attractive. But it is laid down

as a fundamental principle of æsthetics, that there can be no work of true art which is not in some way beautiful, either in its subject, its treatment, or its purpose—*i.e.*, with reference to the moral emotions it elicits. Any work of art which satisfies the mind, produces a harmony therein: but whatever the material may be, or how little lovely it may be in itself or its details, it must leave, as its result, the impression of Beauty, either in the choice and treatment of the subject, or its spiritual inference. To take an illustration from literature—Keats' "Eve of St. Agnes" is surpassingly beautiful in its objective painting. Again, a tragedy may be repulsive in its character and situations, yet beautiful in its moral effect. Even in pictures, such as Guiricault's "Wreck of the Medusa," where the object was to paint horror, the pathos of utter desolation affects the æsthetical sentiment; and this picture could have been rendered far more dramatic, if in point of time a moment had been selected for representing the situation of the groups on the raft, before they had succumbed to the paralysis of despair.

The cultivation of the sentiment of Beauty through the exhibition of works of art is one the most refining and delightful of those influences which are vital in our current civilization. Everyone is rendered more elevated and better by studying, understanding and appreciating a fine composition, or piece of music, a statue or picture—a Poem whether in sound, language, paint or marble. And as Moral Beauty is of a higher order than physical or intellectual, so are, comparatively, the works in which it is embodied. Whether pictorial art is purely realistic or eclectic, the same result follows, as the mind of the observer is thus, so to speak, toned to accord with the harmonies of the universe, which is impregnated with the beauty of the Deitific soul. As in the foundation of the system of life we have, first, material improvement, and next moral and social advance, so its last development and blossom is that æsthetical element produced by the enjoyment of beautiful objects and emotions in the higher works of art to which we advert. "So from the root springs lightly the green stalk, the leaves more airy; last the bright consummate flower-spirit odorous breathes"—and the more a people are afforded facilities for cultivating their taste and the sense of Beauty, derived from their observation of external nature, and the fine moods of poets and artists, the higher is their status in the domain of Being, and the more elevated the degree of happiness of which they are thus rendered capable.

The appreciation of Beauty appears to have been an innate principle in the minds of the ancient Greek race to a greater degree than in any other ancient people. It is manifested not only in their architecture, where we have the beauty dependent on formal order in relation to light and shade, and in their literature and mythology, but in many of the regulations of their

social life—as, for example, the custom of interring the young at dawn, the mature at noon, the old in the evening, &c., &c. On a subject so familiar we need not dwell; but, as a telling illustration of that love for the Beautiful, which the Greek mind regarded as the highest influence in life, may refer to its exposition in the discourse of Agathon, in the Banquet of Plato; and to the expression which Xenophon, in his Symposion, puts into the mouth of Critobulus—"I swear by all the gods, I would not choose the power of Persia's king in preference to the love of the Beautiful." It need not be added that in our more complex modern life, the same sense of beauty, and one of far wider relations, physical, moral and intellectual, exists. We superadd, so to speak, the variety of the Gothic to the order of the Greek intelligence—our life includes a wider horizon. In a world of work and business such as ours, the portion of time which most are enabled to allot to the cultivation of æsthetical taste is very limited; hence the necessity of directing their choice of the best works of Art—and especially those of Literature—with which the precious hours of leisure may be employed. Considering the elevating influences which a taste for works of true art elicits in a community, and the lasting intellectual results derived from their enjoyment and contemplation, the affording of facilities for forming an acquaintance with them has now become one of the most necessary and important functions of the directors and developers of our civilization.

N. W.

CLONMACNOISE.

ON the eastern bank of the Shannon, seven miles below Athlone, a venerable group of ecclesiastical ruins marks the site of the ancient monastic city of St. Ciaran, at Clonmacnoise. Amid a scene of solemn, desolate grandeur, sentinels of the past, the storm-beaten cross and ivied pillar-tower, whose changing shadows fall upon the forgotten tombs of kings and warriors, saints and sages, proclaim that here stood one of the olden sanctuaries which during a thousand years were the pride and glory of Catholic Ireland, the peaceful homes of piety and learning in the mediæval centuries, when the land of the Gael was "the School of the West."

In the number of illustrious saints who, in the dawn of the fifth century, treading in the sacred footsteps of the great Apostle of Ireland, by their heroic labours, secured deep and solid the foundations of her Catholicity, the patron of Clonmacnoise holds distinguished rank. St. Ciaran, born A.D. 516, was a native of

Roscommon, where his father, who followed the occupation of a carpenter, had settled, after migrating from Ulster. In his childhood the rudiments of a Christian education were imparted to him by St. Justus,* a disciple of St. Patrick, from whom he had received the sacrament of regeneration. The period of youth had already advanced, when Ciaran repaired to the school of Clonard, to pursue his studies under the great St. Finian. Upon the completion of his ecclesiastical course, having obtained the blessing of his sainted preceptor, he departed for the monastery of St. Nennidius, then recently founded in one of the islands of Lough Erne. After some time spent in this retreat, Ciaran, desirous of studying the austere rule of St. Enda, repaired to the celebrated monastery in the Island of Arran, where he passed seven years, and, at the end of that term, went first to St. Senan of Inniscathy, and subsequently withdrew to *Inis Ainghin*, in Lough Ree, whither he was followed by a great number of disciples. Here the saint established a monastery; but, within a very brief period, the concourse of ascetics who sought permission to live under his rule became so great, that the accommodation upon the island was found inadequate, and the holy abbot resolved to seek a site for a new foundation. Leaving his disciple Adomnan to preside over the community at *Inis Ainghin*, Ciaran repaired to the eastern bank of the Shannon, where he laid the foundation of a small church at Clonmacnoise, A.D. 549.

At that time, Diarmaid, son of Fergus Cerrbheoil, grandson of Niall of the Nine Hostages, was a fugitive upon the borders of Meath. At the death of Muircheartach, first Christian monarch of Ireland, Tuathal Maelgarbh, grandson of Cairbre, one of the fourteen sons of Niall, had grasped the sceptre of Tara. Finding his claim to the dignity of *Ard-Righ* disputed by Diarmaid, he banished the rival prince from the territory of Meath. Diarmaid, attended by his foster-brother, retreated to the wilds of the Upper Shannon, where he passed nine years in exile, solaced only by the devotion of a few friends and the occasional hospitality extended by some of the neighbouring chieftains of Meath and Connaught, who commiserated his hard fortune. During the period of his wanderings, Diarmid had become acquainted with St. Ciaran, and on the occasion when the saint set out from *Inis Ainghin*, the outlawed prince, then sojourning in the neighbourhood, followed the holy abbot to Clonmacnoise. The annals relate that when St. Ciaran was in the act of erecting the first pole of the new church, he turned to the prince, who was assisting at the work, and said, "Plant the pole with me, and let my hand be above your hand upon it, and your hand and your sovereign sway shall ere long be over the men of Erin." The royal exile obeyed—the words of the saint were prophetic.

* Dr. Lanigan, Eccles. Hist., vol. ii., cap. x.

RUINS AT CLONMACNOISE.

That same night, Maelmor, foster-brother of Diarmaid, having ascertained that Tuathal had repaired, with some nobles of his court, to the northern confines of Meath, mounting a steed of remarkable fleetness, and departed secretly from Clonmacnoise. Arrived at his destination, with the bleeding heart of a whelp fixed upon the point of his spear,* he demanded audience of the monarch. Tuathal, who had proclaimed a reward to the party that would bring him the heart of his rival, deceived by the stratagem, ordered the stranger to be admitted to his presence. Forthwith Maelmor, advancing to the monarch, transfixed him with his weapon. The assassin had resolved to confide for escape to the swiftness of his steed; but instantly arrested in his flight, he paid with life the forfeit of his daring. The tragic end of Tuathal was no sooner known throughout Meath, than Diarmaid, surrounded by the chieftains favourable to his cause, was conducted with royal pomp to Tara.

"Fanciful as this account of the origin of the far-famed Clonmacnoise may at first sight appear," writes Professor Eugene O'Curry, "there still exists, on the spot, evidence of its veracity which the greatest sceptic would find it difficult to explain away. There stands within the ruined precincts of this ancient monastery a stone cross, on which, among many other subjects, are sculptured the figures of two men, holding an erect staff or pole between them; and although the erection of the cross may belong, as I believe it does, to the beginning of the tenth century, and although it was then set up, no doubt, to commemorate the building of the great church by the monarch Flann and the abbot Colman, there can be but little doubt, if any, that the two figures of men holding the pole, were intended to perpetuate the memory of the manner of founding of the primitive *Eglais Beg*, or Little Church, the history of which was then, at least, implicitly believed."†

The holy founder did not long survive to rule with paternal solicitude the church and monastery destined to perpetuate his name. In seven months from the laying of the foundation of Clonmacnoise, St. Ciaran, then in his thirty-third year, passed calmly to his reward.

Around the lowly sanctuary of St. Ciaran, within a brief period from its foundation, arose one of those vast monastic cities which not alone revived in the Isle of the West the heroic asceticism and glories of the Thebaid, but, moreover, became so many centres of culture and enlightenment, whither repaired, to drink of the fountains of knowledge, students from every nation in Christendom. Clonmacnoise vied with Clonard and Bangor, both in the number of its religious and in the renown of the scholars who were inscribed on the roll of its distinguished *alumni*.

* "Annals of Clonmacnoise." † "MS. Materials of Irish History."

Among the latter, O'Curry makes special mention of the following. Saint Colchu, the friend of Alcuin, A.D. 791. Suibhné, styled by Florence of Worcester the most esteemed writer of the Scots, A.D. 892. Colman Mac Ailill, sage, doctor, and abbot, 924. Fiachtna, Abbot of Iona, A.D. 1024, and the great annalist Tighenach, "a doctor in learning, wisdom and oratory," A.D. 1088.

As a favourite place of pilgrimage, the shrine of St. Ciaran became celebrated throughout Ireland; and there is deep pathos in the simplicity with which the annalists record, at intervals, the death of prince and anchoret, who closed their mortal career in this holy retreat "after the victory of penance." By the Irish princes the sanctuary of St. Ciaran* was munificently endowed; and many of the kings and nobles of Meath, Connaught, and Munster chose its consecrated enclosure for their last resting-place. "This cathedral," says Ware, "was heretofore endowed with large possessions, and was above all others famous for the sepulchres of nobility and bishops."†

Among the churches and oratories of Clonmacnoise, two are specially referred to in the Irish annals, viz., the Church of *Teampull Finghin*, mentioned by the annalist Tighernach at the date of A.D. 1015; and the Cathedral, *Damliag*, erected by Flann, Monarch of Ireland, and Colman, Abbot of Clonmacnoise and Clonard. Dr. Petrie gives a lengthened notice of the former of these structures, which he considers, from its ornamental character, of considerable antiquity. He states, on the authority of Tighernach, "that the Finghin after whom this church was called, was a saint of the primitive Irish Church, after whom a holy well in the immediate vicinity of the church was called *Tiprait Fingen*." This church was the cemetery of the MacCarthys, princes of Desmond.

The erection of the Cathedral Church of Clonmacnoise is thus recorded in the "Four Masters":—

A.D. 904—The Damliag of Clonmacnoise was erected by King Flann Sinna and by Colman Conailleach.

A.D. 924—Colman, son of Ailill, Abbot of Cluain-Iraird and Cluain-mic-nois, a bishop and wise doctor, died. It was by him the *Damliag* of Cluain-mic-nois was built.

Partly to commemorate the building of this church, and also intended as a memorial monument to the royal founder, the magnificent Celtic cross, known in the Annals by the appellation

* "Clonmacnoise is usually written in the later Annals Cluain-mic-Nois, which has been translated, and is very generally believed to mean 'the retreat of the sons of the noble;' a name which it was thought to have received either because the place was much frequented by the nobility as a retirement in their old age, or because it was the burial-place of so many kings and chiefs. But this guess could never be made by any one having the least knowledge of Irish: for in the original name the last two syllables are in the genitive singular, not in the genitive plural. *Nos* (gen nois), indeed, means noble, but here it is the name of a person who is historically known, and Cluain-mic-Nois means the meadow of the son of *Nos*."—*Irish Names of Places*—Joyce.

† "Antiquities."

Cros na Screaptra—Cross of the Scriptures—from the sacred subjects relating to the Life of our Lord sculptured on three of its sides, was erected by the Abbot Colman.* On the eastern side of this cross is read the following inscription:—"A prayer for Colman who made this cross on the King Flann."

Of the two *Cloictheachs*, or Round Towers, at Clonmacnoise, the smaller was attached to the *Teampull Finghin*, of which it formed an integral part. The greater *Cloictheach*, known as O'Rourke's Tower (represented in the illustration), was completed, according to the "Four Masters," in 1124, by Ua-Maeloin, successor of Ciaran. It is thus described by Dr. Petrie:—

"This tower is constructed of a fine sand-stone, and its masonry is laid in regular courses, except about twenty feet of the upper portion, which is, of course, masonry of undressed limestone, and which, like the upper part of the Round Tower of Tullaherin, in the County of Kilkenny, and some others, is evidently the work of a later period than the lower part. It rests, as usual, on a projecting circular plinth, and measures fifty-six feet in circumference at its base. Its present height is but sixty-two feet, in addition to which we must allow about seventeen feet for the conical roof, which is now wanting; but there is no reason to doubt that it was originally one of the highest of its kind in Ireland, for, as I have already remarked, it was not restored to its original altitude when the present upper portion was re-erected. The wall is three feet nine inches in thickness. The interior exhibits rests for four stories, including that on a level with the doorway, and beneath which there was a fifth story not lighted. The second and third stories are each lighted by a single quadrangular aperture, and the upper story contains eight openings of the same form."

Under the date A.D. 1135, in the "Four Masters," the following entry records the destruction of the conical roof of this tower by lightning:—

A.D. 1135—Lightning struck off the head of the Cloictheach of Cluain-mic-nois, and pierced the Cloictheach of Ros Cree.

During the stormy centuries, while the Northern pirates struggled with fierce, determined, but fruitless effort for the mastery in Ireland, the city of St. Ciaran, as the following entries in the Annals record, suffered frequent violence from the fury of their barbarian hordes. A similar fate befell the other sanctuaries of the island:—

A.D. 841—The plundering of Cluain-mic-nois by the foreigners of Linn-Duachaille.

A.D. 843—An expedition by Turgeis, lord of the foreigners, upon Loch Ribh, so that they plundered Connaught and Meath, and burnt Clonmacnoise, with its oratories.

[Dr. O'Donovan, in a note on this entry, says, "that Duald MacFirbis states, in his account of the Danish families in Ireland, that Turgesius took possession of and held

* Dr. Petrie, "Round Towers."

his residence at Clonmacnoise, and that his wife was wont to issue her orders to the people from the high altar of the cathedral.]

A.D. 921—The plundering of Cluain-mic-nois by the foreigners of Luimneach, and they came upon Loch Ribh, and plundered all its islands.

A.D. 934—Cluain-mic-nois was plundered by the foreigners of Ath-Cliath.

A.D. 941—Cluain-mic-nois and Cill-dara were plundered by the foreigners of Ath-Cliath. . . . . A great flood in this year, so that the lower half of Cluain-mic-nois was swept away by the water.

A.D. 944—The plundering of Cluain-mic-nois and the other churches of Meath by the foreigners of Ath-Cliath.

A.D. 951—Cluain-mic-nois was plundered by the men of Munster and the Danes of Luimneach along with them.

The brilliant and decisive victory of Clontarf gave the death-blow to the power of the Northmen in this country; but Ireland slowly recovered from the injuries received during two centuries of incessant warfare, and with wounds only partially healed, found herself engaged with a more formidable power in a deadlier struggle for national existence. Heroically she maintained the prolonged, unequal contest, but at length, overpowered by the iron arm of the Tudor despot, succumbed to the foreign yoke. Ere the closing hour of her national independence had tolled, her ancient sanctuaries had been desecrated by the stranger, her beautiful abbeys lay roofless and desolate; the lamp had been torn from the shrine, and the altar overthrown. The sad fate of the venerable Clonmacnoise is thus pathetically recorded by the annalists:—

"A.D. 1552—Clonmacnoise was plundered and devastated by the English of Athlone, and the large bells were taken from the Cloictheach. There was not left, moreover, a bell, small or large; an image or an altar, or a book or a gem, or even glass in a window from the wall of the church out which was not carried off. Lamentable was this deed—the plundering of the city of Kieran—the holy patron."

WINTER CLOUDS.

WINTRY splendours, superb vapours, white
With the cold sunshine, hang in air around
The sky of morning, motionless in light;
And, from the void of icy blue o'erhead,
Fall a few flakes of frost upon the ground,
Mingling with hail, amid the darkness shed:
While in the sombre northern spaces, low
Clouds, vague in form, advancing with their snow,
Phantom-like, blurred in shadow, numbly loom
In a dim frozen tumult; whence a dead
Air breathes all day:—then shine, a realm of wonder,
Smitten by sunset; till a wind, like doom,
Topples, the while they mount the void with gloom,
Those lurid, ruining cloud-towers of the thunder.

A. F.

NOVELS AND NOVEL READERS.*

BY R. P. CARTON.

THE great increase of novels and of novel readers is one of the most marked literary characteristics of the present day. The best writers of our age are daily lavishing all the wealth of their culture, and the entire strength of their intellectual nature, in fashioning mimic characters, surrounding them with mimic accessories, and making them move for us in mimic scenes through every possible incident that goes to make up the sum of human life. They bring to their task the poet's imagination, the orator's burning power of expression, and the painter's eye. And as the optician makes the same bits of coloured glass assume a thousand shapes in a kaleidoscope, so do they daily present to us in their fictions a thousand new combinations of such old-fashioned materials as birth, marriage, and death—sin and suffering—poverty and riches—the evil effects of man's greed and selfishness, the undying strength of woman's love. They ransack history for our amusement, and making all the results of modern research and modern science contribute to their works, they give us pictures of every age and clime and people. One has restored Pompeii for us, and peopled its long silent streets with the men and women and little children who lived there during those "last days," and perished in that fearful doom of fire and ashes. The same gifted hand has restored for us Saxon and feudal England, and brought back to life the brave prince who fell at Hastings, and the mighty form of the king-making Warwick, the last of the great English barons. Another builds up for us the broken arches of the Coliseum and the ruined columns of the Forum—places us amidst the cruel and pitiless scenes of the arena, or in the holy silence of the Catacombs, till the daily life of Imperial Rome becomes as familiar to us as the life of our own cities. One makes us traverse the trackless fields of ice and snow that lie around the Pole, and follow the Arctic voyager on his dreary and perilous journey. Another fixes the scene of his story in a little island in the southern seas, or amid the strange forms of an Australian landscape. Others love to linger near home, and going down into the cabins of the Irish peasantry, find in their poor surroundings, and in the love, and faith, and patient endurance of their daily lives, the richest materials for their art. One mightier than them

* A Lecture delivered to the Members of St. Mary's Branch of the Catholic Union.

all has wandered back to the days of mediæval story, of border-battle, and of feudal chivalry, and made them live for us again in such a varied number of scenes of "ladye-love and war, romance and knightly worth," I would get to my lecture's end before I had concluded the catalogue. The novel, too, in later years has been made to subserve the purposes of the political economist, the reformer and the satirist. If a social change is to be advocated, or a social evil scourged, or even a legal reform agitated for, a novel is the surest vehicle for reaching the public mind. "Oliver Twist," for example, led up to the improvement of the Poor Laws. The abolition of imprisonment for debt was powerfully advocated by those pictures of life in a debtor's prison, which were drawn with so much fidelity, humour and pathos in "Pickwick" and in "Little Dorrit." The treatment of prisoners in some model prisons, furnished to Mr. Charles Reade the subject of his powerful story, "It is Never to Late to Mend." The shameful state of the marriage laws which recently existed in Ireland, and which still exist in Scotland, supplied Mr. Wilkie Collins with materials for contriving those painful situations, tangled perplexities, and harrowing incidents which give such interest to "Man and Wife." While novels have gone on thus increasing in number, in power and in variety of aim and subject, novel readers have increased with even a more rapid ratio. The novel, the magazine, and the newspaper form the staple of the reading of most men. The novel and the magazine, if we are to believe the current number of the University Magazine, form the only reading of most ladies. The three blue, red, or green volumes bearing the labels of Greene, or Smith, or Morrow are common objects in every drawing-room; the gaudy boards of cheap editions are familiar to our eyes, and find ready purchasers on every railway book-stall.

And so, when novels are so numerous and novel readers so many, a few remarks about both cannot be considered inappropriate to a course of lectures in connection with the newly-opened library of your Branch, especially as novels have, and as I think wisely, been freely allowed places on its shelves. I am not going to advocate a habit of indiscriminate or even extensive novel reading—very far from it. But, at the same time, I am not going to set up for your adoption too high or impossible intellectual standards. I mean to assume as the basis of the observations I will address to you, that you will not be proof against the literary influences around you, and that you will, to some extent at all events, read novels. My object will be to point out to you the special evils and disadvantages of such reading—the dangers to be guarded against in its use—and again, to show you in what way, and within what limits, novels may be made a very important means of educational advancement and intellectual training.

The first evil of novel reading to which I will call your at-

tention, is the tendency it has to absorb all your leisure hours, and thus to turn away your attention altogether from books of a more useful and instructive character. This evil, though a negative one, is by no means to be treated lightly. It seems to me an evil—and I say this without any disrespect—likely to press very heavily on those for whom the libraries of the Union are especially intended. The increased rapidity of modern life, the fierce struggle for existence which rages everywhere around us, so taxes the mental and bodily energies, and puts such a strain on the whole powers of one's nature, that there is little left to expend on books. You cannot read everything, and you must prepare yourselves courageously at times to confess an ignorance of a great many things. And when a selection has to be made, it is all important that you should make that selection wisely. In making it you may learn a lesson from the fortunate suitor in the "Merchant of Venice," who wisely passed by the showy caskets of gold and silver, and turned to the unadorned leaden one, wherein the treasure lay. The Princes of Arragon and Morocco lost each a fortune and a wife because of their unlucky choice. And so will you lose a treasure beyond price, if you make an unhappy choice of books.

If you would strive to train your intellects—to cultivate your tastes—to fill your minds with knowledge, which will through life be a real help as well as a never-failing resource, you must often turn away from the seeming wealth and showy glitter of the novelist's pages for more serious and solid reading.

Now, the habit of novel-reading, if extensively indulged in, has an undoubted tendency to produce a distaste for this serious and solid reading, and to unfit the mind for graver studies. In reading a novel no strain is put upon the intellectual faculties. As remarked by De Quincey, in a passage too long to quote, it is only the meaner functions of the mind that are called into play. If the higher powers of our nature are for any length of time suffered "to rust in us unused," they quickly become weakened, and day by day there grows upon us a greater disinclination to exert them. It is so easy to glide from cover to cover of a book which tells a story with brilliancy, or at all events with what seems to be an intellectual smartness, that the hardened reader of novels soon turns with weariness and disgust from the history or the literary essay which requires some effort to fathom and understand. In time, the weakening of the mind, thus produced, is apparent in the very reading in which it pretends to employ itself. At first, some discrimination will be exercised—Scott will be preferred to G. P. R. James, and Trollope and Thackeray will be put before the vicious tales of "Ouida," or the trashy productions of the authoress of "Cometh up as a Flower.' But soon the taste becomes deadened and blunted, and all sense or power of distinction or appreciation is lost. The very feeblest

and washiest story is then read as religiously, and with as much apparent interest and enjoyment, as if it were a second "Romola." I read an article lately, in one of the English literary journals, in which this habit of constant novel-reading was treated as a mental disease, analogous to that disease of the body whose symptoms are an alarming and morbid thirst. Physicians tell us that this disease produces a dropsical and flabby habit of body; and the writer of the article referred to showed how what he termed the novel-reading disease produced, in course of time, an analogous habit of mind in the unfortunate subjects in whom it became confirmed.

And when novel-reading is indulged in to any extent, to the exclusion of graver studies, it brings with it another and a very serious evil. To a mind uninstructed in the sober truths of history, of political economy, or of science—unfamiliar with the masterpieces of literature, or unaccustomed to apply the dogmas and precepts of religion to solve the problems of social life, novels are calculated, nay, they are almost certain, to produce many erroneous and some wholly false impressions. The novelist is not bound or expected to tell the truth absolutely, but to tell it only in degree. We must not expect to find in the historical novel the truth or the severity of history. We must not ask that the domestic novel, or the novel of incident, should be an exact literal transcript of facts, and an undeviating account of the consequences which in real life would have been their results. We cannot expect, from the novel having for its object the redress of some social grievance, or the furtherance of some social reformation, the same kind of accuracy which makes the value of a Parliamentary Blue Book. We have to grant to writers of fiction a wider and more extensive field. We have often to pardon an anachronism for the sake of a picturesque effect. We must allow facts to be taken for premises—particular isolated facts which may and have occurred—provided the conclusions are made to follow naturally, and the characters are represented acting, and the incidents resulting in the same manner as might have been expected supposing the assumed circumstances to have been real. "The probability," says Whateley, "which the writer of fiction aims at, has no tendency to produce a particular, but only a general belief, *i.e.*, not that these actually took place, but that such are likely to take place generally under such circumstances—this kind of belief being necessary, and all that is necessary to produce the sympathetic feeling which is the writer's object." It was on this ground that Aristotle contended for the seeming paradox that the end of fiction was more philosophic than that of history, since it aimed at general instead of particular truth. This general truth is all we can expect or ought to look for at the hands of the novelist. Not the truth of the historian, the reporter, or the statistician;

but the truth of the painter, the sculptor, and the poet. The novelist deals with facts, as the artist deals with the various features which compose his landscapes—bringing them prominently forward, toning them down in the middle distance, or placing them altogether in the background; counteracting the heaviness inseparable from a long series of saddening incidents by some stroke of humorous fancy, as he would relieve a dark mass of shade by some brilliant bit of colour, and using the completion of some favourite scheme, or a tender love-scene, as he would a light wreath of curling smoke, or a burst of straggling sunshine, to give light and life to the entire landscape. An example will, perhaps, best illustrate my meaning. Long before the publication of "Bleak House," the delay and expense of the Court of Chancery had often been a topic of public discussion and animadversion. Dickens wanted to show the effects of unsettled and unsettling circumstances on a young man of no great strength of mind or character, but a good fellow withal, and a fair average specimen of a nineteenth century young gentleman. He wanted, I say, to do this, and he threw Richard Carstone into Chancery. That, of course, effectually did for him, which was all the novelist required. The failure of the young man's projects, his purposeless wavering from one pursuit to another, follow naturally from the character of the suit in which he is described to have been engaged. But it would be unfair and wholly foreign, I am sure, from the author's intention to conclude that such results would always follow from a Chancery suit, or that "Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce" fairly represents the cases which are being disposed of every day by Lord Cairns or Lord Chancellor Ball. But unless the novel-reader's mind is educated, in the highest meaning of that word, the license of the novelist will be taken for truth; the tricks he plays with history will be undetected; the pictures of past times, which are in every sense compositions, will be valued as if they were photographs; and his descriptions of men and manners will be believed in as if they were transcripts from real life. And the tricks that historical novelists do sometimes play with history are many and various. They contrive meetings which never took place; they tell of love passages between real men and women who never met in their lives; they muster armies which had existence only in their pages; and they picture battles which were never fought. Scott, for example, in "Red Gauntlet," brings the Chevalier St. George to England, in order that a striking tableau might be arranged for the fall of the curtain. I read, some time ago, a novel by a very popular writer—Mr. G. J. Whyte Melville—having Semiramis for the heroine, in which she and her consort, Ninus, are brought together with the bondage of the Jews in Egypt; a liberty with chronology which would have been paralleled if Ivanhoe and

Waverley had been made rivals in love, or Nigel and Brian de Bois Guilbert been brought together as brother students in the Temple. And these tricks are not the worst. The pictures are often disfigured and distorted by political bias, and still more often by religious prejudice. It is, no doubt, a very great misfortune for us that English literature should be saturated, as it undoubtedly is, with anti-Catholic feeling. This feeling is certainly as apparent in the field of historical novels as in any other branch of writing. Of late years many very beautiful novels in other classes have been written by Catholics. But of historical novels, Protestant or infidel writers have almost a monopoly. If we were to take our notions of European history, and especially of mediæval times, from Scott, or Bulwer, or James, or Victor Hugo, or Dumas, we would have very false notions indeed. They would make us believe that Abbot Boniface, or Sub-Prior Eustace, or Friar Bungay, were types of the mediæval monk; that the spiritual wants of the Parisians of the fifteenth century were ministered to by a parish priest like Claude Frollo; that the Templar and the nun were alike forgetful of their solemn vows; that religion was a mere observance of ceremonies; that superstition and ignorance were fostered, and all learning discouraged by the Church, so that serf and noble alike might be made more subservient to its purposes. We know, or we ought to know, how utterly false to all truth and history these teachings are. But they are presented to us in such subtle, and picturesque, and attractive shapes, that it is sometimes hard to detect their fallacy. It is, then, all-important to us Catholics that we should thoroughly read and know the true history of our religion, and the real part which has been played by the Catholic Church in the progress of European civilization. We should prove for ourselves, and by our own studies, that these so-called Dark Ages were in truth ages of enlightenment, because they were ages of faith. That the Church has ever been on the side of order, of real liberty, and of intellectual advancement; that by her the chains were struck from off the limbs of the slave, and by her woman's love was sanctified, because by her woman's purity was deemed a holy thing; that in the study of her dogmas, and in the teaching of her precepts, the subtlest intellects of the world have been trained; that for her architecture has achieved its greatest triumphs, and that for her, and in her honour, music has poured forth its most ravishing melodies; that she has inspired the brain of the poet, guided and encouraged the brush of the painter, and given to the sculptor his fairest ideals. When you feel and know all this, then, and not till then, should you venture to make an extensive acquaintance with historical novels. But with the knowledge I have urged you to acquire, you will have gained a talisman more potent than Ithuriel's spear, which will enable you to unmask

every error, no matter in what specious or seductive shape it may be concealed.

And as an uneducated mind will acquire from novels erroneous and false impressions of history, so will an inexperienced mind take up from the same sources many erroneous and false impressions of life. The lives that people lead in novels are in many ways unlike the lives that are being led by ourselves, and by the men and women with whom we daily come in contact. The scenes into which the novelist introduces us are, in general, perfectly unlike those which occur in the world. As his object is to please, he removes from his descriptions every circumstance which is disgusting, and presents us with histories of elegant and dignified, or, at least, picturesque distress. His characters are always seen at their best, and, as it were, in their holiday clothes. It costs nothing to give them youth, and beauty, and wealth, and brilliant talents, and captivating manners, and so these gifts are freely lavished. Vice is always punished, and virtue is in the end triumphant. The industrious apprentice always marries his master's daughter. Making love and getting married are treated as the main objects of life, and no matter what difficulties and obstacles have kept the young people asunder during the entire three volumes, they are sure to be brought together and made happy in the last chapter.

Now, it is not such scenes as these that human life exhibits. We have often to act not with refined and elevated characters, but with the mean, the illiterate and the vulgar. Every day brings to us duties the very reverse of romantic, and surrounds us with sordid cares which no effort of imagination can make poetical. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Too often the good man's life is one of toil and neglect and perpetual struggle, whilst the idle and the profligate enjoy the world's choicest blessings. Men and women of flesh and blood have other aims and higher objects than love-making, and the romance of life does not end, but it rather begins with marriage. It is true the false impressions of life, which novel-reading is calculated to give, are soon corrected by active occupation, by intercourse with the world, and by habits of real business. But these impressions, even when eradicated, are apt, unless great care is taken, to engender a feeling more dangerous, because more unsettling—a feeling of envy for those above us in station, and of distaste for our surroundings, and for the position in life in which we have been placed. The clerk, compelled to toil day after day, and year after year in dingy offices, for small pay and increasing expenses, will long to change his lot with those high-born heroes of romance whose leisure and money are alike unbounded, and whose sole object in life seems to be to find out the means of enjoying both. The middle-class youth reads, for example, that passage in which Lothair, on his majority, is

introduced to all the splendour and magnificence of Muriel Towers, and is put in possession of the accumulations of a long minority, and of a more than royal income; and a wistful envy will come upon him as he thinks of the life of labour on which he has entered, and which was the only inheritance into which he ever came. The struggling professional man who finds it hard to make out either time or means for a short annual holiday, thinks his case still harder as he reads how Mr. Phœbus, in the same book, is enabled by his earnings to maintain an entire island in the Mediterranean, wherein to pass his vacation, and a stately yacht in which to make his summer voyages. I might go on multiplying instances, but those I have given will sufficiently explain my meaning. Of course such feelings as I have referred to are foolish, and unreasonable, and illogical; but wisdom and sober judgment are not given to everyone. And such feelings will assuredly come with much novel-reading, unless a determined check is put upon the rovings of the imagination, and unless all dissatisfied longings are kept down with a strong hand. So far as a character in fiction is concerned, the invitation given by Mr. Charles Reade in the title of one of his latest novels, should very rarely, if at all, be accepted. Believe me it will be the better for you if you do not try to "put yourself in his place."

(To be continued.)

A CHRISTMAS SONNET.

The world is white, without, with driven snow.
The wind is rushing through the leafless trees,
Over the high hills, to the dark wild seas,
And all the birds are silent in their woe.
The walls are green and gay with mistletoe,
The boys are striving how the girls to please,
The old sit silent while the young sing glees,
They sang themselves once, not so long ago.

Now is a time of joy in all men's hearts
When God looks down upon the world's white face,
Where He once came, where He will come again;
And ever and anon the silence parts,
And in each ear there comes the word of grace,
"Peace upon earth, and goodwill unto men!"

AUGUSTUS M. MOORE.

Moore Hall.

THE MONITOR:

An Illustrated Dublin Magazine.

FEBRUARY, 1879.

THE MOORES OF MOORE'S COURT.

By Denis F. Hannigan.

Chapter V.

Mrs. Callanan and her daughter had withdrawn for the night, when Charles ventured to inform his father of the invitation he had received from Frank Moore.

"Would you advise me to go, sir?" said the young man, with a glance of inquiry at his father.

A dark frown flung its shadow over Mr. Callanan's face. "Do you think it an honour to be invited to spend a few weeks at this place?" he scornfully asked.

"No," said Charles; "I even expressed some unwillingness to go at first, and it was only after very urgent solicitation on the part of my friend Frank that I consented; but I cannot help regarding it as a spontaneous act of kindness—indeed, a more generous heart than Frank's does not beat. He is really a splendid fellow."

Mr. Callanan listened to those words in gloomy silence. After an awkward pause, he suddenly shot a piercing glance of displeasure at his son. "What is that you say? Moore's son 'generous!' Moore's son a 'splendid fellow!' Let me not hear such words again, Charles. I know the character of those Moores too well."

Charles gazed at his father with unaffected surprise. "So then you know the family, sir."

"I know what they are—the whole of them," said his father, slowly and bitterly; "a vile set, full of empty pride. Pride!" he muttered, as if in soliloquy; "I'd like to know what have they to be proud of?"

"But you must acknowledge," said Charles, "that a reverence for one's ancestors is a good feeling, to say the least of it. It is something, after all, to say that you have reason to boast of those who went before you."

"Do you mean to tell me," cried Mr. Callanan, with unusual energy in his tone, "that a man has reason to be proud of ancestors who were bad men?"

"I don't think that remark is applicable to the Moores of Moore's Court," said Charles.

"The Moores of Moore's Court! Why do you speak in this way, Charles, of these people? Your education, at least, should have raised you above those vain ideas about birth and race."

"Believe me, sir, I have no such weakness as you seem to imagine concerning those subjects," returned Charles, reminded by his father's words of the contempt he had himself expressed only a few days before, in his conversation with Frank Moore, for the distinctions arising out of birth and position. "Yet, while I consider that every man should be judged according to his individual worth in society, I think the instinct which makes us look back to the deeds of our forefathers is perfectly natural. I can well understand what is meant by nobility of race; though I think the old poet was right who said that virtue was the only true nobility."

"And those Moores are virtuous people, are they not?" cried Mr. Callanan, with bitter irony. "Do you know who they are? They are the descendants of an apostate who preferred a few acres of land to the religion he was born in. You, who are fond of forming such sentimental notions of things, cannot, surely, see anything very noble in that. Since the time of that renegade, there has not been one of those Moores whom I would think worth calling a man."

"But I have heard nothing bad of Sir Annesley Moore, the present baronet," said Charles, who had listened to his father's denunciation of the whole Moore family with the utmost astonishment.

"You are too inexperienced," said Mr. Callanan, coldly; "a mere raw beginner in the work of life. You cannot see the evil of men's hearts. I say, do not trust this Sir Annesley, as he is called, if you go amongst those people—and I do not want to prevent you by any means. I tell you the man cannot be good; for he had a most wicked father—oh, such a wicked man! O God!" he suddenly exclaimed, with a passionate outburst of emotion; "how much ruin that one man wrought by his evil deeds!"

There was something so rare in his father's excitement that Charles was deeply moved, and, at the same time, bewildered. He did not venture to break the silence that followed the words he had just heard. He glanced quickly at his father's face, then

let his eyes fall reflectively on the floor. Suddenly he felt one of his arms grasped vehemently by his father's hand. "You must not mind my excitement, Charles," he said; "I admit it is quite unworthy of a man of business. I feel some things deeply, you see. I suppose most people *do* feel deeply on *some* subject; but I think it is wiser to stifle strong feelings, or, at any rate, to keep them quiet. You think, perhaps, I have spoken too bitterly of these Moores. Some day you may find that I have good cause for speaking bitterly of them: and I don't wish *you* to love them, Charles. This young fellow whom you met at college may seem harmless to you just now; but beware of him too—beware of them all!"

"Would you advise me not to go to Moore's Court at all, then?" Charles asked, after a pause.

"No, I don't want to advise you in that matter one way or the other. I don't see why you shouldn't mix in the very best society; and, though I see nothing to respect in these people, some association with them may teach you some knowledge of the world's ways. If you go there, I say to you, watch their manners—study their characters—but don't imitate them. Mark my words, Charles. They are not in any way your superiors, and the day may come when they will be far below you in the social scale." He paused, and cast at his son a look of restless inquiry, which lasted some minutes; and then his face gradually faded into its habitual expression of sullen impassiveness.

Charles was at a loss to fathom his father's purpose or secret designs. There was a strange, fierce earnestness in Mr. Callanan's manner that filled his son with uneasiness. At length, rising from his seat, the young man grasped his father's hand with a feeling of inexpressible sadness, which he could scarcely explain to himself. For the first time in his life, Charles Callanan felt in all its intensity the mystery of the union which binds a child to its parent—that awful bond of Nature, by which humanity is knit together, and which remains unaltered and eternal, in spite of growth and change and mutual estrangement.

"Good-night, dear father," he said, with such a strange thrill in his voice that Mr. Callanan, who had been sitting with his face turned towards the fire, moodily staring at the rapidly-fading embers, suddenly turned round, and cast upon him a glance in which suspicion and anxiety seemed to be oddly blended. "Don't trouble your head about what I have been just saying to you, Charles," were the words he uttered. "Remember, you must take your place in the world one of these days; so you must not give way to any womanish weakness. Good-night."

It was long past midnight. Retiring hurriedly to his room, Charles flung himself into an arm-chair, and pondered deeply on the scene that had just taken place. It was evident that his

father hated the Moore family with an intense and, at the same time, apparently inexplicable hatred. What did he mean when he said that he had good reason for speaking bitterly of them? Had this feeling arisen out of one of those family feuds which placed such miserable barriers between classes and individuals in Ireland? His father had dwelt with grim satisfaction on the circumstance that the ancestor of Sir Annesley Moore had joined the "Conformists"—those craven Catholics who preferred their property to their faith. But then there were many descendants of such persons even in the city of Cork—one of the most Catholic cities in Ireland; and some of them worthily fulfilled important functions, and were regarded as good members of society. Indeed, such was the moral cowardice of many Catholics in those days, when "Emancipation" was nothing more than a political shibboleth, that Protestantism was generally looked upon as a badge of gentility. Again, Charles had heard from Frank Moore that his mother and sister were Catholics. Frank himself was utterly devoid of all bigotry, and had lately expressed his sympathy with the efforts of O'Connell and Shiel to obtain religious liberty for the majority of the Irish people. Was it likely, then, Charles reasoned with himself, that a man who took such hard, material views of life as his father, could conceive so strong an enmity against the Moores of Moore's Court on account of a difference of creed? In reality, Mr. Callanan systematically spoke of religion as a question which should be left to a man's own conscience. There must be some personal motive to arouse such deep resentment in a mind like his father's, which scoffed at every dictate of sentiment.

At last, wearied and perplexed by vain efforts to solve the problem, Charles tried to shake off all thoughts concerning the subject; and knelt down, according to his usual custom, to breathe forth a few brief prayers. While he knelt, the brooding figure at the fireside flitted before his mind's eye; and his spirit tried to frame a petition to Our Father, who is in Heaven, for that earthly father whose soul was to him such a dark enigma. He prayed, too, for guidance through the darkness and mystery that were beginning to encompass his own life. And let us hope that he prayed not in vain.

Having arisen from his knees, and hastily undressed himself, he hurried into bed; but in vain did he try to forget what he had lately seen and heard. As it usually happens when we seek to force on sleep, he found himself only growing more painfully self-conscious. When our feelings are abnormally excited, the automatic action of the brain sometimes overpowers the will, and seems to kindle all the electric forces of our nature into a state of preternatural excitement. Thus it was that Charles, though his frame was motionless, lived through the scene that had just taken place with an intensity of vision more vivid than

his experience of the actual fact. Moreover, by the piercing light of imagination, he seemed to see into his father's very heart, and watch the passions that worked within its complex mechanism. Is there not a logic of the emotions more subtle than any which the schoolmen can apply? By what faculty does the poet trace, through the dull phenomena around him, the secret springs of the soul from which both the harmonies and discords of human life are evolved? It is by the power of imaginative vision which grasps the unseen, and brings forth the feelings buried in the depths of men's hearts, as the diver brings forth things hidden in the bosom of the boundless sea.

What, then, did Charles see by the intuitive light of his own soul? Neither love nor hate can ever arise without a cause. It is a shallow sophistry to speak of any genuine emotion as the mere whim of an unsophisticated heart. We do not fling our affections on any object without a motive. We do not shrink away in aversion from any fellow-creature merely through an unaccountable caprice. We may not see the cause, because it is hard to understand the secret workings of the soul; but it is idle to deny the existence of a motive impulse. Charles saw that deep and passionate hatred was one of his father's strongest passions; but hatred must arise from some external cause, and according to the potency of the cause must be the intensity of the passion. What is it that arouses fiercest and most implacable hatred? Wrong. How is hatred kept alive and inflamed with almost superhuman energy? By always brooding over the wrong that first kindled it, and treasuring it up in the depths of one's interior consciousness. His father, then, hated these Moores, because in some way he had suffered through them a grievous wrong. Here was the unanswerable riddle! Was it some scheme by which his father had sustained a pecuniary loss? Surely not; for his father's commercial success was a notorious fact, and the gentry knew little and cared less about the dull game of business. Was it some moral outrage which had injured his reputation? It might well be so; for Mr. Vincent Callanan valued reputation highly, as one of the dearest jewels in the crown of shopkeeping morality. Thus reflecting, and eagerly questioning his own restless fancy, until he found his brain becoming weary from excessive tension, Charles fell asleep; and presently he beheld the scenes of his waking hours strangely inverted in his dreams, which seemed, indeed, like a continuation of his actual experiences in a feverish and fantastic form. Sleep is the border-land of Death; and may it not be true that in sleep our souls are often brought nearer to the vision of things which our waking lives can never reveal to us?

It was not, indeed, a pleasant or healthful slumber. A broken and uneasy sleep, rather—an abnormal state of semi-consciousness, in which the sleeper's fancy seemed to be whirled from one

vision into another, like a soul voyaging through a multitude of worlds. How wild and unearthly some of those dreams were! What strange forms flitted through them!—horrible transformations of the living; spectral shadows of the dead. But at last the dreamer found himself again on the hard earth, amid human suffering and sorrow. He imagined that he saw, in a miserable hut, an aged and feeble man dying of want upon a bed of straw. Beside this squalid couch stood the figure of a man, who gazed with a cold, heartless stare at the wretched victim of starvation. "Have you any pity for me?" said the dying man, in the tone of one whose spirit had been utterly broken by suffering.

"None," said a deep, strong voice, which Charles, with dismay, seemed to recognise as his father's; "I have no pity for you. Nature and Fate have made me your undying enemy. An inexpiable sin has laid its weight of vengeance on my soul." "But you do not know how much I have suffered," said the old man lying on the straw; "you have humbled me enough. I have nothing to lose now but life, and that can only be prolonged a very short time. Pity me and relieve me!" "You ask in vain," said the dark figure, with the stony hardness of Death. "I can no more do a kind action for you than you can undo the crime that has withered my life." As he uttered those words, he raised his hands to his face, and emitted a hollow, unearthly groan.

The sleeper woke up by one of those automatic movements of horror by which we are sometimes startled out of a dream. Gazing wildly around him, Charles Callanan was astonished to see a figure standing by his own bedside with a lighted candle in his hand.

"My God!" he exclaimed, overpowered by the strange resemblance of vision and actual sensation—"how can this be so?"

Mr. Callanan calmly, but with a touch of unusual tenderness in his manner, laid his hand upon his son's head.

"Don't agitate yourself, Charles," he said; "you seem to have had bad dreams?"

"Oh! most horrible, father."

"So it seems. You may be surprised to see me here; I just dropped in as I was going to bed. It is near daybreak."

"Then you remained after I had gone?" cried Charles, with evident surprise.

"Yes," replied his father, with a movement expressive of great weariness, and a strong effort of self-control—"I remained near the fire, thinking."

"You must be very tired and sleepy, father," said the young man; "if it were not for that I would tell you my dream—it was about yourself."

"About me?" said Mr. Callanan, with a strange smile, "what would it profit me to listen to a dream about myself? I don't

put much faith in dreams, you know. I would advise you to follow my example. I hope you may sleep better before we meet again: a few hours at least. Good-night again." He extended his right hand, as though he wished to caress his son's head once more; then drawing it back with a smile of disdain, left the room, carrying the candle in his hand.

On the following morning when Charles came down to breakfast, he found his father seated at the table before him, looking as grave and methodical as if the scenes of the previous night had never occurred. Charles noticed, however, that he seemed more taciturn than usual; and even when Ellie made some piquant allusions to the old Doctor's display of learning on the previous day, he did not exhibit the slightest sign of interest. During the rest of that day Mr. Callanan maintained the same sullen silence, when he appeared in the family circle.

"There is something the matter with papa," said Ellie to her brother, in the evening, when they happened to be alone together. "He speaks even less than usual, and does not seem to care for anything."

"Oh, I dare say he has heavy business to trouble his mind just now," returned Charles, evasively.

"But is it not unnatural for him to appear so very gloomy?" said the girl, who seemed to have rather decided views of her own as regards the fitness of things. "Why, in the name of goodness, does he not sometimes unbend his mind, and talk to us like you or anybody else that cares for other people's feelings?"

Charles laid his hand lightly on his sister's arm with the air of a mentor. "Do not judge him harshly, my dear girl," said he; "you cannot see how many cares weigh down upon his spirit. We must not be too selfish in seeking to have everything our own way in this world."

"Oh! you speak now like a moralizing old bachelor," cried Ellie, whose manner sometimes became a little snappish.

"And you," said Charles, with good-natured sarcasm, "speak like a very cross old maid."

"Oh, how good we are!" exclaimed the young lady, pettishly.

"Oh, how wicked we are!" retorted her brother. "Come, come, Ellie," said he, laying his hand on her shoulder with playful fondness; "don't be so cross. How can you blame papa for being dull, when you are so irritable yourself?"

The impulsive girl threw her arms around her brother's neck, and kissed him. "I know I am very bold," said she; "I was always so. When I was at school, the superioress of the convent said, only for my incurable self-will, I might become a nun."

"But is it incurable, do you think?" said Charles, with some interest. "Do you know? I think not," he added, answering his own question—a bad habit which many educated Irishmen, even at the Bar and in Parliament, fall into very often.

"But we were talking about papa," Ellie resumed. "What I blame him for is that he speaks like one who was never young himself."

"Some people have not had a very happy youth," observed Charles, reflectively; "and when they grow old, they grow sad, I suppose. One thing you must always remember: young people have the future before them, and can 'gather their rosebuds,' or even be satisfied with daisies, if the roses fade; but age has only the Past, with its memories of dead joys and sorrows."

Ellie listened to this outburst without much emotion; for indeed she did not understand her brother's mysticism. When he had finished speaking, she exclaimed, holding up her hands, with a kind of mock-solemnity: "You mean, I suppose, that we all must die some day, Charley. Well, for my part, I hope I sha'n't live to be old. 'Tis horrible to think of it. Oh, dear!" she continued, laughing at a picture that her fancy suddenly conjured up, "to be a dreadful old woman like Dr. Colgan's wife, with a beard (for they say she has a beard, Charley), and a biting tongue that sets the poor Doctor drinking (as we saw him yesterday), and no affection for anything or anybody, and rheumatic pains that everybody is blamed for. Isn't it perfectly disgusting?"

Charles smiled sadly as he listened to this little feminine speech; for he feared that her wishes would be only too literally realized.

"But tell me, Charley," said the girl, in her usual volatile manner, flying from subject to subject, "have you really made up your mind to go to Moore's Court?"

"Almost," said Charles, with a rather abstracted air. "I have already promised Frank Moore that I would go; and, you know, it would not look well to refuse."

"Now that's a mean way of putting it, I think," observed Ellie, who generally managed to say what she thought rather sharply, believing that truth needed no adornment of language. "In the first place, you should not treat people's kindness with indifference; and in the next place, you should be glad to get a few weeks for knocking about after your hard reading at college."

"I dare say you are quite right, Ellie," said Charles thoughtfully; "there is not much kindness going waste in this world, if we are to believe all our elders say of it; so one should make use of the thing whenever he finds it." But Charles saw that his sister spoke in perfect ignorance of his father's strange hatred of the Moores, and accordingly she could not feel how uncertain a pleasure the visit must prove to one in his perplexed state of mind.

Three days after this conversation between the brother and sister, a red-haired, raw-boned rustic, with a leathern bag slung across his shoulders, and mounted on a mule, rode up to the door of Mr. Callanan's establishment, and, looking about him sheepishly, handed a letter to the confidential clerk who happened to be standing outside the office, where he went through the daily

routine of his labours. The clerk, an elderly, close-shaven person, dressed in a long, snuff-coloured coat and drab pantaloons, and wearing a pair of huge spectacles, looked curiously at the superscription, and, half-unconsciously, read it aloud, "For Charles Callanan, Esq."

The red-haired rustic opened his mouth as he saw the clerk methodically inspecting the missive he had brought.

"Give it to him," said this strange-looking messenger, shaking his head at the old clerk very unceremoniously. "Why don't you make haste?"

"I intend to do so immediately," replied the confidential clerk, with an offended air. "I have not to be taught my business by you, my good fellow."

"Well, why don't you do it, then?" said the messenger, with the insolent self-satisfaction of a person who feels his own worth too deeply to care about the feelings of others.

"Are you aware whether an answer is required?" asked the confidential clerk, in the same methodical fashion, and staring at the rustic with a look of stern inquiry.

"Yes; her ladyship tould me to wait for the answer," said the red-haired fellow;" an' if you want to know who I am, I'm 'Patt the Post,' that's what they calls me; but my mother goes by the name of Flaherty, an' my father is dead. So call me Patt Flaherty, if you like, an' tell them to hurry, for the mule has no manners." As if to confirm the truth of this remark, the animal began to kick and rear in a very insubordinate manner.

"Wo-ho, Kitty! you bad baste," cried the postman; "if you don't l'arn manners, I'll tache you, you bla'guard."

"You're a postman, then, to some private person?" the confidential clerk said, after the manner of a cross-examining counsel.

"'Private person,' is it? bedad, that's cool, at any rate. D'ye mane to call the Moores o' Moore's Court, 'private persons?'"

"Well, let us say, public persons, if you prefer it," said the clerk, with a kind of wooden humour. "Meanwhile you'll wait for the answer."

It happened to be dinner-time when Charles received the letter from the hands of the confidential clerk. His father was in the parlour at the time, and looked on with calm curiosity while his son glanced over the enclosed slip of note-paper. When he had finished the perusal, he asked to see the messenger.

Patt Flaherty, carrying in his hand his battered hat or *caubeen* (to use the vernacular), presented himself on the stairs, and while he made a kind of shuffling bow, and seemed to be busily engaged in trying to dislodge one of the balusters with his foot, looked around very coolly at the general aspect of the house.

"Bedad," he muttered to himself, "'tis the droll story when the Moores is making up with the likes o' ye—castles fallin' and dunghills risin.'"

"If you wait there a moment," said Charles, casting a glance towards the postman, "I'll give you a note."

The letter, which Charles tore open with the utmost haste, was from Lady Moore. It was in the following terms:—

"Moore's Court, June 10, 1828.

"DEAR MR. CALLANAN—May I take the liberty of asking you to come and spend a few weeks or a month, if you should think fit, at our place here? My son, Frank, who is a particular friend of yours, wished me to write to you, as he fears you may forget his invitation. He has only just arrived from Dublin. Pray, write me a short note, if you have time, to say whether you can conveniently come to Moore's Court.

"Yours faithfully,
"CHARLOTTE MOORE."

Charles read the letter aloud. Ellie thought it exceedingly nice. Mrs. Callanan simperingly declared it to be "very ladylike." Mr. Vincent Callanan was not so easily pleased with this aristocratic politeness. "I see in this," said he, with bitter sarcasm, "that secret sense of patronage which these people try in vain to hide. They try to make their betters look up to them by treating them with condescension. However, Charles, don't refuse the invitation; of course it would never do. You can leave Cork early next week, if you like."

Thereupon Charles wrote a short note, thanking Lady Moore for her kindness, and promising to leave Cork for Moore's Court early in the following week.

"Charles, if I were you, I would not give that red-haired fellow anything," said Mr. Callanan, as Charles was passing out of the room to hand the note to the messenger.

"Oh! I think I must give him something—a mere trifle," said Charles, deprecatingly.

"As you please," said Mr. Callanan; "but I think 'tis sheer waste of money to give anything to idle hangers-on like that fellow."

Charles, who intended to give the rustic half-a-crown, compromised with his father's injunction by handing the man a shilling. Patt the Post nodded with an air rather of dissatisfaction than of gratitude.

"Is this for carryin' it?" he said, with a mixture of cool effrontery and sheepishness, as he looked in turn at the shilling and at the note.

"Oh! drink my health with it if you like," said Charles, laughing at the fellow's amazing coolness.

"All right," said the postman, as he made his way down-stairs. "Drink his health, *morya*,"* he muttered to himself, as he left the house, and collared the mule, who was becoming very discontented.

* Forsooth.

"What a gintleman he is, to be sure—the ould miser's son! No, faith, Patt, me fine fellow, if you're your mother's son, you'll never descind so low as to drink *his* health, an' on a shillin', too. No, Patt, you know the difference between a gintleman an' an upstart. Come on, Kitty, you lazy baste." Thus apostrophizing, in turn, his noble self and the mule, who seemed indeed to be a kindred spirit, Patt the Post shuffled out of the house; the confidential clerk staring at him in speechless astonishment as he departed.

CHAPTER VI.

MOORE'S Court, the residence of Sir Annesley Moore, Baronet, was a large and irregular but stately-looking mansion, which seemed, like its aristocratic owner, to stand apart from the throng of men in proud isolation. Girdled by a zone of luxuriant woods, it lay, as it were, embosomed in solitude, far from the hum of the busy world, and wrapped in a kind of desolate grandeur, like some island in a vast ocean. The house, which had originally been of moderate proportions, had spread its wings with the growth of centuries, so that, at length, it presented the appearance of a variety of buildings in different styles of architecture, thrown together into one incongruous mass.

In those balmy days before the Union, when the pride and prodigality of the Irish gentry seemed to have marked out for themselves an undying existence, the hospitable roof of Moore's Court had accommodated more than eighty guests, and in its great dining-room, almost as many had sat down together at table. On how many a summer morning had the sound of the huntsman's horn and the wild baying of the hounds sent their deep vibrations through the old mansion—and what a joyous sight it was, in those old days of boisterous merriment, to behold the figures of red-coated gentlemen and blooming dames, in their graceful hunting-robes, trooping forth in dozens to enjoy the delicious excitement of the chase! But hospitality, like a reckless general, sometimes outruns its resources, and pleasure is sometimes exceedingly expensive. The father of the present baronet, without much of the manly taste that distinguished some of his predecessors, but with vices which demanded even a more enormous waste of money, had considered it necessary to impose on his tenants such a heavy rack-rent that the old popularity of the family began to wane; and the peasantry, who seemed to have hitherto forgotten the descent of their landlords on account of their large-hearted generosity, were now known to whisper darkly to one another, that "the bad blood of the turncoat should show itself at last." Accordingly, when Sir Annesley Moore, the present baronet, came into possession of the estate, he found it so heavily encumbered, that he resolved, while maintaining all the dignity of the ancestral

name, to deviate in some respects from the ancestral customs. Instead of exhibiting large hospitality, he affected a disrelish for society, and rarely entertained more than a few stray visitors at a time. He was especially careful to appear as one of the leading members of the Grand Jury for the county at every successive session of the Cork Assize Courts; and he loved to exercise his functions as a justice of the peace in the neighbouring county town, with a high sense of his own importance to the Government and to society. But though Sir Annesley fondly laid claim to those privileges which his high station accorded him, he refrained altogether from patronizing field sports like his more full-blooded ancestors, and few of the surrounding gentry ever appeared at his board. Even when Frank had mentioned to him that he had asked a young college friend to pay them a brief visit, the baronet at first knitted his brows gloomily; and it was only at the remonstrance of Lady Moore (who had considerable influence over her husband, at least in matters of domestic arrangement) that he assented to the invitation with anything like a good grace. Lady Moore herself, moved, perhaps, by a certain sympathy with one who professed the same faith as herself, as well as by an affection for her only son, went so far as to write the letter to Charles Callanan which Patt the Post had conveyed in the manner described in the last chapter.

A week had just elapsed since the self-complacent postman had returned to Moore's Court with the note, which briefly and courteously expressed that her ladyship's invitation had been gratefully accepted. It was one of those glorious days rarely seen in Ireland, when the warmth of the summer sun is gently subdued by a delicious southern breeze. A flood of golden light, softened into mild radiance by the trees that encircled the old mansion, floated in liquid beams through the oriel windows of the large, old-fashioned drawing-room. At some distance from one another were seated five persons, who seemed to be all moved by that strange sense of expectation which the human countenance expresses, perhaps, with more vividness than many stronger and subtler emotions.

Reclining on a large, cushioned easy chair, with legs crossed and hands fitfully caressing his knees, sat a florid-looking man of about fifty, whose powdered hair and well-arranged queue gave him rather a formal and antiquated look. His features, though well-cut, were by no means strikingly handsome. His lips were rather artificially compressed; and the general expression of his face might, perhaps, be best described as one of conscious dignity. It need scarcely be observed that this was the baronet himself.

Not far from the place where Sir Annesley thus reclined at his ease, sat a lady; a beautiful, middle-aged brunette, whose dark face and intensely black eyes bespoke some mixture of Castilian blood. In the proud, firm mouth, one might trace a capacity for

strong and passionate feeling; but the general aspect of the lady's face showed that, with her, emotion had long been merged in a deep and sacred sense of duty. Lady Moore was the only child of an Irish gentleman, who having lived some years in Spain, and there married the daughter of a proud but penniless hidalgo, had returned to Ireland with his beautiful young wife, shortly after his marriage. The poor lady died in childbirth; and thus in finding a daughter he lost a wife. The last request of the Spanish lady on her death-bed had been that he should educate the child in the Catholic religion; and, though a Protestant himself, the gentleman, with a fidelity which, unfortunately, experience has shown to be very rare in such cases—moved too, no doubt, by a devotion to the memory of one so early "loved and lost"—rigidly adhered to his promise. The potency of nature, assisted by religious influences, over the artificial training of society, was shown in the development of the girl's mind and frame. She had the same dark, passionate features as her mother, whose face she had never seen, whose voice she had never heard; she had also the same quickness of temperament and deep sensibility. While yet a minor, and during the lifetime of his father, Sir Annesley Moore had met her at the house of a certain Catholic gentleman, who by avoiding all the political warfare of that turbulent period, had maintained a kind of intimacy with some of his Protestant neighbours. They were both about the same age, and young Moore being at that time fresh from college, and as yet free from that spirit of worldliness which in most cases grows with advancing years, fell in love with the fair Catholic maiden. The girl, naturally susceptible, and hitherto almost entirely estranged from the society of any member of the sterner sex, save her father, soon returned the affection which the young man openly avowed; and, despite some slight objections on the part of the parents on both sides, consent was eventually given, and they were married. To say that this union turned out a very happy one, would, perhaps, be a breach of literal truth; yet the strength of early affection never wholly lost its power; and notwithstanding the occasional bitterness with which Sir Annesley spoke of his wife's faith, he permitted her to bring up her daughter a Catholic, and never directly interfered with the practice of her religious duties. In reality, the baronet was not a very rigid votary of Protestantism; for, like many of his class in those days, he regarded religion merely as the sentimental colouring of a man's political opinions. He argued with himself that, as his wife's father had been a Protestant and her mother a Spaniard, her faith had very little reference to the political circumstances of the country, and need not, therefore, be any cause of alarm.

Meanwhile, let us take a glance at the occupant of a chair immediately opposite Lady Moore's. An old lady sitting with rigid erectness, dressed with a puritanic affectation of plainness, almost

amounting to shabbiness, and expressing by the solemn gravity of her face and manner a stern consciousness of her own profound piety. As if to show by more striking proof her zeal in the cause of religion, or (as she loved to term it) "evangelism," this lady held in her hand an open copy of the highly entertaining and authentic work known as Fox's "Book of Martyrs," and only looked up now and then—always thereby exhibiting a pair of large spectacles—when she heard some remark congenial to her own peculiar tastes. This old lady was Miss Deborah Moore, an elder sister of Sir Annesley, and of late the gloomy stimulator of his dormant conscience. Of late years, it seems, she had become possessed of the idea that her brother was losing whatever modicum of faith (or, as she phrased it, "the evangelical spirit") he possessed before his marriage, and so she felt herself inspired to effect his "regeneration"—for Aunt Deborah (as she was called by her niece) could never speak of religion in any terms but the most rigidly scriptural. Whether an early disappointment, which had blasted her matrimonial prospects, had anything to do with the vigorous character of her devotion, it would not be easy to determine; but certain it is that the odious tyranny, gross vices, and irreligious tendencies of men were subjects on which she loved to dilate. She also felt a special delight in talking about the unhappiness of her younger sister (fifteen years her own junior), who had married, as Aunt Deborah expressed it, "a God-forsaken sot." But this was a topic which she found rather dangerous to broach in Sir Annesley's presence. Somebody has said somewhere, with more sarcasm than gallantry, that much of the philanthropy and religious enthusiasm exhibited by certain ladies in the nineteenth century might be logically traced to a breach of promise of marriage; and some suspicious circumstances in the case of Aunt Deborah seem to show that this harsh hypothesis may sometimes be founded on fact. Those who remembered the days of her youth could tell how she had often shed tears over letters scrawled in a rough masculine hand, and had been known to speak of "love" as a thing that was not to be despised. But the ruthless hand that penned those exciting words, ere the lapse of many years, dared to pen a different kind of letter to the old baronet (now dead and gone), saying that he was unable to go through the marriage service with his interesting daughter, as he had just performed a similar feat for the benefit of another lady. And, indeed, Miss Deborah's disappointment did not pass without a storm; for Sir Valentine Moore replied to this epistle by a curt note briefly demanding from the "traitor" *the satisfaction of a gentleman;* and a duel had actually taken place in which a part of the traitor's body was pierced by a bullet, though, it might be added, the shot did not prove quite fatal, and the traitor—who was a Captain Somebody or other in a crack dragoon regiment—afterwards fought in the Peninsular war and died very gallantly on the fatal field of Corunna. This was the turning-

point in Miss Deborah's career. Since the date of the duel she had devoted herself to a career of celibacy and puritanism. She ceased to look on life from a romantic point of view, devoted herself to a daily perusal of the Scriptures, having resolved to read no book which was not of the true evangelical type. She entered into a correspondence with a luminary known as the Reverend Ebenezer Clegg, who filled her scrupulous mind with grave doubts as to the orthodoxy of the Established Church, and ultimately brought her very far on the road to Methodism. At present, though she attended the Protestant service held at the local church, she practised many of the religious exercises recommended by Wesley, and was an earnest believer in personal inspiration. Poor Aunt Deborah! who can fail to pity you, doomed to lose the golden pomegranates of life and to fly from the unrealized dreams of young romance to the sour fanaticism of a soulless creed?

Two other ladies, both young and interesting, sat very close to Aunt Deborah.

One of them was a girl of only seventeen summers—taller than most girls of her age, with dark features, like those of Lady Moore, but with little of her mother's plastic beauty. She wore a light summer dress, and her rich black hair was simply fastened from behind with a riband. There was little timidity about this girl's face and manner. She seemed like one who felt within her a sense of conscious power; one who loved dominion, and knew that she could rule; one who would not descend from the lofty summit of her station, or the loftier pedestal of her strong ambition, to mingle in the dull drudgery of common life. Whenever she spoke to the young lady beside her, her tone of patronizing respect seemed to insist on, and, as it were, to *italicize*, their difference of rank.

The young lady thus respectfully patronized was, apparently, about three years elder; a young lady rather below the middle height, with a finely-shaped head, and a face of mild, but eloquent, expression—a face and head, indeed, that were the living incrustations of *mind*. She was dressed in modest black, tastefully, but with the minute expressiveness of one who does not look on mourning as a mere fashion; and, indeed, her costume seemed to complete the settled aspect of quietude which was visible in her whole manner and demeanour.

It would not be difficult to guess, notwithstanding the air of patronage, that the two stood in the relation of teacher and pupil; for the quiet young lady in black seemed to direct the other by her very looks and modest gestures, though the girl with the rich black hair did not accept her tutelage very submissively. Miss Rose Moore, Sir Annesley's only daughter, had been brought up at home by the special wish of her mother, who felt a strange desire to keep the girl always near her, as if—remembering the sad history of the past—she feared that even

the slightest change of place might have a fatal result. A succession of governesses had been employed in directing the education of this haughty girl; but, though she had from her earliest youth evinced a daring and subtle grasp of intellect, she refused to submit to the control of her instructresses, declaring that it was their office to teach, and not to govern her. The present governess, Miss Quain—the lady with the intellectual face—had only been in Moore's Court two years when this story opens; and, to the intense delight of Rose's mother, the girl conceived such a strong attachment towards her new teacher, that she consulted her about everything, and confided to her some of her most secret thoughts and feelings. Yet was she exceedingly careful to point out by many of those little distinctions of manner, so clear to the feminine mind, that their stations were quite different, and equality between them impossible. Small need had Rose, however, to mark so forcibly the social barriers between herself and the new governess; for Miss Quain seemed to realize her position with an intense and even painful consciousness, while in her entire demeanour and appearance she looked the very soul of humility. Who knows whether it was not the "humility of pride?"

"Where has Frank gone?" asked Sir Annesley, looking at her ladyship with a sort of uneasy curiosity.

"It seems he has sauntered down to the road, expecting to meet his new friend," observed Lady Moore.

"I really think that was rather a needless sacrifice on his part," said the baronet, with a certain stiffness of manner.

"He told me they were very dear friends at college," said her ladyship, as if she were trying to give an amiable colour to her son's impulsive warmth.

"Those dear friendships have seldom much grace about them," Miss Deborah Moore remarked, in a solemn voice, and slowly raising her spectacled eyes from the page of Fox, on which they had been resting.

"Grace!" repeated Sir Annesley, with a look of shrewd irony in the direction of his sister. "I was not aware, Deborah, that you cared very much for outward appearances."

"Oh! I did not mean 'grace' in that sense," retorted the old lady, rather angrily. "I think, Annesley, if you read your Bible more frequently and more fervently, you would know better what I intended to convey by the word."

"Oh! probably you mean *regeneration*," said the baronet, with a concealed irony in his tone.

"Yes, Annesley, I do mean regeneration, which means a renewal of the spirit by the light of grace," exclaimed his sister, with freezing emphasis; "and it is a thing some persons need very badly, I can tell you." After which outburst she cast down her eyes on the book once more; and, having adjusted her spec-

tacles, which had got displaced during this exhibition of zeal, she seemed to grow more absorbed than ever in the history of the "Martyrs."

"I suppose Frank's friend is to be soon here, mamma?" said Rose Moore, glancing inquiringly at her mother.

"I am inclined to think so," replied Lady Moore—"probably in good time for dinner."

"It would scarcely do to keep dinner waiting on his account, mamma," said Rose, with her usual air of *hauteur*.

Lady Moore looked at her daughter with some displeasure. Sir Annesley, who did not seem to observe anything abnormal in his daughter's words, looked at his watch. "It is very close to the time, then," said he, with judicial calmness.

Meanwhile Miss Quain, who had moved aside her chair noiselessly towards one of the drawing-room windows, was gazing out with some appearance of interest. Suddenly she cried—

"Ah! I see a car coming up the lower road—that, I believe, is the road from Cork?"

Lady Moore rose hastily from her seat, and walked towards the window beside which the governess sat. With an instinctive movement, Rose Moore seemed also about to rise, but suddenly repressed herself, as if she did not wish Miss Quain to think that she could possibly have any curiosity to see the stranger.

"Yes," said Lady Moore, 'tis our visitor; and see! Frank has met him, and the car has stopped. They are shaking hands now."

"A car!" cried Rose, with a slight sneer; "a gentleman would certainly have come in a carriage."

"Do you regard that as the test of a gentleman?" asked Miss Quain, with her quiet smile.

"I believe there are many things by which one may recognise a gentleman," replied the girl, energetically; "and I suppose I may use my own judgment on that matter, at least, Miss Quain?"

"Oh! as you please," said the governess, with composure, though there was the slightest possible tremor in her voice.

"I did not mean to offend you, Miss Quain, believe me," said Rose, rising, and, with a softened look, laying her hand on the shoulder of the governess. Even in this act of kindness one might trace a patronizing air.

"Really, Rose," said her mother, who still remained standing near the window, "you are a very strange girl. Why do you give expression to your judgments so hastily?"

"But I don't like hypocrisy, mamma," Rose returned.

"Oh! you confuse two distinct things, child," said Lady Moore; "discretion is not hypocrisy."

"As far as I can see," said the girl, boldly, "discretion seems to be a sort of moral cowardice."

"I think that is one of the usual mistakes of youth," the governess remarked, in a low tone.

Just as she spoke, the sound of footsteps was heard without, and the next minute Frank Moore entered, leading his friend, whom he briefly introduced to his father and mother.

"Ah!—very happy, indeed, to make your acquaintance, Mr. Callanan," said the baronet, blandly, but with a little pomposity in his manner. "You are just in time for dinner."

"I dare say he has no objection to it by this time," said Frank, in his careless way.

"Well, I have had rather a long drive," Charles observed, with a smile; "and the country air does certainly seem to stimulate one's appetite."

"We are most happy to meet such a dear friend of Frank," said Lady Moore, courteously extending her hand. "Allow me, Mr. Callanan, to introduce you to Miss Moore, Sir Annesley's sister."

Miss Moore only bowed stiffly, and looked at the young man from head to foot through her spectacles, as a naturalist might inspect a new specimen of the animal kingdom in a museum.

"And also to my daughter, Ro—." Lady Moore hesitated, feeling that the mention of her daughter's Christian name and the repetition of the more general name were both equally awkward—"My daughter, Miss Moore." With the instinctive warmth of his nature, Charles extended his hand, when, to his surprise, the girl stared at him for a few seconds, then, almost automatically, laid her right hand in his.

"This is Miss Quain, Miss Moore's governess."

The governess, with tranquil courtesy, put out her hand immediately, and Charles glanced at her with some curiosity. The unaffected kindliness and graceful repose of her manner struck him as the essence of true ladyhood.

The dinner-bell rang. "Let us go," said Lady Moore, leading the way. As they left the drawing-room, "You have met Mr. Callanan somewhere before?" Rose said, in a suggestive fashion, to the governess.

"Never!" returned Miss Quain, blushing slightly.

The dinner would have been an excellent one had the cookery been only averagely good; but this was a very frequent shortcoming in the domestic life of the Irish aristocracy of the period.

"You ought to turn that cook away, mamma," Rose suggested, in an imperious way.

"Oh! we must be patient," said Lady Moore, who inwardly felt that her daughter's manner was a little too dictatorial.

"I suppose you are not going in for any profession, Mr. Callanan?" said the baronet.

Charles paused. "I think not, Sir Annesley."

"Well, now, that is rather strange," the baronet observed, a little thoughtfully.

"Oh, his father is richer than many of the landlords," said Frank, with a shrewd glance at his friend's face.

"You mean the *gentry*, Frank," said the suggestive Miss Rose.

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" cried her brother; "where's the difference?"

"There is a difference," said Rose, testily.

"Well, I don't see it, I must confess," returned Frank.

"A man who buys land may become a landlord; he cannot become a gentleman, unless he is one before." As she spoke, Rose looked strangely at Charles Callanan, who appeared to be deeply abstracted. He was thinking over the conversation that had taken place, on that memorable night, between himself and his father.

"What do you think, Mr. Callanan?" inquired Rose Moore.

"I believe it is impossible to define the word *gentleman*," said he. "People generally form arbitrary notions as to its meaning."

"Oh, you're a logician, I suppose," the girl remarked; "perhaps you could define it for us?"

"Oh, logic is almost useless in this instance, Miss Moore," said Charles. "You and I might take different standards of what is called 'gentility,' and so we might be talking of two different things when we use the same expression. You may have seen in Boswell's Life of Johnson how that great man—probably judging by the morals of his own day—declared the *genteelest* characters to be the most *immoral*."

"Johnson was a boor," exclaimed Rose.

"He was a man of great intellect and sound judgment," said the governess.

"But he was an uncouth fellow, for all that," the baronet observed.

"Yes, certainly," said Frank Moore. "I remember Byron called him 'rough Johnson.'"

"Well, then, if we take some other standard of gentility we are as greatly puzzled," said Charles. "In Richardson's 'Clarissa,' Lovelace is a very genteel and, at the same time, a very wicked character. Charles the Second's Court was, perhaps, the most immoral in Europe, and yet he has been lauded by some as a fine gentleman. It has been said that Lord Chesterfield, in his Letters, gives precepts to his son whereby he may unite vice and the graces."

"But is there not a distinction between being *genteel* and being a *gentleman?*" persisted Rose. "We may regard the use of 'genteel' as a vulgarism; may we not, Miss Quain?"

"Perhaps," said the governess, with an embarrassed air.

"It is a matter of daily observation," Lady Moore remarked, "that some people who are proud of being called *genteel* are full of vulgarity."

"No doubt," said Charles. "pretence is always a mark of vulgarity."

"What, then, is the exact opposite to vulgarity, Mr. Callanan?" asked Rose.

"Good-breeding, I suppose," replied Charles; "and there are certain traits which may be said to be invariable signs of good-breeding. They are easily recognised: we may observe them in dress, in the tones of the voice, in the absence of all insolence and assumption"—here he watched the expression of her face closely—"and, above all, in the sensitive delicacy with which we regard the feelings of others. In a word, the root of all true good-breeding is kindness tempered by judgment."

"You seem to be a clever theorist," said the girl, with a slightly sceptical air; "but do you not think that birth and early associations have very much to do with good-breeding?"

"Assuredly," replied Charles; "and those who have always enjoyed the advantages of fortune and education have reason to thank Providence."

"Providence has something to do with everything, under the Christian dispensation," Aunt Deborah here interposed.

"Oh! you're always confusing religion with everything else, Aunt Deborah," said Rose, somewhat impatiently.

"And you should not use the sacred name of religion so glibly, madam," retorted Aunt Deborah. "When I was your age——" here she paused abruptly.

"I suppose, aunt, at that time you were not so sanctimonious as at present," said Rose, maliciously.

"Oh! you must excuse Rose, Mr. Callanan," said Lady Moore, who had been an amused listener, but now considered that things were going too far;' 'she has some very wild notions. I hope she may change them yet."

"I don't care to assent to notions which I know to be absurd," was Rose's self-confident explanation.

Charles Callanan could scarcely help regarding this strange, proud girl, strong in her ambitious youth and daring self-reliance, with something like admiration. In her very *brusquerie* there was a dauntless freedom of spirit that was surely some germ of latent nobleness in a character as yet almost wholly unformed.

"In some respects I agree with Miss Moore's views," he said, glancing from Rose to her mother; "but I think she has yet to learn that it is nobler to sympathize with the cause of humanity than to confine one's mind to the narrow isolation of a class. The time may yet come when refinement, like virtue, may be possible for all—when the sun of universal freedom shines equally on all; and when caste—that most degrading of all human institutions—may be extinguished for ever."

"Why, these are revolutionary doctrines," cried Sir Annesley, who felt that such theories, if put into practice, would soon destroy his own self-importance.

"I admire your eloquence, but I don't agree with you," said Rose.

"We shall see you again to-night, I hope, Mr. Callanan?" her ladyship said, as she rose to leave the room.

"With the utmost pleasure," returned Charles, as her ladyship passed smilingly out; Aunt Deborah, Rose, and Miss Quain following her into the drawing-room.

"I suppose, Mr. Callanan, you don't carry your social theories so far as to object to our old after-dinner customs?" the baronet asked, with a touch of irony.

"Certainly not," returned Charles; "always provided—a provision, I am sure, quite needless in the present instance—that there is proper moderation."

The baronet smiled rather contemptuously. "Oh! I have been toned down a little since I was a young man," said he. "You, however, seem to be a perfect model of propriety."

Charles reddened, but did not reply to the last observation.

"I know him, father, and whenever he requires a character, I can give it to him—eh, Charley?" said Frank, with a humorous glance towards his brother-collegian.

"Come, then," said Sir Annesley, raising his glass—"a toast: 'a true aristocracy always for Ireland!'"

"A '*true* aristocracy,'" Charles repeated, with a quiet emphasis on the adjective; and they all drank the toast.

"No country can advance without an aristocracy," said Frank Moore.

"You forget the case of America," Charles suggested.

"Oh! you may be sure an aristocracy—I don't say it is a very good specimen, but some kind of an aristocracy—is growing up in America," said Sir Annesley. "Besides, take the case of France. The people, with a fiendish delight in the destruction of the nobles, tried to abolish all social distinctions. Did they succeed? Why, you know how the whole of that miserable revolution only paved the way for a greater despot—Napoleon."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Frank; "that cry of '*le peuple*,' raised by Rousseau and others, turned out to be an utter absurdity. Such things are always delusions."

"To some extent that is true," said Charles; "anarchy is not a good cure for despotism. But sometimes, for the good of humanity, tyrants must be taught a terrible lesson; and if you only imagine the condition of the French people before the revolution, governed by a system of despotism as cruel as it was refined, oppressed by overwhelming taxes, half starved by manufactured famines, treated more like beasts of burden than human beings—and that in a country more favoured by Providence than any other on the face of the earth—you can scarcely wonder at the horrors of that horrible time. Nay, how can you help regarding this revolt of humanity against the vilest oppression as an awful retribution, whose course could no more be stayed than the flood that of old rushed down from Heaven?"

Sir Annesley looked at Charles Callanan keenly. He saw that the young man's face had grown flushed, and his manner vehement. The words had been spoken with the impetuous warmth of youth; but despite their rhetorical clink, there was a true eloquence underlying them, which struck the baronet as a dangerous quality in young Callanan.

"Perhaps it is not wise for you to indulge very much, Mr. Callanan," said Sir Annesley, with ill-concealed bitterness in his tone—"you are too excitable."

"You should not take what Charles says too literally, sir," Frank expostulated. "He is naturally eloquent, and loves to cap a climax. How often have I heard him declaim, like a modern Demosthenes, at the dear old 'Historical!'"

His explanation did not seem to soothe Sir Annesley's spirit. He lapsed into silence, and after a short and ineffectual attempt to resume the conversation, they returned to the drawing-room.

As they entered, the ladies seemed to be engaged in a very warm discussion, and Charles recognised the harsh voice of Aunt Deborah, who was solemnly exclaiming—

"I prefer the use of the word *godliness*, because religion is a term easily profaned. And I must say that true godliness is rarely found in these degenerate days."

"I fear you would not render religion very attractive, aunt, if its propagation depended on you alone," said Rose Moore. Sir Annesley, who always disliked his sister's ebullitions of pietism, remarked that this kind of discourse would lead to no good result. But Aunt Deborah had mounted her hobby, and was determined to ride it even to the death. "Ah," she cried, "it is this ungodly indifference on the part of the leaders of the people that makes the Evil Spirit so rampant. This country, so long defiled by the errors of Popery, would be long since regenerated but for this absence of evangelical zeal."

"You forget that mamma and I are Papists," said Rose; "it is not very likely that you can 'regenerate' us in this fashion."

"Ah! when the great ones of the land forget the light of the Gospel, infidelity is at hand," cried Aunt Deborah, who was evidently determined to aim a dart at her brother.

"God forbid that the aristocracy of this country should become a set of Methodist preachers," cried Rose, vehemently, but without at all losing her self-possession.

"The Methodists have much of the true evangelical spirit," said Aunt Deborah; "and Wesley has certainly been sent by Divine Wisdom to quicken those hearts which are as hard as the nether millstone."

"Not very long since," Charles interposed, "I happened to read a very thoughtful essay on this subject by a gentleman who is a minister of the Established Church."

"Oh! the Established Church, like the Church of Rome in former days, requires reform," cried Aunt Deborah.

"This is a dangerous doctrine, Deborah," said the baronet, "and I want to advise you not to be too liberal in giving utterance to it. The 'Establishment' is a part of the British Constitution."

"But, pray tell us, Mr. Callanan," Rose inquired, with some curiosity, "what was the nature of this essay."

"It was in the form of an article contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* by the Rev. Sydney Smith," said Charles; "perhaps you have read some of his writings already?"

"No," said Rose, thoughtfully.

"Oh! he's an excellent fellow," suddenly exclaimed Sir Annesley. "I met him once in Dublin and could not help admiring him. Since I have given up going into society, I've lost sight of him. I heard a few days ago that he had been appointed canon of some place or other. He's too much of a Whig for my taste; but in society he's charming."

"Well, the Rev. Sydney Smith says that the real cause of Methodism is 'the facility of mingling human errors and the fundamental truths of religion.' He quotes numerous examples from a book on the subject, from which it appears that the most ridiculous notions about a special providence are entertained by persons of this sect. A Methodist magazine tells how a man who had made an arragement for a cock-fight at the time of a Methodist service was struck dead on the same day and *exactly at the time* he had fixed for the cock-fight. Again, a passage is quoted from a publication called the *Evangelical Magazine*, where it is described how a clergyman was struck dead for simply playing at cards. Dancing, too, is condemned by these religionists as 'incompatible with genuine repentance' and true devotion to God."

"It is very absurd, indeed," cried Rose.

"The writer's conclusion," Charles went on, "is that this kind of fanaticism, when it becomes too stupid and too prurient to be endured, will—unless society be guarded against it—have exactly the same evil effects as the old Puritan movement: a reaction against the influence of all religion."

"He thinks, then, that Puritanism led to the licentiousness of the times after the Restoration?" Miss Quain quietly observed.

"Exactly," returned Charles.

"This is simply blasphemy," said Aunt Deborah, glaring through her spectacles at Charles, with an air of fierce denunciation.

"Well, we've had enough of this theology," cried the baronet, with an air of one who felt a tendency to fall asleep.

"I am not one who loves controversy overmuch," said Charles.

"It bores one dreadfully," was Frank's candid observation.

"Your views on religion, Mr. Callanan, are somewhat more

rational than your social theories," said the baronet, suppressing a yawn, as he glanced at Charles.

"To-morrow let us go and explore the surrounding country," cried Frank. "Will you come with us, Rose?"

"If Miss Quain would accompany us," Rose returned, with that unconscious prudery which seems after all to be instinctive in every female heart.

"I am at your service," the governess quietly observed.

And so they parted for the night.

(To be continued.)

MONSEIGNEUR DUPANLOUP.

PART II.

THE Abbé Dupanloup's functions were not restricted to catechizing at the Madeleine, preaching at St. Sulpice, St. Roch, or Notre Dame, or forming young seminarists. In the direction of consciences, as well as in the direction of studies, he exercised a salutary and profound influence over contemporary society, owned by all who heard, read, or approached him. "In friendly or paternal counsel," writes one who knew him intimately, "he had the penetrating unction, the exquisite gentleness of a Francis de Sales, and the firmness, righteous severity, and masculine language of a Bossuet. In religious intercourse no priest ever spoke with more charity, with more winning tenderness to men seeking the light, and ready to detest their early faults. He loved, and inspired the love of, goodness: it was a mysterious interchange of divine grace between the heart of the devoted priest and that of the penitent. In a word, he had the art of conquering souls to Jesus Christ." It was he, a young priest of thirty-six, whose mission had hitherto been chiefly among innocent children—human counterparts of those pure spirits of whom the inspired writer says that "they continually see the face of God"—and studious youth, set apart for the service of the sanctuary; it was he, of all the Paris clergy, who, in May, 1838, was selected by Mgr. de Quélen to hear the death-bed confession of Talleyrand, and receive from the hands of the octogenarian statesman, who had so long astounded and scandalized the world, and taken such a prominent part in public affairs under the first Republic, the Empire, and the Restoration, the written retraction of his errors. It was the dying injunction of Cardinal de Périgord, Archbishop of Paris, to his coadjutor and successor, to use every endeavour to bring about the conversion of his too-famous

nephew; and faithfully and zealously did Mgr. de Quélen fulfil the solemn trust. "Take my life, O my God! but grant me his soul!" was his frequent and fervent prayer. "I know," said the old diplomatist, smiling, "that the archbishop wants to gain my soul to present it to the Cardinal." The prince's niece, Madame de Dino, and her daughter, spoke to him of God and the future life, put religious works in his way, withdrew him as much as possible from the society of his sceptical friends, and otherwise fostered that penitential disposition which first manifested itself in his eulogium on Reinhard, in which he intimated that when he had passed from the sacred duties of the Church to the worldly duties of the diplomatic circles, he had not deviated so much from religious feelings and occupations as was generally supposed; at the same time drawing up a codicil to his will declaring "that he desired to die in the bosom of the Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church," and preparing an exposition of his life, to be added thereto, with a view to publication. It is related that the presence of a child, clad in white, who came to kneel by his bedside to ask his blessing previous to going to her first communion, awakened in the mind of the dying man reminiscences of youthful purity and innocence, which had no little share in determining him to receive the ministrations of a priest. "On his eighty-fourth birthday," narrates a writer in *Frazer's Magazine* (March, 1839), "he had his first interview with the Abbé Dupanloup. The abbé presented him with the *Journée du Chrétien* of Bossuet, and *Christianity presented to Men of the World* by Fénelon. The conversations of De Talleyrand with the abbé were not, however, without interest. On one occasion he expressed his horror of sudden death, and reproached one of his friends, who had intimated his desire to die as by a thunderbolt: '*Mourir d'un coup de foudre!*' said Talleyrand; '*c'est horrible!*' On another occasion he recalled to the recollection of the abbé the celebrated words of Montlosier, pronounced before the Constituent Assembly:—'It is a Cross of Wood that saved the world!' The abbé asked him if these words were really pronounced by M. de Montlosier. 'Yes, certainly,' he replied; 'I was present, and the impression was extraordinary. We were twelve hundred there, and the tribunes were full. When the orator pronounced those words, not a single token of applause was heard; but all breathing was suspended. It was not till he had finished his phrase, and even until some moments had afterwards elapsed, that we breathed again.' About fifteen days prior to his death he wrote with his own hand a communication to the Archbishop of Paris, containing two documents—the first the draft of a letter to the Pope, containing a declaration of his sentiments, and the second a projected retraction, in two pages quarto, which served as the basis of the final act he signed on the 17th of May. An inflammatory tumour, or

anthrax, essentially gangrenous, attacked him in the beginning of May; and on the 11th he submitted with courage to an operation in the lower part of the back. He then enquired of the doctors if he could be cured. They counselled him to set his house in order, for that he must die, and not live. Royer-Collard, who was much in the apartment of De Talleyrand during his last days, said, on one occasion, 'he cannot refuse, he will not refuse, to make his peace with God before he dies.' When this observation was repeated to the dying man, he exclaimed, 'I do not refuse—I do not refuse.'" It was the cry of a penitent soul, wrung with remorse and trembling on the verge of eternity; grace had triumphed over fallen nature; and the Abbé Dupanloup could declare that he had rarely seen a more complete repentance. "On the 17th of May, 1838," records Baron Henrion, in his *Life of Mgr. de Quélen*, "in presence of the Abbé Dupanloup, whom Providence had destined to be the faithful co-operator, and even the direct instrument of this celebrated conversion; in presence of several witnesses, among whom were MM. de Barante, Molé, Royer-Collard, and Saint-Aulaire, the prince signed at six in the morning a formula of retraction, addressed to the Pope, and an accompanying letter to the Archbishop of Paris." He wished to die "*en Chrétien;*" and, under God, he owed it to the Abbé Dupanloup, that "nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it," and that his death was more in conformity with the old device of the Périgords*—*Re que Diou*—than the long misspent years that preceded it. Mgr. Dupanloup, some years ago, was induced to refer to this remarkable incident in his career, and he did so, it is observed, with a noble reserve: his words are the disinterested testimony of the principal witness, and on that account will be treasured by history. "Since I have mentioned the four bishops who had the misfortune to forget their duty in the day of peril," said he at the close of his letter to the *Constitutionnel* on Mgr. Rousseau, "I shall say that he who died the last, he whose more deplorable errors, deeper fall, longer and more celebrated life are in everybody's memory, was also touched by the hand of divine mercy in his last hour. I have received his last sigh, and it is known that before appearing before God—and he had not even postponed it to that supreme day—he deplored his life, blamed the Revolution, and condemned the acts of his sad episcopate." When Royer-Collard met the Abbé Dupanloup after this memorable sick-call, he grasped his hand and said, "Monsieur l'Abbé vous êtes un prêtre!" The Parisians, however, with the scepticism born of their ineradicable *légèrete*, disbelieved, or affected to disbelieve, the conversion of Talleyrand, which

* The Talleyrand-Périgords were a family of Sovereign Counts, one of the most ancient houses in France.

some witling of the time made the subject of the following not very reverential quatrain :—

"Il a trompé du même coup
(Si ce n'est vrai, c'est vraisemblable),
Le bon Dieu, le monde et le diable,
Et de Quelen et Dupanloup."

The zealous priest, henceforward destined for the mitre, carried with him in his numerous journeys—for he was a great traveller, and could read, study, or despatch some pressing affair in a railway carriage as rapidly and collectedly as if he were quietly seated in his library at Viroflay—an interesting memento of the event which signalized his early ministry: a large, gold-mounted, morocco-leather bag, rudely repaired by a Savoy farrier. Many times, it is said, his friends thought of replacing this big portfolio by a more modern and more suitable valise. "I set a great value upon that," he would say; "it was in that portfolio Talleyrand brought us despatches from Vienna, Clèves, and Neufchâtel."

After the Voltaire explosion at the Sorbonne, the indignant professor went to Rome, whither he had accompanied Mgr. de Quélen, several years before, was greeted with marked favour by the Sovereign Pontiff and the principal patrician families, notably the Borghese, at whose palace he was a welcome guest; and had the happiness of receiving into the Church at San Andrea delle Frati the miraculously converted young Israelite, M. Ratisbonne (now Père Ratisbonne, who in a touching letter recently recalled the incident), stopping *en route* at Turin to receive the cordial hospitality of the King of Sardinia, Charles Albert, who vainly strove to induce him to quit France, in order that he might have him at his court as preceptor of the Crown-Prince, or placed over one of the principal sees in his kingdom. M. Dupanloup refused this brilliant offer with the same indifference to honours which had led him to refuse the parish of Notre Dame des Victoires, the administration of which the venerable curé, M. Desgenettes, entreated him to assume, and St. Sulpice, tendered him by the archbishop, and "modestly returned to Paris, to lead his busy, laborious, difficult life." And when at length, in April, 1849, the see of Orleans became vacant through the death of Mgr. Fayet, suddenly carried off by the cholera, he resisted the most pressing solicitations to accept it, and it needed nothing less than a positive order from ecclesiastical authority to overcome his reluctance. "I call heaven to witness," he declared, with sincere emotion, to a sympathetic auditory, from the pulpit of St. Sulpice, "if ever man desired less the grandeurs of the world and the splendours of the priesthood, it is he who abases himself this moment before God!" He was nominated on April 16, preconised at Portici on September 28, communicated his Bulls to the chapter and took

possession by proxy on October 21, was consecrated on November 9 by Mgr. de Sibour at Notre Dame, and on the 11th made his solemn entry into his episcopal city—the city of miraculous deliverance, for which he cherished such an affection, that he could not be induced to exchange it even for the Archbishopric of Lyons and Primacy of Gaul—setting at liberty two prisoners for debt, according to ancient usage. The news of his nomination was received with the liveliest joy by his diocesans. "If the Catholic universe," said the Vicars-General Capitular, announcing the new prelate to the clergy of the province,* "had not already borne solemn testimony to the qualities which distinguish him, we would speak to you of his oratorical successes, of his high attainments; we would tell you that the episcopal crown will find already upon his brow that of pacificator of minds and defender of the eternal rights of the Holy See." In a pastoral letter addressed to his diocesans some days later, the newly-consecrated bishop took an elevated view of the episcopal functions and their special importance at that trying epoch. "Called to the episcopate in such times," said he, "could we fail to foresee the immense difficulties, the innumerable troubles that the menacing condition of society adds to the ordinary solicitudes of the episcopal charge? It was, indeed, of these sad times, that of yore St. Paul spoke to a new bishop, inviting him to reflect thereon: *instabunt tempora periculosa!* Yes, times full of grief and alarm for temporal as well as spiritual society!—times of unwonted suffering; but, according to the energetic and profound expression of Bossuet, what is dreaded is still more to be feared than what is suffered." *Tempora periculosa*—dangerous times. In these two words is found the dominant thought of his whole sacerdotal and public life, the thought ever uppermost in his mind, to which, in fervid and forcible language, his eloquent tongue and facile pen gave frequent expression; the thought that inspired his first episcopal utterance in which, with something like a prophetic foreshadowing of the future, he gave the measure of what he was to be, one of the ablest, most indefatigable, and most intrepid defenders of the Church and Christian society against the skilfully-planned and daringly-executed schemes of the Cosmopolitan Revolution to destroy the one and disintegrate the other. It was he, the vigilant pastor, who, in his *Warning to Youth and Fathers of Families of the attacks directed against Religion by some Writers of our days*, the product of more than two years' careful study of their works, exposed the immoral and anti-social doctrines of those moulders of "modern thought," Comte, Littré, Rénan, Maury, and Taine, representatives of the critical and positivist schools, who in professional chairs, books, reviews, and newspapers—for they have invaded all the

* By virtue of an Apostolic Indult, he had assisted at a Provincial Council in October.

great organs of publicity—speak and write the safe sophisms that others translate into wild words and violent deeds, false philosophers and fireside philanthropists distilling with dainty white hands the poison that infects the studious youth of the universities whom they have environed in an atmosphere of corrupt science—who, not content with systematically assailing Christianity and all dogmatic and moral teaching, based on Revelation, cut the ground under all natural morality in attacking those great primordial truths—God, the soul, and the future life—with which the dearest hopes and aspirations of humanity have been immemorially associated, conspiring to make both science and society atheistic and materialistic, eliminating from literature the very idea of God, narrowing the horizon of human thought to the limits of the relative and contingent, and propagating, with a cold and heartless fanaticism, sophistical theories inimical alike to faith and reason—that double barrier which proud and erring minds have, from age to age, vainly striven to overthrow; the prelate who, in a memorable pastoral, issued at the close of 1866—a year, he said, for which patriotism, religion, and humanity would have to shed tears, the year when the overflowing of the Loire inundated and devastated several parishes in his diocese, and he had to shelter and maintain whole families of sufferers at his episcopal residence—drew attention to the still more alarming and devastating flood of immorality and unbelief which threatened to submerge society, and certain startling signs of the times, coincident with the war on God and religion, which already far exceeded the eighteenth century revolt, presaging an inevitable social catastrophe; who, in his powerful polemic, *Atheism and the Social Peril*, replied with cutting irony and crushing logic to the strictures of the irreligious press, and, having closely studied the morbid anatomy of the body social and political, dissected all those revolutionary doctrines that have long gangrened Europe, demonstrating their inevitable and not far distant consequences with a lucidity which only those mentally and morally blind could fail to see; awakening to a sense of imminent danger lethargic intelligences lulled into slumbrous apathy by nepenthe draughts of pseudo-liberalism, and appealing to every sound Christian and conservative to save society from being precipitated by selfish and insensate men into unfathomable abysses of moral and social anarchy; who, in his *Etude sur la Franc-Maçonnerie**—elicited by Persigny's famous

*This work is grounded on the Masonic constitution and statutes, authentic documents issuing from the lodges, speeches delivered at Masonic meetings, Masonic newspapers and reviews, and the public action of Masonry. Many of the documents, absolutely incontestable and uncontested, are found in a very remarkable work, published at Ghent by a courageous and eloquent publicist, "*La Franc-Maçonnerie soumise au grand jour de la publicité, à l'aide de documents authentiques.*" "Some years ago," says Mgr. Dupanloup, "Mgr. Ketteler, Bishop of Mayence, one of the most learned bishops and broadest minds in Germany, was also led to take up this

circular, and written in the midst of the agitation of the Paris municipal elections, when the democratic candidates came forward as the advocates of independent morality and godless teaching—directed attention to the greatest of all social perils, that insidious organization which overspreads Europe like a huge net, gathering all sorts of unclean fish into its slimy folds, the world's parody of Catholicism, the synagogue of Satan, at once the laboratory and Church of the Revolution, with its blasphemous travesty of the Mosaic and Christian ritual with which it seeks to gratify the innate sentiment of worship ineradicable in man, as it seeks to satisfy the noble impulse to benevolence by other delusive devices—as if rational men, after eighteen centuries and a-half of Christianity, could not be benevolent, brotherly and charitable without decorating themselves with absurd titles, meeting in secret assemblies, and taking rash oaths!—the antechamber of the secret societies in which revolutionists more thorough and active than the encyclopedists have undermined thrones and altars, turning the comedy of liberty, equality, and fraternity into a dismal tragedy, and extending their irreligious propaganda among boys and girls by means of *Ecoles professionnelles de filles* and a *Ligue de l'enseignement*, "signalled" by Mgr. Dupanloup in his *Alarmes de l'Episcopat justifiées par les faits*, to which all the French bishops publicly adhered, and in which he denounced those institutions whereby it was sought to make future mothers of families *libres penseuses*, living and dying out of Christianity and all religion.

But it was for young men chiefly imperilled by these doctrines that the bishop, who had begun his sacerdotal career as a catechist and a seminary prefect, and was marked out by Gregory XVI. as "the apostle of youth," was especially solicitous; to them he feelingly referred in his *Avertissement à la jeunesse*:—

"I feel I am fulfilling a great duty, and God forbid I should hesitate or temporize. When tares are scattered with full hands in the field of souls, those to whom the field is confided cannot

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question, and published a special work under this title, *Can a Catholic be a Freemason?* His answer will be mine; and, after the profound study I have made of it, I shall say, like him, No, a Catholic cannot be a Freemason. Why? Because Freemasonry is the enemy of Christianity, and, by its fundamental principles, an irreconcilable enemy. I shall go further, and I shall ask, Can a serious man, a man of good sense, be a Freemason? And I shall equally answer, No." In the eighteenth century Popes Clement XII. and Benedict XIV., and in the nineteenth Pius VII., Leo XII., Gregory XVI., and Pius IX., have solemnly condemned this association. All the Belgian bishops, in a collective circular dated December, 1837, and the Irish bishops, assembled in Dublin in April, 1861, have condemned it, *and all other societies tending to the same end.* Mgr. Ketteler's conclusion, from a calm and erudite investigation of the subject, is this:—"Behold, then, on one side, the Catholic Church, and on the other modern Freemasonry. Here, the work of God, the work of Christ, and all those who believe in Jesus Christ; there, the work of men who deny God and His Christ, or at least abandon them. *A Catholic who becomes a Freemason deserts the temple of the living God to labour in the temple of an idol.*"

slumber. It is not only my duty, it is the imperious cry of my soul, moved by memories the most vivid and apprehensions the most lively I have experienced in the course of my ministry among young people. When one has consecrated his life to education, and acquired in that laborious work experience of the needs and perils of youth, comes a day when mingle with the disquietudes inseparable from such a mission, a pain more cruel than all others, an hour of deepest anguish. It is the hour when the young man quits his family and goes far away, to Paris or some other of your great intellectual centres, to finish his literary education, and by special studies prepare for his career. He finds himself all at once thrown into such an unhealthy atmosphere of seductions, encounters such dreadful examples, that it is difficult not to be deeply moved at the moment of separation and departure. . . . There are men among us whose age, position, and talent, make them the guides of youth, who ought to make it a point of honour to warn them against dangerous allurements by grave and pure teaching; who having received from society the mission to speak to youth, have thereby contracted the sacred obligation of respecting it. And those are the very men who use their speech and their authority to destroy in them all faith, all Christianity, all religion. . . . I had long apprehended the evil and wished to take note of it. But now-a-days there is so much sadness within and without, so many combats to sustain, so many works to accomplish! The weight of the pre-occupations that overwhelm a bishop is so heavy that I had only foreseen half the danger; but recent facts, examples that have deeply grieved me, shipwrecks that at the price of my blood I would have spared families worthy not to know such sorrows, have at length led me to study, to sound the abyss to its deepest depth, and no longer hesitate to raise my voice. I know what I owe to every man whose doctrines I arraign, and what I owe in particular to those whose names I shall presently be obliged to mention; but I owe much more to those young men I have educated, and still am educating these twenty years past, to those fathers of families, those Christian mothers I should not have to console now, perhaps, if I had warned them yesterday. After so many services rendered during my whole life to youth and to families, there remains one more for me to render them to-day. It is, perhaps, the last they will receive from me. In any case, it is so great, so necessary, that I would not like to die before leaving the youth I have loved this last, this supreme warning. . . . If people think I could find any satisfaction in such a work they would be strangely mistaken. I have never done anything more painful, more repugnant to my nature. I have always sought not what separates but what unites. Here I have found nothing that permits of a *rapprochement;* nothing but immeasurable, almost hopeless gulfs of separation; nothing in all the funda-

mental doctrines that has not inspired me with pity and horror. And particularly when I saw all those doctrines propagated with incessant ardour, and forming around youth, as it were, an atmosphere of corrupt science, of elegant and poisonous literature in which souls breathe the distilled venom of every error, I could not help shuddering, and every consideration of ordinary propriety and worldly regard vanished from my gaze . . . For if I do not write a line to hinder these men attaining fortune, I frankly admit I shall do all I can to prevent them educating youth, indoctrinating the people, and governing society. Their ambition is considerable; with the pretension of inaugurating a new science they have the pretension of moulding a new society, and that is why they have education, youth and the people so much at heart. . . . The precautions I have adopted against possible misconceptions exceed all the care I have ever taken with any work; and I affirm, after having directed my mind and my fatigued but still open eyes into this abyss and labyrinth of contradictions and errors, of subtleties and enormities, that what I have said is still nothing in comparison with what I might have said. See, then, what they write, what they print, what they fling as food to a hungry public, what they give our youth to read! See what a war is carried on in our midst, not only against Jesus Christ and Christianity, but against the great moral truths themselves—not only, I repeat, against faith, but against philosophy and reason! Great would be the astonishment if we remained silent in presence of such doctrines, if no bishop's voice was raised to reprove this impious sophistry. Assuredly this is not the only one of our perils. In my eyes it is the greatest. No doubt there are in France, and I deplore it, libertine writers, but they only corrupt libertines; the impiety that poisons the roots of all beliefs inflicts much deadlier wounds on souls! Poor young men, defenceless by their age, their inexperience, their unfinished education, abandoned to all the snares and seductions of error and evil! . . . When will thoughtful minds among us learn to open their eyes to the real dangers of society, and be no longer the dupes of sophisms and the sport of words? . . . Will not sound reason no more than true liberty find defenders among us? Shall I be left to speak alone? For it is reason I am defending still more than religion—reason and philosophy abandoned to such onslaughts! Well, yes, I shall speak up for it; since nobody speaks a priest must speak for you. It is not so much my Church, it is your household they are ravaging; it is the principle of your laws, the basis of your doctrines, the protection of your hearths, the morals of your children! . . Yes, I have done well; I am bishop not to take my ease, but to warn those who need to be warned!"

And lest it should be thought he had overrated the importance or exaggerated the influence of these writers, he adds elsewhere:—

"These schools have a *tactique;* they cannot count upon either a *savant* or a philosopher worthy of the name; all the great investigators of human nature and physics have indignantly disowned them; they cannot appeal to any single one of the great scientific experiments of our time in their favour; they have always and everywhere been vanquished. No matter; they assume to be the outcome of all modern scientific research; they repeat it, and it is by such words they abuse the ignorant and light-headed youth. . . . Certainly, no one pays more homage than I do to contemporary science. I admire that power, given to the human mind, of rifling nature of its secrets, and immediately applying the conquests of science to a thousand productive industries. But the science that turns upon its author, that is interpenetrated with atheism, that is so intoxicated with itself as to want to explain the world without God,—I am horrified, and exclaim—'O, men of true science and true philosophy, save contemporary science from this degrading and fatal apostasy!' For this movement, I have said, is far-reaching; the power of diffusing its doctrines far surpasses that at the disposal of the eighteenth century. The great mass of newspapers and reviews attack in concert, with ever-increasing audacity, not only the Pope, but Jesus Christ, the Gospel, the whole Church, its clergy, its religious orders, its entire teaching, with the most odious calumnies, and that everywhere, every day, every morning, in all the workshops, restaurants, cafés, cabarets, railway stations. It is the newspapers and reviews with the largest circulation that by turns lend their noisy tribunes to the doctors of Atheism, Materialism, Pantheism, and anti-Christianism. . . . And while in this way bad doctrines are circulated in every form, in books and scientific reviews among the lettered and cultivated portion of the nation, and produce incalculable ravages in minds, they pass from these books, reviews, and great journals into innumerable publications of all kinds, almanacs, popular songs, romances at four and five sous, expressly written for, and hawked about among the people. . . No, I was not wrong in the letter that has been so much attacked in citing as a sign of the progress of contemporary atheism, two of, in my eyes, its most dreadful invasions, an invasion of youth, and an invasion of the masses. . . Whither are we going, I ask, if all this work of impiety and immorality continues? I answer with profound conviction; we are marching towards a social cataclysm.* For all these doctrines, let it be well noted, have inevitable social consequences. Religious and moral principles, whether one will or no, are the basis

*In thus venturing to forecast the near future, Mgr. Dupanloup was in accord with Joseph de Maistre, Donoso Cortes, and other philosophical writers, who, after a profound study of history, read by the lights which revealed religion alone supplies, had arrived at the same conclusion.

of society; whoever disturbs them, disturbs everything. . . . Subversive ideas are first elaborated by writers, then they soon descend to the masses, and when they have worked their way and their diffusion is more or less complete, they manifest themselves in acts, and translate themselves into catastrophes. . . . When one sees detestable doctrines in possession of an immense publicity and an organized propaganda, I say, if one does not want to walk with closed eyes to the abyss, that it is time to ask, whither are we going?* It is because I know it and see it, that I cry out, and would wish, if possible, to awaken and enlighten those who are duped, and who, on the brink of such abysses, find it convenient to hear or see nothing. . . . There is the great evil, there is the crime of high treason against society and humanity, of which I arraign the press devoted to popularizing impiety; it causes dissolvant doctrines to descend to the lowest depths of the body social, and that is what I call a dreadful misfortune and a frightful peril. . . . If there is always a danger in allowing society to be corrupted by impiety, how much greater is the peril to-day when such formidable social questions are suspended over our heads. . . . When questions which lately ensanguined your streets, and brought French society within an ace of its ruin, when such perils menace you, when this people, flattered by such doctors, excited by such perspectives, may become your master to-morrow, it is then you, who pretended to be conservatives, lend a hand to the destruction of its beliefs, to the corruption of its ideas, and work with a gay heart to make a people irreligious, replacing all religion by that 'religion of the disinherited classes,' called socialism.† Well, there is the danger I wanted to

* Mgr. Dupanloup published a pamphlet under this heading in 1876, and the year following prepared another *brochure*, to be entitled, *Où en sommes nous?* in which he grouped together extracts from the public journals and from speeches, side by side with more recent facts, shedding additional light upon the situation, and justifying his oft-repeated warnings; but it was never published. The subject, however, was exhaustively treated in the works above indicated, and in his speech on the Christian struggle, delivered at the Congress of Malines on the 5th of September, 1867; and in a series of articles published in the *Defense* a few years ago, under the title, *Les Plaies Sociales.*

† The aim of Socialism may be gathered from a few sentences of Littré, a disciple of Comte, its founder. Socialism is nothing less than "the hope and the faith of those who mean that the anarchy and trouble that agitate the West for sixty years shall have an end, and the revolution an issue" (*Conservation, Revolution, Positivisme*, p. 177). "To close the western revolution is the aim of Socialism, and it alone can do it" (*Ibid*, p. 171). In a word, "Socialism comes to close the era of negation and destruction. In it and by it the popular masses feel that the revolution is neither a game of force and of hazard nor a pure and simple insurrection of minds against theological incompatibilities; but that its necessary objective is a radical regeneration, which, changing all the mental conditions, will work a parallel change in all material conditions" (*Ibid*, p. 170). New society, in the sense in which modern sophists use the words to express their otherwise vague meaning, is to be founded on a new dogma, a new creed, and a new worship; and the positivist philosophy, which seeks to displace Christianity, is described by Littré as the determinate form of Socialism. The means to be employed to secure the definitive triumph of Socialism in France, according to M. Littré, are, the suppression of the University and the clergy—that is.

point out in my last letter. They said to me, 'you are attacking democracy.' No, it is not democracy I am attacking. . . . Catholic in time and space, the Church was made to live under all possible forms of government and society. If democracy is the people, the Church blesses the people, as it blesses the middle classes, as it blesses the aristocracy; the Church does not curse anyone. If democracy is the elevation of the popular classes, peasants and working men, to a higher degree of education, of well-being, of morality, of legitimate influence, the Church is with democracy. But if democracy is the unbridled tyranny of the multitude, and, with that tyranny, impiety, atheism, war on God and the Church, social war, the suppression of religion, the overturning of all public order, and the fundamental principles of society, oh! no, the Church is not, and cannot be, with that democracy. I have spoken of those who gratuitously dig abysses between democracy and us, and make the people think, by a profound and lamentable misunderstanding, that the Church is its enemy. Who are they? They are those who want to make materialistic impiety the inseparable ally of democracy."*

And turning from these dark shadows in the picture he is drawing of contemporary society to the lights gleaming down from above, he pursues:—

"No doubt our age has its miseries and its perils, but it has also its virtues and its powers for good. There is in France, particularly now-a-days, in opposition to the progress of evil a strikingly vigorous progress of good, earnest aspirations towards great things, an astonishing productiveness in social organizations, and surprising reactions to Christian truth and virtue. . . . All that in the moral order is done with courage, perseverance, and sincerity, struggles advantageously against the force of contrary currents, and daily compensates for public defections by solid and valiant successes. That is the very thing that makes impiety growl and tremble. Nevertheless, we must not go to sleep upon the misfortunes and dangers that threaten those it is our duty to save. No, God keep me from ever forgetting the noble language of the great Bishop of Hippo: *Numquid Christianus factus es, ut in sæculo isto floreres.*" †

Another social peril, against which Mgr. Dupanloup warned his readers, was what he called the literature of the passions, the literature that disturbs the equilibrium of the faculties, and boasts

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of theological and metaphysical philosophy—the suppression of universal suffrage, and the conferring on Paris alone the right of electing the Government; and finally, placing the Government in the hands of the proletarians. "Such is the situation," says M. Littré (*Conservation*, p. 228), "whatever may be the issue, our rôle as Socialists is distinctly traced out: to continue our indefatigable propaganda, in France and out of France, by speech, by the press, and by example."

* *L'Atheisme et le Peril Social.*

† *Ibid.*

of giving the predominance to imagination and sensibility over reason:—

"A literature whose primary characteristic is to throw the reins to the imagination and sensibility, and liberate them from the laws of reason, exposes both those faculties to all the perils and disorders of their nature; it fondles, over-excites, stimulates, and necessarily unbridles the passions, and those whose hold upon the poor human heart is the most to be dreaded. . . . Such a literature perverts the moral taste: why? Because it is an intoxicating literature, and inspires a profound disgust for the beautiful, the true, and the good. It habituates the reader to the perfervid language of an ill-regulated imagination, and an over-wrought sensibility; it renders one insensible to the charms of a noble and beautiful, but well-disciplined imagination, of a calm, pure sensibility, of a reason always dominant and strong: imagination and sensibility restrained within the bounds of reason and propriety appear insipid. Yes, let no one be deceived, there is a corruption that I shall call predominant, which operates, of itself, so to speak, without the direct intervention of vice, solely by the depravation or perturbation of the faculties. It is this species of corruption, the worst of all, that the literature I speak of, even when it does not absolutely depict vice, produces It corrupts directly in three ways: 1, By the passions it brings into play; 2, by the literary processes it employs to depict them; 3, by the principles on which it lives. Who can deny it? Upon what do all those romances or theatrical pieces perpetually turn? Always on the same subject, and in the same circle; however they may vary the theme, it is always the same; whatever new combinations of incidents or intrigues they invent, it is always to the depraved sense they address themselves, to the dangerous propensities of the heart, to the corrupt imagination; that is what they awaken and excite by every means. In a word, that love that Fénelon calls 'the detestable vice that ought to alarm modesty,' always appears upon the scene. Well, I ask, is it not essentially pernicious? Can one breathe with impunity such an atmosphere? Can one perpetually stir up that sad slime of the human heart without its exhaling something impure and unhealthy? Besides, what is the result? Chastisement well merited: this self-inflated, self-intoxicated literature, which called itself a fresh, brilliant, genial, renovating literature has fallen, I am not afraid to say, into the mire, and become for whoever still holds to the true names of things, a corrupt and corrupting literature. Its method, its art is materialistic, realistic art, thinking itself, if I may so speak, bold enough to lay bare everything without restraint or reserve. . . . Hence those minute, detailed descriptions in which this literature delights, those refined paintings of vice, and all that is of a nature to excite the worst impressions; hence those coarse emotions, those nervous thrillings, those cries, not of the soul, but of the flesh and blood,

put in place of the pathetic ; hence that audacity in saying everything, depicting everything, in stopping at nothing, in unveiling and laying bare everything under pretext of being true to nature and reality. As if art itself was not to have its modesty, and as if it was so much the truer and more beautiful in proportion as it was more material and sensual. No, no, in thus debasing itself, corrupt literature has none the less broken the ancient alliance of art with truth, as art with beauty. These materialistic methods tend to the corruption of art as well as to the corruption of souls ; they neither purify nor elevate, they blight, they materialize, they lower intelligent imaginativeness and sensibility of heart to the level of the grosser senses. The senses, in a word, dominate everything. And the more highly coloured the pictures, the more vivid and striking the descriptions, the more dangerous are the impressions they excite. And let nobody say that morality resumes its rights in the *dénoûement* ; for, even if the issue of the romance were good and should redound to morality, is not this bold and minute painting of vice and crime of itself profoundly immoral? Who does not feel that the too steady, too constant, too frequent contemplation of the real, when the real is unseemly, trival, vicious, criminal, is unhealthy and dangerous? But if the habitual exhibition, the fixed and too frequent sight of vice has so many dangers, what will be the effect of the monstrous crimes, the unbridled passions of all those creations of a sickly imagination which compose the ground-work of this literature? Let us say it, nothing is more depraving and demoralizing: and demoralizing, please observe, necessarily, essentially, by the very objects themselves whose very sight injures the imagination, debases the mind, perverts the heart and disturbs the senses. Ah! let them believe those who have read in the depths of consciences, and seen there mysteries that the eye of a father, a mother, sometimes a husband, suspect not, the ravages are dreadful!.. In this literature, passion—and I, priest and guardian in this world of eternal truth and morality, mean by that what should be understood, what it is in reality—passion is always honoured, embellished, exalted, sanctified, almost adored. Upon it all interest centres ; over it they are moved and shed tears. It is no longer an ignominy to be blushed for ; it is a weakness worthy of tender compassion. What do I say? It is not even a weakness ; it is legitimate, it is innocent, it is a sacred right of the heart. They speak to us of sweet and irresistible propensities for which they entreat our sympathy, and almost our enthusiasm. Hence those shameful rehabilitations of that which nothing can rehabilitate. Not a crime that is not embellished, rendered touching, noble, moving by some heroic or virtuous passion ; not a duty, not a virtue that is not debased and rendered disgusting by a low vice. . . . They sometimes call this literature a light literature ; and certainly it merits that name for many reasons, for nothing better suits empty, nor more

disgusts grave minds. Nevertheless, those authors wish to be taken *au serieux*, for such is their pretension, all of them, romancists, poets, and even writers of those ephemeral periodical publications that are born and die in a day; they all go in for serious art, all say we are in a serious epoch, and repeat it in concert, all, even those frivolous worldly women, and I shall add, in the name of religion that deplores it, even Christian women who read those books and are corrupted by them. Yes, there is philosophy, Christianity, and seriousness in these books; and, under this seriousness, they artistically and methodically sap the foundations of every virtue, break all the bonds of duty, extinguish all modesty and remorse in souls: they give youth liberty to do anything with the sad courage of blushing at nothing. . . . I have seen the noblest hearts, the most solid minds, the purest and most brilliant imaginations lose all their faculties, all their virtues, and, in the most deplorable manner, deceive the fairest hopes, in consequence of having imprudently abandoned themselves to this reading. And it is precisely the most generous natures, the warmest hearts, the happiest and liveliest faculties that are most exposed. I do not hesitate to say, a young man who feeds upon this theatrical and romantic literature is lost. But is not this literature only dangerous for young people? Let people beware of thinking so. Do you think, my dear friend, that a young mother of a family will live with impunity with those romantic adventures in which the tranquil happiness of the domestic hearth is treated as tiresome and prosy, in which infidelities to the holiest duties are condemned—perhaps towards the *dénoûement*, after having been poetised and embellished all through the drama or romance? Do you think all those images, pictures, maxims, types, whose least danger is to make people unreal and imaginative—do you think this over-stimulation of thought and sentiment, and all those unhealthy excitements do not constitute a dreadful danger? If we sought the primary cause of certain scandals, contemporary manners would here disclose more than one strange revelation." *

And having traced the decadence of high art to the sensuous, if not sensual, influences which have proved equally destructive to it as to literature in an age when even religious art and music have fallen so low, the former often only seeking to charm the ears by flattering the senses, without conveying any noble thought or pious sentiment to the mind, and the other addressing itself much less to the moral physiognomy than to physical forms—much less to expression than to attitude—intellectual and moral conception, and ideal beauty being disregarded for that gross materialism, that abject sensualism which genius and taste, as well as religion and virtue have long bitterly bewailed; he

* *De la Haute Education*, tome iii. *Lettre Septième*, p. 85, *et seq.*

"signals," another social peril in the study of history now so much affected, pointing out that while history is an inexhaustible mine of philosophy and science, it is also a prolific source of errors innumerable:—

"Never have so many general and special histories been composed. Never have historical truth and the historical sense been so much extolled. But what spirit too often animates both the lectures and writings of our historians? It must be said, at whatever cost: the greater number of those who have assumed the mission of writing or teaching history, are separated from our faith by prejudice or error, for the most part false Catholics, Catholics only in name and unbelievers in reality, men with a system for whom the records of the past are only arguments in support of their opinions, and who know hardly anything of religion, upon which they dogmatize hap-hazard every time they encounter it in the events they have to relate. Hence it is that now-a-days there are historical sects or schools as there were formerly philosophical sects or schools. Thus we have the symbolical school, whose dominant thought is that all religions are different manifestations, according to times and places, of forms more or less good, but all essentially variable, of what they call the religious idea. The sole exception they make in favour of Catholicism is to accord it a more respectable founder, and a purer morality then the absurd beliefs of India and China; for the rest, this holy religion which has been the soul of the world's events—and which for so many centuries enjoys the historical possession of the divine fact, the most certain that ever was—is, for them, only a venerable, antique symbol, a feeble, used-up myth. You know the rationalist school which substitutes, for the government of the world by Divine Providence, the indefinite progress of human reason, and accommodates to this dream the march of events from age to age. In fine, there is that school to which has been given the name of fatalist, because it suppresses human liberty, and makes historical personages so many instruments of blind force which impels them to accomplish its ends without knowing whither they were drawn. It is to this school that we owe the strange doctrine of the morality of success, otherwise called the low legitimacy of all victorious causes. In face of all these aberrations one will understand how a writer could say, that for two centuries history has only been a grand conspiracy against truth: if that is an exaggeration, at least it is not an error. In the eighteenth century this conspiracy was flagrant. History then servilely crawled in the trail of reigning opinions; it became systematic, irreligious, declamatory, even factious; it was an arm in a vast combat in which everything was laid hold of. To speak more accurately, it was an arsenal in which the *beaux esprits* of the time armed themselves with facts which they changed into principles to oppose their authority to that of the beliefs they wanted to

destroy. In our days, with studies usually more mature, with a more conscientious investigation of original sources and documents, with a more exact and interesting exposition of characters and manners, with a style and an art incontestably superior, history has pretended to return to the truth; and it would be unjust towards our age to deny it all the praise that in this regard it has freely bestowed upon itself. I shall unhesitatingly admit that in historical works, of which it has really a right to be proud, there is found a hostility less direct, a more formal respect for religion, higher general views and a more real independence of the narrow prejudices of the past. But still under all these fair appearances, and despite illustrious exceptions, what sophists, what declaimers proudly posing in their deceptive impartiality, or simply continuing, with other arms, the impious war begun by the eighteenth century! In this immense mass of historical productions, created during the last thirty or forty years, how many are there that the sincere love of truth and goodness, in which sacred Christian truth is not astutely attacked, or the laws of morality outraged, or, in fine, any sacrifice made either of old philosophical prejudices or the ambitious pursuit of novelty? One could easily count the books that could be placed without peril, I do not say in the hands of youth, but even in the hands of whoever is not strongly rooted and founded in the faith, with nothing to be dreaded from the illusions of false science. Is it not in the field of history that the spirit of system now-a-days ventures upon the most odious and ridiculous temerities? Have we not seen a pretended critic carried away by his insane reveries, refuse to believe the best accredited of ancient times and remake them to suit his own fancy? That is not genius rising aloft upon the wings of science or of faith to take in all antiquity in one glance, and with the same regard penetrate into the very heart of the history of each people, and therein discover the secrets of its grandeur and its decadence. No, it is human vanity which, in the exaltation of its false presumption, is intoxicated with its own glitter, and sees nothing in heights inaccessible to its weakness, and in which it pretends to see everything." *

And in some noble passages, perhaps the finest in a work universally recognised as his *chef d'œuvre*, in which he treats of the attractiveness and utility of philosophy, and amply vindicates the dignity, power, and rights of reason and faith, he thus castigates those false philosophers, those sophists who would dethrone the one from its proud intellectual eminence and extinguish the other:

"In this world where light is struggling with darkness, there are two grand parallel currents of human thought—philosophy and sophistry—and two races of minds entirely opposed, philosophers and sophists. People should be very careful of confounding them.

* *De la Haute Education*, tome ii., liv. i., chap. ii.

The latter call themselves, but are not, philosophers, and cling to the flanks of philosophy like a cancer, to devour it. They are to be met in every epoch, but rarely in the character of absolute sophists, as in the times of the Gorgias and our time; they swarm in moments of intellectual decadence and moral and social debasement as uncleanly reptiles are seen to swarm after a stormy day. Their appearance always forbodes catastrophes. While philosophers represent light in humanity, the sophists represent darkness. The philosophers believe in reason; the sophists deny reason and turn it against itself. The philosophers say: The certitude of reason comes from an interior light God gives us and by which He speaks in us; the light of reason, by which we discern principles, has been placed in us by God as an image of the increated Wisdom which is reflected in our soul. The sophists say: There is no light in us emanating from God; there is no God, no soul, no truth, no future life. So, while philosophers establish truths, the sophists destroy them; while philosophers proclaim certitude, the sophists proclaim doubt—radical doubt directed, not upon an obscure point of science but upon essential truths, and the very foundation of all truth. They mine the ground under our feet and suspend us over abysses. They wrest from humanity its dearest hopes, and, when they have filled the soul with desolation, they tell the rising generation, 'it must learn to stifle its interior sadness and abandon its hopes.' Certainly not; mankind will not listen to such words and accept such masters! But the mouth of the sophists, when they have got the field to themselves, never breathes with impunity upon a young, trustful, and defenceless generation. And now-a-days we, unfortunately, know but too well the sophists have re-swarmed among us; and perhaps no time has been more fertile than ours in this kind of minds. Either in newspapers or books, upon all questions of politics, morals, literature, and particularly philosophy and religion, you find yourself in presence of a sophist or a sophism. Besides, it must be admitted, the sad feebleness of understanding into which our age has fallen is only too favourable to them. . . . And it is a just subject of consternation for thoughtful men who know to what sophistry can lead society. A Christian philosopher has said, and it is a true saying, that when monstrous errors appear, it is not long before monstrous crimes are seen."

R. F. O'CONNOR.

(To be concluded in our next.)

BY THE FIRESIDE WITH A SWEET SONG-BOOK.

By T. C. Irwin.

As round me falls the twilight gloom,
Read me from this favourite tome,
In the firelight smile of home,
Some lyric, like an April air,
  Which o'er the soft blue ocean blows,
  Before the hills have lost their snows,
Tinged with odours, sweet and rare,
  Of budding wheat and rose;
Or some old song or melody,
Simple as earth's infancy;
Blythe or mournful as the breeze
  That in October's hazy noon
Rustles through the yellow trees,
Frolics through the searing flowers
And withering garden bowers,
  Whence the saddened birds have flown;
Or from some thoughtful page entone
A sonnet, like a summer moon
O'er the spacious sea of night,
  Round and full of quiet light:
Or that enchanted Dream that came
To one, alone in night's dark rest—
  Thoughts that illume despair and death,
  Like stars that dome some desolate heath,
Or cold, unfooted desert vast,
Dark with the infinite and the past;
Yet fancy-full with precious flame,
Like jewels on an Ethiop's breast:
  And amid echoes, tempest drear,
Amid the black woods of the west—
  A strain of Love rising above
  The omnipresent sense of doom,
  And long death-wail's sonorous gloom;
A music sweet, ecstatic, clear,
  As that some lonely nightingale,
  In love with evening's planet pale,
Pours from her brown breast.

Or let me hear some careless rhyme
From th' Elizabethan time,

When, like autumn sunshine streaming
Through deep orchards, dropping fruit,
Nobly round the isle, were beaming,
Mellow lights on lip and lute :—
Simple songs, arising oftly
'Mid the strains of bards and sages—
Simple voices, floating softly
From the grand Dramatic Ages.

HIGH TREASON.

A TALE OF THE JESUITS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY C. W. CHRISTALL.

CHAPTER III.—ROUGH VISITORS AT ASTON.

MASTER PETER MANDRILL, like many other estimable persons, keenly enjoyed the pleasures of the chase. He was quite as much alive to its allurements as any modern country gentleman can be. But although the gratification he derived from his pursuit was considerable, success, in his case, was crowned with much more tangible reward than falls to the lot of him who is first in at the death, and is consequently entitled to carry off the odoriferous tail of a fox as his trophy. The sheriff hunted human game, and his prize was gold: stained a little, it might be, with blood, but good, serviceable coin notwithstanding.

The morning sun was streaming through the narrow lattice of his chamber, but he lay buried in profound slumber. Lord Aston had been twice to his door, but, finding that his guest was not stirring, went softly away again, without disturbing him.

He roused himself at last, yawned terribly, rubbed his eyes, and finally sat up and looked about him. And then the recollection of the trust reposed in him smote reproachfully on his mind.

The leathern case that lay where he had flung it the preceding night, contained a missive from Master Cecil, empowering and commanding him to take, dead or alive, the person of an obnoxious Jesuit, passing under a variety of names, and charged with divers offences, the least of which would suffice to send a round dozen of criminals to the rack or the gibbet, whichever seemed most meet to the dispensers of the law.

It was nearly noon when he reached the hall, where he sat for

"He was not much with us," said the girl. "He had duties that occupied much of his time, and took him abroad very often, and we seldom saw him but in the evening."

"What was the nature of his business?" enquired Hilda.

"I cannot tell that, lady," said Mary, looking down. "You know that we—my family I mean—are Catholics; and as we are obliged to conceal our belief as far as possible, for fear of being put in prison, where my father is at this moment, so we are not desirous of knowing the affairs of others, lest that knowledge too might bring trouble upon us."

"Is he a Catholic, too?" said Hilda. "But, no; I will not ask you that. Yet, what matters it?" She paused a moment, and went on, thoughtfully—"And your father is in prison, poor child! Why do they persecute your creed so harshly? You do not go to church, but otherwise you differ in no way from other people; and if you harm no one, Master Mandrill and his friends might leave you in peace."

Mary's eyes filled with tears. She thought of the humble home so rudely destroyed; of her father in his distant prison, from which he might never return; and her mother, dependent upon the charity of neighbours, who had so little to give, yet found means to relieve others more distressed than they.

"You saw a great deal of Captain Burnet," said Hilda. "Is he a good man? Did you like him?"

"Oh, yes, dear lady," said the girl, eagerly. "He was so kind and patient with everyone; constantly visiting the poor, and taking food and money to them. I loved him as much as my own father."

"Ah!" said Hilda, with a long-drawn sigh. "He saved you from the fire, I remember, at the risk of his own life. You have reason to be grateful to him, girl."

They lapsed into silence, and the time seemed to drag wearily on.

Lord Aston's experience in the field had taught him the supreme value of the first blow, vigorously delivered; and, surrendering himself to his soldierly instinct, he had gone out to meet the foe, grappling boldly with danger, and feeling little apprehension for the result.

To the cautious counsels of the sheriff, delivered with difficulty amid the jolts and stumbles of his horse, the peer made very short answers. He nodded sternly, and muttered something to himself, feeling meanwhile for his trusty sword that had done some service in the north. The Scots, who had felt its weight in many a well-fought skirmish, he looked upon as a race of mere savages, and whose irruption into England at the heels of the slovenly, ungraceful king, whom the old peer had determinedly tried to love and honour, but could not, had only served to increase his disgust at a nation whose mean and selfish treachery to his mother, King James had been the first to condone.

A short ride through the woods brought the party nearly to the confines of the estate; and as they emerged from the leafy shelter, the whole force of the enemy was displayed in the meadow below.

A dense, swarming mass, was drawn up in rude order; a wild, dangerous crowd, homeless and destitute, infuriated by hunger, and goaded almost to desperation by suffering.

The work of destruction had already commenced; fences and walls were disappearing with wonderful celerity. A number of men with pickaxes and shovels were busily engaged filling up the dykes; and another detachment was demolishing the wall of the park, cheered on by others, who frantically tore at the stonework with their bare and bleeding hands.

"Now what, in heaven's name, is the meaning of this?" said Lord Aston, in a low voice.

"Oh, it is nothing new," said the sheriff. "Their purpose is plain enough. They have been very busy in other parts lately, destroying the enclosures. The commons and waste lands have been granted by the king to some of his servants, and this has caused much discontent. Yonder rascal on horseback, who carries the leathern satchel, is, I doubt not, the fellow who calls himself Captain Pouch. He is an arrant impostor; affects to be inspired; and the mad rabble believe that he carries with him a charm that renders him invulnerable."

Burnet, who had silently joined them a few minutes previously, started at the name, and glancing at the speaker, gazed intently at the person indicated.

The multitude had halted at sight of the group on the hill, and a consultation appeared to be taking place among the leaders, who, like the horseman, also wore masks. Tying a piece of white rag to a stick, some of them advanced, calling out that they would speak with Lord Aston alone.

The peer instantly spurred his horse down the declivity, leaving his companions in doubt whether to follow or to return to the house for assistance.

"Well, my lads, what is it you want with me?" he inquired. "There is not much to be gained here but hard knocks; my household are well armed, and we shall not part with what is our own without good reason."

He looked confidently, almost with defiance, at the few who had pressed to the front. Beyond was a dense throng of miserable-looking, half-starved beings, mainly in tattered clothing, their haggard features begrimed with dust; and as his quick eye glanced upon their formidable numbers, he heartily wished for a troop of horse. The assembled host would go down like a field of standing corn before a disciplined and well-directed charge. Such arms as they had, to all appearance caught up hastily as they came along, smiths' hammers, scythes, forks, and other

weapons, gleaned from the fields, were displayed threateningly. Many who had no weapons, were hastily collecting heavy stones in expectation of an attack. Their shouts and cries fell upon his ear; some demanding money, and others, by far the most numerous, clamouring for bread.

The leader advanced, as Lord Aston awaited a reply, and doffing his cap with rough courtesy, said:—

"We mean no harm, sir, to you, or to any others. We claim for the people nought but what is theirs."

"You seem to have done some harm already, whatever your meaning may be," said Lord Aston, looking at his dismantled walls and fences.

"Let the blame rest upon those who have robbed us," said the leader, sternly, a stout, athletic man, with a pair of huge horse-pistols thrust into the holsters of his saddle, and a formidable-looking broadsword slung at his side. "We have borne with injustice so long, that our lords and masters must needs think there is not the spirit of a mouse left in our starved bodies. What with priest and Papist-hunters, sheriffs and their dogs of followers, a poor man has little enow left that he dare call his own. And even these wretched, worthless strips of common-land, that have been ours for centuries, whereon our people feed their poor beasts—even these that his generous majesty and his Scottish curs do not disdain to sweep into their insatiable maws, are now taken from us, and enclosed for the profit or pleasure of the few, who fatten upon us, and wring from us our last penny, or the last grain of corn."

"But I have done no such wrong," said Lord Aston. "The common-lands hereabout are as free as ever they were. And sure I am that none of my people are among your followers, or they would not have suffered you to injure my property. The land on which you are trespassing is mine, and no act of violence will induce me to transfer it to you or to your friends, Captain Pouch; I believe that is your name."

"The same, Lord Aston; aye, I remember you now," said Pouch, looking earnestly at the peer. "What we have begun, that we shall complete. Kings and nobles must be taught that the land is not all theirs, but for the common good; the people will take their cause into their own hands, and see that right is done."

The fellows who surrounded him nodded approvingly, and regarded the peer with threatening looks.

"Well, having demolished my walls, which I promise you shall be rebuilt," said the peer, who sat his horse in perfect unconcern at their hostile demeanour, "perhaps, captain, you will order your army to retreat. I regret that my house does not contain sufficient space to accommodate so numerous and respectable a retinue as you possess."

By this time, however, the crowd had grown impatient at the

delay; many of the number were pressing forward, with shouts of "To the house; to the house;" and in a moment the peer found himself in the midst of an angry and chafing mob. One man attempted to drag him from his saddle; but the wary old soldier drew his sword instantly, and wheeling his horse, speedily cleared a space about him. Several stones were thrown, and one striking him on the head, caused him to falter a moment, and he was again seized by a dozen hands at his bridle rein.

"Cowards!" he muttered. "I came to answer your own flag of truce. But 'tis little ye understand of the courtesies of warfare."

The proceedings had been anxiously watched by the sheriff; and finding that matters were beginning to assume a serious aspect, and being moreover not desirous of risking his precious life in a contest of such unequal proportions, turned his horse's head, and rode back at full speed to summon further assistance. But he must not be set down as a coward on that account. Brute courage he assuredly possessed; but it was usually displayed with a posse of armed followers at his back; and he did not feel that the peer's rash exploit was worthy of imitation, nor was he at all satisfied that his person and office would be treated with respect by a gathering such as he saw before him, which, no doubt, contained some who treasured up recollections of past insult and oppression that they had experienced at his hands, and who would therefore neglect no opportunity of retaliation.

His desertion was unnoticed by Burnet, who, seeing the critical position of Lord Aston, found it no longer possible to restrain his indignation, and rode swiftly into the midst of the mob.

"What is it you do?" he shouted, and his voice was heard above the din. "Shame, shame upon you! And you, George," he said, addressing Captain Pouch, "is this the work you have in hand? Can you improve your condition by such senseless outrage as this?" He flung off his cap as he spoke. "Those who know me among you, gather in, and help to defend this gentleman, who has wronged none of you."

There was a pause for a moment, followed by a shout of surprise.

"Master Everard!" was the cry. "God bless you, sir! God bless you!"

Numbers responding to Burnet's call forced their way to the front, making a circle round Lord Aston and his preserver, and kept the rest effectually in check; while Pouch rode hither and thither, with the perspiration streaming down his face, in his efforts to prevent another rush from the rear. His orders to retire were immediately obeyed by the crowd, who drew off slowly, with sullen, dissatisfied looks.

"I owe you my life, Burnet," said Lord Aston, wiping the blood from his face; "and trust me, I shall not easily forget it."

"We are not out of danger yet," replied Burnet. "Unless we

can induce them to retire, I fear an attack may be made upon the house. But leave it to me, sir. I have some influence with these misguided men; and with the assistance of Captain Pouch, it may be possible to rid ourselves of their company."

Captain Pouch returned at that moment looking rather abashed, as he met the reproachful gaze of Burnet.

"Had I known that Lord Aston was a friend of yours, sir," he said, with a show of compunction, "I would have taken my fellows another road."

"It is folly like this, George," said the captain, severely, "that brings disgrace upon our cause; and if it once became known that any of our people were connected with these seditious riots, more bitter persecution would follow."

"I find it is all a mistake," said Pouch, resettling his mask, that had been displaced by his recent exertions. "It is many years since I was in this part of the country; it seems new and strange to me, although I think my lord would know me, if I chose to remind him of the errand that brought me hither. He does not forget the companion I then had, I warrant."

"Take them elsewhere, for Heaven's sake," rejoined Burnet. "There are ladies in the house yonder, who would be terrified at the mere sight of such rude visitors. And this gentleman," he said, pointing to Lord Aston, "has been most generous, giving me shelter and care when most I needed them. Respect him and his, for my sake."

"Fear nothing, sir," said Pouch. "I will take them beyond the river for the present, and you shall not find one in the neighbourhood to-morrow. But they are footsore and hungry, and must have a little rest."

He beckoned to his companions, and, raising his cap to Burnet, was turning away, when Lord Aston said:—

"They shall have what food I can find them. As soon as I return I will send some of my servants down to you. Stay," he added, handing his purse; "let me offer this contribution to your funds. You seem to be sadly in need of a few pieces."

"In the good cause, sir, I accept your bounty," replied the captain, coolly stowing the money into the huge receptacle that hung at his side. And, waving his hand, he set the crowd in motion; and Lord Aston heaved a sigh of relief, as he watched the weary, tattered throng trudging slowly and painfully away.

There was an embarrassed silence between Lord Aston and Burnet during part of their homeward journey. The suspicions of the sheriff recurred to the mind of the former, and he glanced furtively at his companion's face. Burnet seemed in deep thought, and rode on unconscious of the scrutiny to which he was subjected; and, in truth, the scene he had just witnessed gave him plenty of food for reflection.

"Did you observe, my lord," he said, rousing himself, and

watching the peer's countenance as he spoke, "the name those men gave me just now?"

"I did hear a name mentioned," said Lord Aston, "different from that I know you by. But gentlemen frequently conceal or change their names when they have an object to serve thereby; and I am under far too great obligations to you to carry in my memory a circumstance that you evidently desire me to forget."

"I have need of concealment," said Burnet. "I do not tell you who and what I am—the mere knowledge might prove dangerous to you; but I will confide in you thus far. I am a Catholic, and as such carry my liberty, perhaps my very life, in my hands. So much you may have already guessed. Forgive me if I think it wiser, not for my own sake alone, to withhold any further explanation of my disguise."

"I seek not to know more of your condition, sir," said Lord Aston, "than you are willing to tell me. It suffices me to know that you have saved my life. Nay, it is no less," he added, earnestly, as the other was about to interrupt him. "You might have followed Master Sheriff's example and trotted off, leaving me at the mercy of the mob; and had you not come up when you did, they would have made short work with me, by this token." He pointed to his forehead, from which the blood still trickled.

"It was but a trifling matter, after all, Lord Aston; yet, if you will persist in the belief that you owe me aught that has not been entirely forestalled by your charity to me, I will ask one favour in return—that you would show such mercy as is consistent with your position to those unfortunate people of my creed who may be brought before you to answer the charge of disloyalty; that is, in our case, but another term for our adherence to the religion that the first Christians of this country professed."

"That would be paying but a very slight instalment of my debt," said Lord Aston. "But, surely, I may be able to serve you in some such fashion, if you will but tell me how."

"I am past pardoning," said Burnet, with a melancholy smile. "I doubt if even the king's power could avail much for me. I have tarried here too long already, and there are duties that call me to far different scenes. You can do me no greater favour than to say a word when it is in your power—and the opportunity may come sooner than you anticipate—for the lives of the miserably-oppressed fraction of your countrymen, who, under terrible discouragements, still cling to the faith of their fathers."

A silent, cordial pressure of the hand was the only reply Lord Aston gave; but it was fully understood by his friend, who bowed his head in grateful acknowledgment.

They had nearly reached the manor-house when they met the sheriff and Sir Roger Aston, who had unexpectedly arrived, followed by a formidable body of men, chiefly mounted, who, hastily

marshalled by the steward, were on their way to the assistance of the peer.

Lord Aston stopped them, and, in reply to his brother's anxious inquiries, said:—

"It is all at an end; there seems to have been some mistake. It is Captain Pouch and his crew, of whose doings you know something, Roger. But they have retired peacefully, and I have the word of their leader that they will quit our neighbourhood this night. It will be as well, Harland," he said, addressing the steward, "to have some men posted, and keep all your fellows under arms, in case our friends yonder should think fit to change their mind. I have promised them food; so let a troop of your men go down with as much as they can carry. Better to feed them at a distance, where there is plenty of room for their accommodation, than have them roaming about the grounds like a pack of hungry lurchers."

CHAPTER IV.—HOW MASTER PETER MANDRILL WAS IMPOSED ON.

THE unexpected events of the day gave Burnet much cause for anxiety; and amid the solitude that reigned undisturbed in the spacious pleasaunce of the manor-house, he walked slowly, giving himself up to the reflections that forced themselves upon him.

He had entered the hall with the others; but desirous of escaping the notice of the many strangers with whom it was crowded, he withdrew to the pleasaunce; and now that he was there, and in comparative safety, he found to his dismay that he was caught in a trap. The grounds were closely surrounded by a dense, impenetrable thicket, overgrown with bramble and hawthorn, in which, after a careful examination of the place, he had been unable to find a single loophole of escape. And to render matters still worse, his few personal effects were in his chamber; his horse was in the stables at the other side of the house, and to regain either, he could pass but by one way, and that lay through the hall wherein still sat the two men whom he was most anxious to avoid.

That the sheriff strongly suspected him, was clearly apparent; so also was the animosity with which that worthy regarded him, and was at no pains to conceal; and a new cause for alarm had arisen in the person of Sir Roger Aston.

This knight's vigilant zeal had marked him out for preferment; he was justice of the peace in Yorkshire, and in that capacity had done eminent service to the State. Invested with his brief mantle of authority, it was most assuredly from no neglect of his if he had failed to make angels weep; a class of persons, by the way,

"Burnet's face expressed alarm; and the sudden change did not escape the notice of Hilda."—*High Treason*, page 133.

whose society he did not affect, and of whose existence he ventured to doubt. But among the recusants whom the law delivered up to his tender mercies, and who occupied by far the greatest share of his time and attention, he was catchpoll, judge, and executioner combined; and he vigorously smote them hip and thigh, as being disturbers of the land, disloyal, and heretical.

To Burnet his character was well known; and there were certain awkward passages in his past life, well known to Sir Roger, that Burnet would gladly have buried in oblivion.

A light, quick footstep pattered on the grass, and Burnet, looking round apprehensively, found himself in the presence of Hilda.

"How you startled me," she said. "I thought you were with the rest of our friends, yonder. But I am glad to meet you here. I have both news and a warning for you."

"For me?" said Burnet.

"What is there between you and Master Mandrill?" she asked. "You do not seem very friendly; yet I think you are well known to each other."

"I had heard of him many times before he came here," said Burnet; "but I know as little of him personally, as he does of me."

"Do not be so sure that he does not know you," said Hilda, significantly. "Why then should he wish to see what baggage you carried, and what papers you had?"

Burnet's face expressed alarm; and the sudden change did not escape the notice of Hilda. There was a slight tremor in his voice as he inquired with assumed indifference—

"Did the inspection afford him any pleasure?"

"I will tell you," she said, smiling at his serious aspect. "He bribed Ayliffe to show him your chamber, telling him that he suspected you to be a secret agent of the minister; and Ayliffe met me on the stairs leading from the long gallery, and told me of the matter. The sheriff went to your room a few minutes later, and I heard him tapping softly at the walls, and stamping impatiently about, quite in a fury at his disappointment. But your trunk was all the while in Lord Aston's chamber, where I had concealed it."

"This is news indeed!" he said thoughtfully. "He would have found something after his own heart, could he have effected his purpose. There are matters there that would give employment and delight to a score of sheriffs; papers that concern the lives of others. You have acted nobly, Hilda. But, if I may ask such a question, what induced you to interfere to protect me?"

The girl's eyes drooped, and a slight flush mantled her cheek.

"You are our guest, Captain Burnet," she said, in a low tone; "and until lately our patient. In either case we are bound to shield you from the rude curiosity of strangers."

"You load me with favours that I can never hope to repay," he

said, with some warmth. "My gratitude and my earnest prayers for your welfare are all that I can offer in return for your kindness; and for your generous, unquestioning hospitality to an alien, who had no claim upon your charity, and from whom even you might, perchance, turn with abhorrence, could you but know him as he is. Home and friends are strange words to me; but I shall ever treasure in my heart the memory of the few days I have spent beneath this roof, that will still shelter those who are not ashamed to call me friend."

"Do you mean then to leave us?" she inquired. "This is a sudden resolve."

"I am obliged to go this night. To hesitate now would involve me in needless difficulties; and in truth, I fear some opposition to my departure will be made by the sheriff, perhaps, too, by Sir Roger."

She looked round anxiously, and remembering that there was no outlet from the grounds, shook her head despondently. After a few moments' consideration, she said—

"You cannot leave but by way of the hall, and if you remain here you will certainly be discovered; for my uncle never omits to play a game or two of bowls in the evening; and his brother will doubtless join him. Try to pass to your chamber. I will go in first, and while I am speaking to Lord Aston, you may find an opportunity to steal past. We can but make the attempt; for in any case you must confront the sheriff."

He followed her reluctantly, and not being able to suggest any better way out of his difficulty, surrendered himself to her guidance.

Opening the door cautiously, she peered in. There were not many persons in the hall, but around the table of Lord Aston, a few paces from where she stood, there still lingered several guests conversing noisily; and the clink of the wine-cups broke with an unwelcome sound upon Burnet's ear.

She entered; and in a few moments Burnet followed. But the moment he appeared, Lord Aston, who had turned to speak to Hilda, observed him; and calling him by name, forced him into a seat. Finding there was no help for it, Burnet quietly submitted; and Hilda seeing that her little device had failed, quitted the apartment with a gesture of profound despair.

Directly facing Burnet sat a gentleman in whose features could be faintly traced a rough resemblance to Lord Aston. Beneath his grey, bushy eyebrows there flashed a pair of watchful, hungry eyes; and his bloated appearance evinced his devotion to the pleasures of the table, to which the brimming flagon in his hand bore silent testimony. He started as his eye fell upon Burnet, whom he honoured with a broad stare of wonder, as he seated himself in compliance with Lord Aston's request.

"I have been looking for you these two hours past," said the

nobleman. "But I warrant you found your companion's converse more attractive than the society of a few wine-bibbing greybeards. Tush, man, 'tis small blame to you. I have known the time when a pair of bright eyes would have sent out of my head all thoughts of dinner, aye, and of dogs and horses to boot. This gentleman, Roger," he continued, addressing his brother, "saved my life a while since; and but for him my house would now have been in the hands of Captain Pouch and his rascals. You do not know my brother, Captain Burnet. This is Sir Roger Aston, so high in favour at Court, that Master Pouch has grown envious of his good fortune, and threatens him with the fate that was likely to befall me."

"I think Captain Burnet and I have met before," replied Sir Roger, slowly, fixing his eyes with a searching look, as if trying to recall some memories that floated hazily through his brain. "Is it not so, sir?"

Burnet looked at the speaker for a moment, and replied with assumed indifference:—

"Perhaps, sir. An eminent public man like Sir Roger Aston, must see, in the discharge of his duties, many faces that are speedily forgotten. It would indeed be surprising if he remembered them all. But Lord Aston overrates the little service I had the privilege to render him. I recognised in Captain Pouch, which is, I believe, an assumed name, a man with whom I had some dealings in past days; and for old acquaintance-sake he complied with my request to seek other quarters in which to pursue his somewhat questionable avocation."

Lord Aston broke in with great earnestness; and being rather warm and flushed with wine, endeavoured with much solemnity to impress upon his auditors the heroism displayed by his friend.

"Yet, why they should single me out as the object of their attentions, is more than I can divine," he said, reflectively. "There was some method in their mistake, as Captain Pouch called it I have harmed none of them; and as for the enclosures, why they were made a score of years ago. All the land I own was my father's before me; my fingers have been in no Papist pie. If they had come to you, Roger, worthy pillar of the State, and upholder of the Protestant cause as you are, no one would have wondered."

"Bah!" returned the knight, disdainfully. "The knaves are not worth a thought. There are means enow to repress their insolence. They dare not wag a finger in my neighbourhood; their zeal speedily cools in jail."

"I wish there were a few more Papists in Warwickshire," said the sheriff, pensively. "That is, Papists of quality. They are growing scarce birds. Such as there are, for the most part, hardly reward the trouble we take to hunt them down. And we are cheated of our lawful share; for the best estates are given

not to staunch English subjects, but to needy Scottish adventurers, to repair their ragged fortunes."

Aye, curse them!" said Sir Roger. "They eat us up like a swarm of hungry locusts. It was with much difficulty that even I contrived, some time since, to get hold of two Papists to make profit of; and those had been previously begged by that cormorant, Lord Hay."

"How do you make profit of them?" asked Lord Aston. "I understood the fines went to the king."

"So the law says," rejoined the knight. "But the process is very simple. The fines that Papists are condemned to pay are allowed to accumulate, until they become so heavy that it is impossible for the recusants to pay them. Then the king is empowered to take two-thirds of the recusants' lands; and what his Majesty can take lawfully is his to give again. The two-thirds that I have the king gave to me, as I said, to make profit of. I go to the recusant with a posse of my men, and demand my land. Then we haggle together, and in the end Master Recusant pays me its value, and it is his again for a space. Then we summon him to take the oath, and for every neglect a new fine is incurred, and for other matters fines are inflicted, such as £20 a month for persistence in their false belief; ten pounds a month for every Popish servant they keep; and if they let a Popish priest baptize a child of theirs, it costs them £100. All these fines are duly certified to the Exchequer, and when they amount to a good round sum, down we go again to our recusant and demand the whole. And in the end a Papist will esteem himself a very fortunate man if he have not to redeem his house and lands more than once in the year."

The sheriff raised his eyes in mute despair. No such windfalls ever fell to his unlucky lot.

"Is there any opening in your parts, good Sir Roger," he asked, "for an active man—one firmly attached to the glorious Protestant cause, and who hates Popery worse than the devil?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the knight. "Do your palms itch, Master Sheriff? Would you put your sickle into our harvest? Oh, these are grand times indeed! Rightly is it termed a golden age!"

And he drank, with loyal fervour, the health of his sovereign lord the king.

Lord Aston was deeply offended, and glanced deprecatingly at Burnet, to whom, he felt, such rude boasting must be strongly distasteful. As his brother ceased, he said, indignantly—

"That such laws should exist in a country professing the Christian religion, is a shame and disgrace to us who live in it; but that they are put in force in a manner so harsh and revolting, is enough to make one forswear the Protestant faith altogether. And what is the crime of these recusants? They obey the laws

to the letter, as far as they are able; they ask but our leave to serve God as their fathers did; and if they are sometimes goaded into resistance by such unmerited cruelty, dare we blame them? It is such as we, who persecute, who are the evil-doers."

He struck his hand violently upon the table, making the cups dance again; and left the hall with his face purple with anger.

Sir Roger and the sheriff seemed a little abashed at the rebuke; and although they kept their seats for some time after the departure of Lord Aston, the conversation was not resumed; and Sir Roger, finding that his head was getting rather confused, at length staggered off, drowsily muttering to himself:—

"Where have I seen that fellow? Where was it?"

Darkness had set in; and, but for the presence of a few of the servants at the lower end, the hall seemed empty, when Captain Burnet, emerging from the long gallery, cautiously descended the stairs. He was congratulating himself at the ease with which he had escaped, when a man who had been sitting near the chimney-corner suddenly rose and confronted him.

It was the sheriff, and he looked from Burnet to the small leathern trunk he carried in his hand, and then again at the captain's face, his suspicions now fully aroused.

"A word with you, Sir Captain," he said, seeing that Burnet paused. "Guard the door there," he called out. "Where are my men? Go and fetch them instantly, one of you."

The serving-men stood gazing at one another; but, not understanding what the sheriff wanted, remained in the same attitude of surprise.

"I demand an explanation of the scene I witnessed yonder to-day," he said to Burnet. "And I would know, moreover, your name and condition. If you do not choose to give an account of yourself, I shall arrest you in the king's name. In one word, sir, who and what are you?"

Burnet's face was pale, but there was a look in it of calm determination that made the sheriff flinch, hardened as he was.

"Lord Aston has already acquainted you of my name," he said, quietly. "I deny your right to stay or question me. If the account I have given him fail to satisfy you, I shall give no other."

"You dispersed that mob by a word," resumed the sheriff. "It is evident that, if not in league with those lawless desperadoes, you were sufficiently well known to them to cast the gravest doubts upon your honesty. We know a man by the company he keeps, and yonder scurvy crew are no fitting friends for one who affects to hold the king's commission. Explain this to me, sir, or——"

"I refuse utterly to answer your questions," said Burnet, firmly. "I am here on a secret mission from him who is your master as well as mine—a mission whose object I am not at

liberty to disclose to such as you. I derive my authority neither from commissioner nor secretary, but from one whose power is supreme."

"From whom, then, do you come?" asked the sheriff, a little daunted by the confident bearing of the speaker. "Do you mean to say the king?——"

"Ay, sir; from the king himself," said Burnet, with emphasis. "You have already been thoroughly censured for indiscreet zeal; beware how you repeat the offence. And I warn you, sir, to stay me at your peril."

Master Mandrill shrunk back in positive fear; and while he stood uncertain what course to take, Burnet passed lightly down the hall, mounted his horse, that stood ready saddled at the door, and the sheriff listened to the clatter of the hoofs until their sound died away in the distance.

"I will not believe it," he said, stamping his foot with rage, and clenching his fist. "The rascal has cheated me with his impudence, and I have let him go! Where is Sir Roger?" he called savagely to one of the servants. "Take me to his chamber. He knows something of this fellow," he muttered, as he followed the man through the dim, tortuous passages. "Let me see if I cannot help to revive his memory. I shall have you yet," he added, with a scowl. "What an arrant fool I was to let him go!"

(To be continued.)

A DEDICATION.

To Augustus M. Moore.

"We are the music-makers,
We are the dreamers of dreams,
Sitting by lone sea breakers,
Wandering by desolate streams:
World losers and world forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams;
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever it seems."

I give you these, my pale, poor flowers,
Because of sweet remembered hours,
More sweet than any summer knows;
More glad than April hath to wear
For garland of her golden hair,
Or any violet, or rose.

For memories of reflowering years,
And holier dew of human tears
Keep safe the tender leaves and sweet,
And cling about them as a charm
That neither wind nor rain shall harm,
Nor winter's cold, nor summer's heat.

And only these are left to show
Of all youth gathered long ago,
All Memory treasured and Hope gave;
And some were sown by dreams, in sleep,
And some were given Love to keep
By Death, and gathered from a grave.

Some Love, betrayed and scorned, and slain,
And risen from the dead again
More strong and holier, plucked to make
A second garland and more fair
To crown another woman's hair;
And these are sweetest for her sake.

Yea, these are most beloved, and best,
And subtler-scented than the rest,
For sweet sake of her womanhood
That is more kind, and pure, and true
Than any dream the old love knew,
And much more beautiful and good.

And so, if you will find them room
In that fair garden, filled with bloom,
Where you have will to dream and sing,
For loving sake of my love, friend,
Until our brief spring wane and end
I bid you keep these flowers I bring.

PAKENHAM BEATTY.

NOVELS AND NOVEL READERS.

By R. P. Carton.

(Concluded.)

Although the reading of novels brings the disadvantages and evils I have hastily touched upon, I do not mean to affirm that they are wholly bad, and by all means to be avoided. Even as a means of amusement, if they were nothing more, novels cannot be too highly valued. They take men out of themselves. They lift them for a time, at least, above the petty cares and hard realities of daily life. They fill up odd gaps of time with bright and pleasant imaginings, which otherwise would be spent in dreamy and listless idleness. They have power, in Longfellow's words, "to soothe the restless feelings, and banish the thoughts of day." They can make the merchant for a while forget his business, and the doctor cease to think of his patients. They can make the clerk forget his daily drudgery, and I myself know their power to turn the attention of the lawyer away from his cases and his briefs. They can give new pleasure to us in health, and they can do much to soothe and lessen the pains of a bed of sickness. They can people a lonely journey or a desolate hearth with bright and pleasant companions. They can draw the captive for awhile, at least, from his prison cell. They can bring solace to the wanderer and the exile, for they will speak to him of home and friends. To many a man, amid the snows of an Arctic winter, or in the midst of the Australian bush, or in the backwoods of America, an odd volume of Scott or Dickens has been a priceless treasure and resource. Many of you must be familiar with a volume of poems by an American poet—Bret Harte—published under the fanciful title of "That Heathen Chinee." The title is a most misleading one, for the volume contains some pieces of very rare beauty and pathos. One of the poems in the collection bears closely upon this branch of my subject. It is called "Dickens in Camp," and it describes the effect produced by the reading aloud of one of his stories in a camp of Californian miners. I will here quote some of the verses.

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below,
The dim Sierras far beyond uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humour, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form, that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth.

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the fire-light fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy, for the reader
Was youngest of them all;
But as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall.

The fir trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with "Nell" in English meadows,
Wandered and lost their way.

And so, in mountains' solitude, o'ertaken
As by some spell divine,
Their cares dropped from them, like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

* * * * *

And as an amusement, novel-reading has the advantage of being at once innocent and inexpensive. Now this is by no means an advantage to be thought little of. A taste for novels will keep many a young man away from the billiard-table, the singing saloon, and the pit of the theatre, and preserve him unscathed amidst the temptations and vicious habits of cities. I have just illustrated my observations by reference to a modern poem. Let me make a modern novelist illustrate this portion of my subject for me. There is a very pretty story by Mr. Edmund Yates, with which, I dare say, some of you are acquainted—"Broken to Harness." Such of you as have read the story will remember that at the head of the room No. 120, at the Tin Tax Office, was Mr. Kincheton, who had been in the office since he was sixteen years old, and had fairly won every step he got by his uniform zeal and good conduct. His father had been head keeper to a nobleman, who had placed the boy on the foundation of a grammar school of which he was patron, and finding him apt and studious, had obtained for him his appointment from the Government of the day. His early life as a clerk, thrown as a mere boy, fresh from a country school, into all the perils of London, is thus described: "No Adelphi at half-price; no cider cellars or coal-hole for young Kincheton, who had a little bedroom in a little terrace close by Kennington Common, where he was to be found every night,

book in hand and happy as a prince. A poor little bedroom enough! a wretched little bedroom, with a white dimity-covered tester-bed, two rush-bottomed chairs, a painted chest of drawers, a rickety wash-stand, and a maddening square of looking-glass hanging against the wall. But to that garret came Sancho Panza and the gaunt Don, his master; came Gil Blas and the beggar with his arquebuse, and the Archbishop of Granada; came wandering Rassellas and sage Imlac; came Ferdinand Count Fathom, swearing Tom Pipes, and decorous Mr. Blifil. There the hard-working clerk laughed over Falstaff's love-making and Malvolio's disgrace, or wept over Sterne's dead ass, or Le Fevre's regained sword, while his comrades, Mace and Flukes were ruining each other at billiards, and Potter and Piper were hiccuping noisy applause to indecent songs."

Now I am not exactly recommending you to chose the companions which Mr. Kincheton selected. I think you would probably consider Rassellas a humbug and the sage Imlac a most decided bore; and certainly the acquaintance of Ferdinand Count Fathom and Tom Pipes may very advantageously be dispensed with. But at the time of which the story treats, the novel-reader could get no better company. Now-a-days he can bid into his presence troops of bright and pure and beautiful creations. No longer do the foul satyr's eyes leer out of the novelist's leaves. No longer are our fictions marred by the dreary double meaning, the hint as of an impure presence, and even the open indecency which smirch the works of Fielding, of Smollett, and of Sterne. "I think," says Thackeray, in his English Humorists, "of these past writers, and I am grateful for the innocent laughter and the sweet and unsullied page which the author of David Copperfield gives to my children."

But there is more to be got out of novels than mere amusement. They may in many ways be made a means of intellectual cultivation and of educational advancement. The historical novel, if the proper preparation be brought to its reading, and its partial truth, of which I have already spoken, be always borne in mind, may be of great use in the study of history itself. Historical novels may be divided into two great classes. In the first class the principal actors are in fact historical. They are men with well-known names—political, literary, religious, or military. Their characters, as handed down by history, are preserved with more or less fidelity; their sayings and doings are partly the sayings and doings which we might read of in their sober biographies, and are partly the creation of the author's fancy, introduced for the purpose of making his portrait more vivid and lifelike, and interwoven with the sayings and doings of the fictitious characters. To this class belong most of the historical novels of Scott; such novels as the "Rienzi," the "Harold," and the "Last of the Barons" of Lord Lytton; the "Philip Augustus," and "Mary of

Burgundy" of James, and the "Tower of London" of Harrison Ainsworth. In the second class the characters are entirely fictitious, and the framework merely is historical. Real historical events may sometimes be introduced, and real historical names may sometimes pass and repass across the scene. But both are used only to give a reality and, as it were, a local colouring to the picture. The interest of the story is always made to centre on the creations of the novelist's brain. To this class belong the "Westward Ho!" of Mr. Kingsley; the "Callista" of Dr. Newman; the "Fabiola" of Cardinal Wiseman; the "Dove in the Eagle's Nest" of Miss Yonge, and perhaps the most perfect specimen I could mention of the class—the "Esmond" of Thackeray. I have already spoken of the importance of acquiring a sound knowledge of history before the reading of historical novels is attempted. But it is the novel, after all, that conveys the most vivid and lasting impression. The writer of fiction, if he is worthy of his high vocation, can so warm the imagination by the interest of the events he describes, by the minute and subtle delineation of character, by the force of passion, or the charm of the pathetic, that beside his pictures the masterpieces of the historian seem dull and lifeless. If we hear of Richard Cœur de Lion, we immediately conjure up the picture of the crusading hero of the "Talisman" and of "Ivanhoe." We may be acquainted with the character of Elizabeth, as drawn by Hume and Lingard, or with the modern portrait which has been given to us by Mr. Froude, but the Elizabeth of "Kenilworth" is the one which is engraven on every mind. And when the romantic tale and heroic death of Mary Queen of Scots is thought of, it is less the masterly picture of Robertson or the touching narrative of Tytler that recurs to the recollection, than the imprisoned princess of the "Abbot." The historical novel, too, has another value. It illuminates just those dark angles and obscure nooks which history cannot. It introduces the reader to the accessories of an age which are not accessible in history, and in doing this it will enable us to feel and understand how the individual units which make up a nation felt and were affected by the stirring events, the calamities, the battles, the revolutions, the many strange and deep crises in the history of their country. You may read, for example, in every history of England, how the great national distinction between the Anglo-Saxons and their conquerors continued down to the reign of Edward III. to keep open the wounds which the conquest had inflicted, and to maintain a line of separation between the descendants of the victor Normans and the vanguished Saxons. But you will understand all this better if you go out in fancy into the Yorkshire wood with Gurth, the swineherd, and Wamba, the jester, and listen to their grumblings against the oppression of their Norman masters. Read any history of the English or Scotch civil wars, and you learn how the cruel struggle separated

father from son, and brother from brother, and how often the chances of the battle-field brought face to face, in deadly conflict, the sworn friends of youth and early manhood. But you will better understand the mental anxiety and the heart-breaking strife between love and duty which men and women in these times were every day called upon to go through, when you have followed the fortunes of Colonel Everard, in "Woodstock," or of Henry Morton, in "Old Mortality." We read an account of some great battle—we take up, for example, some book, such as Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," or we follow with eagerness, as we did a few short years ago, the track of the newspaper correspondent, as he tells of the devastating march of an invading army, or of battle-fields whereon the dead were to be counted by tens of thousands. We do this often without realizing what the bloody figures mean; that every life that ebbed away was the centre of some home circle, and the little children were perhaps praying at some woman's knee, even as the deadly line or the headlong rush of some gallant charge was making them orphans. If you would realize what war means—if you would know what a battle means to those who are engaged in it—what a siege means to those girdled round by a pitiless wall of fire and steel—what an invading army means to the people who are its victims, and to the country which it overruns—read the novels of Erckman-Chatrian; read how the conscript parted from his Catherine, or how he passed the night amid the dying and the dead in the little street of Kaya; or again, read of the hours of anxiety Father Moses went through, lest the mules with their burdens should not get into Phalsburg before the blockade began.

And while I am on the subject of the vivid and lasting impressions which the novel conveys, I may mention another way in which this effect is manifest. I mean the interest which is given to and felt in the places in which novelists have laid their scenes. If I may judge from my own experience, I would say that one of the greatest pleasures in travel is felt when we are able to identify the scenes through which we are passing with some familiar character, or some well-remembered incident of romance. On a first visit to Notre Dame, for example, how few will think of the sainted memories which fill that venerable pile, or of the changing dynasties which have passed beneath its sculptured portals! Strive to be as sentimental as you can, and I venture to say that the first figures that will rise to your memory are those of Esmeralda and Quasimodo. Go for the first time to Lucerne, and there, in the midst of historical associations of the deepest interest, in the midst of scenes of natural loveliness for which I can hardly conceive that this world can find rivals, I feel sure that the old wooden bridge across the Reuss will have its greatest interest for you, not because of the Dance of Death, or of the pictures from Swiss history which have adorned it for so many years, but

because it was the bridge that Elsie crossed with Prince Henry. Mount Pilatus will interest you, not because of the weird legend from which it is supposed to derive its name, or of the wondrous effects which the clouds make amongst its precipitous cliffs, but because it was amongst those cliffs that Anne of Geierstein rescued Arthur Philipson from his mortal peril. I well remember myself my first visit to Bâle. I looked for the first time on the Rhine from the balcony of the Trois Rois, beneath and beyond which that famous river rushes in a rapid and green expanse. If my mind had been well regulated, recollections poetical and historical should here come to me without number—the great Council of Bâle should not have been forgotten; but as it was, I only thought that the balcony where I stood was the spot where Alice Vavasour for a while forgot John Grey, renewed the old entanglement with her cousin George, which she afterwards again broke through, and thereby made that question necessary, which so many thousand readers have been since asked by Mr. Trollope, and asked not in vain—"Can You Forgive Her?"

And what the historical novel can do in making us understand history, the domestic novel and the novel of incident can do in extending our knowledge of life. If we will only bear in mind what I have already spoken of, the limited truth to be expected from the novelist, and are sedulous to guard ourselves against the other dangers which I mentioned, the novel may be made available for something much higher than the pastime of inactive minds and jaded energies. The experience of literature may not be as valuable as the experience of life, but it serves its turn. There was a time when the saying that one half of the world did not know how the other half lived, was much truer than it is at present, and the lessening of the truth is in no small part a consequence of the novels of the day. They introduce us to scenes altogether new—they conduct us through a wider range of experience than the actual life of each generally permits—they make us live in the lives of other types of character than our own, or than those of our daily acquaintance—they enable us to pass, by sympathy, into other minds and other circumstances. To some extent, at all events, they help to train the moral nature by sympathy with noble characters and noble actions. They familiarize classes and people who ought to be familiarized. Especially have the novelists of our day taken to heart the lesson so earnestly taught by Wordsworth in his poetry, that the best feelings and wishes and emotions of our nature are common to all classes, and "that we have all of us one human heart." And what he did in verse novelists like Scott, and Dickens, and George Eliot, and Mrs. Gaskell, and the authoress of "John Halifax," and Mr. Farjeon, and scores of others, have done in fiction—they have made the rich and the prosperous ones of this world feel a real human fellowship with the poor, by showing how strong in the hearts of

the poor these common feelings flourish. By a thousand examples they make us see into the lives of the poor, they teach us a minute familiarity with their modes of thought and feeling, they show us how they apply such intellectual gifts as they possess to the ends within their reach, they make us enter into the spirit of their ordinary occupations, and exhibit their pride in their work, their little dealings for gain, the cares and struggles of their poverty, and the anxieties of their thrift. They show how the human affections thrive amongst them, their boundless charity to one another, and how their hearts, again to borrow Wordsworth's words, are

> "Strengthened and braced, by breathing in content
> The keen and wholesome air of poverty,
> And drinking from the wells of homely life."

Thus, for example, from the glimpses of the domestic economy of Mrs. Toodle's home in "Stagg's Gardens," or from the Christmas dinner-party at Bob Cratchit's, we learn that wedded love and the prattle of childish voices can bless and brighten with the same happiness the cabin and the rich man's home. Or again, take that touching scene in the "Antiquary," where Saunders Mucklebackit, on the morning after the storm, is endeavouring to patch up the old boat in which his eldest son had been drowned, and when spoken to by Monkbarns as to his working, gruffly answers: "'And what would you have me to do, unless I wanted to see four children starve because one is drowned.' The Antiquary observed more than once the man's hard features, as if by the force of association, prepare to accompany the sound of the saw and hammer with his usual symphony of a rude tune, hummed or whistled, and as often a slight twitch of convulsive expression showed that, ere the sound was uttered, a cause for suppressing it rushed upon his mind. At length, when he had patched a considerable rent, and was beginning to mend another, his feelings appeared altogether to derange the power of attention necessary for his work. The piece of wood which he was about to nail on was at first too long, then he sawed it off too short, then chose another equally ill-adapted for the purpose. At length, throwing it down in anger, after wiping his dim eye with his quivering hand, he exclaimed:—'There is a curse either on me or on this auld black bitch of a boat that I have hauled up high and dry, and patched and clouted sae many years, that she might drown my poor Steenie at the end of them, and be d——d to her.'" We are taught by such a scene as this that death can bring as keen a sorrow beneath the poor man's roof, and make as wide a gap at his hearth, as it does when it knocks at the dwellings of the richest and noblest in the land.

But in order to reap from novels the benefits and advantages I

have last been speaking of, it is important that you should select novels of a high class, and by well-known writers. In reading novels, as indeed in all reading, you ought to make it a point that what you do read should be the best of its kind. At all events read first the best novels, and even when the series is ended, it would be better to begin again than to fritter away time over the works of third-rate and fourth-rate writers. And do not think that a good novel is not worth being read more than once. In a first reading the attention is apt to be too much absorbed by the interest of the story. There are beauties and niceties of character which are not discernible then, but which will strike us when we read the book a second time. For my own part, I confess I have read many novels two and even three times, and each time with new pleasure. It is hardly necessary for me to tell you who are the best writers—their names and, I am sure, their works are familiar to you all. You can never make a mistake among the novels of Scott, or Dickens or Thackeray. You can hardly make a mistake among the works of Anthony Trollope, but I would specially recommend "Doctor Thorne," "Orley Farm," "Framley Parsonage," and "Can You Forgive Her." I cannot pretend to guide you to the novels best worth reading of other writers, but you will, perhaps, allow me to mention a few of those which are special favourites with myself, and from the reading of everyone of which you cannot fail to bring away something worth remembering. The "Sybil," the "Coningsby," and the "Venetia" of Disraeli; the "Heir of Redclyffe," "Heartsease," and "The Daisy Chain," by Miss Yonge; "The Brave Lady," by the authoress of "John Halifax;" "Harold," "The Last of the Barons," "The Caxtons," and "My Novel," by Lord Lytton; "The Robber," "Philip Augustus," and "Mary of Burgundy," by James; "Alton Locke," and "Two Years Ago," by Charles Kingsley; "Geoffrey Hamlyn," by Henry Kingsley; "The Miser's Daughter," by Harrison Ainsworth; "Broken to Harness," "Kissing the Rod," and the "Forlorn Hope," by Mr. Edmund Yates; "Mary Barton," by Mrs. Gaskell; "The Gordian Knot," and "The Silver Cord," by Mr. Shirley Brooks; "Tom Brown's School Days," and "Tom Brown at Oxford" by Mr. Hughes; "Grif" and "Linder's Hurst," by Mr. Farjeon; "The Princess of Thule," and "The Maid of Iker," by Mr. William Black; the "Mill on the Floss," and "Middlemont," by George Eliot; and what is, perhaps, the very finest novel in the language—the "Romola" of the same writer. And if you read novels at all, do not fail to make yourselves acquainted with the novels of our own countrymen. In the "Collegians," "The Rivals," and "The Duke of Monmouth," of Gerald Griffin; "Fardorougha, the Miser," by Carleton; "Crohoore of the Billhook," "The Nowlans," and "Father Connell," by the Brothers Banim; in "The Tenants of Malory," by Lefanu; and in the "O'Donoghue," the "Knight of Gwynne," the "Martins of Cro' Martin," and "Sir

Brooke Fosbrooke," by Lever, you will find novels which may fearlessly challenge comparison with any novels in the language, and of which the literature of any country might be justly proud.

My remarks upon modern novels would be very incomplete if I did not make some reference to those to which the name of "sensation novels" has been given. It is not easy to give an explanation of what is meant by critics, when they use the term "sensational." As well as I understand the phrase, it means, when applied to incidents—something lying outside the common boundaries of everyday experience; something which startles the mind by its strangeness or by its horror, or seeks to affect it by a novelty of combination, or a marvel of coincidence seldom or never met with in real life. As applied to character, it means abnormal combinations of intellectual and moral qualities; crimes and virtues, manifesting themselves in natures where they were least expected, and under circumstances, to all appearance, the least favourable to their growth. Thus, for example, although David Copperfield is by no means a "sensation novel," that incident in David Copperfield is "sensational," where Ham is beaten to death by a great wave, in his vain effort to save from the sinking vessel "the active figure with the curling hair," and where a few moments afterwards the old fisherman leads Copperfield to the shore to find, amid the fragments of the old boat blown down by the storm, among the ruins of the home he had wronged, the dead body of Steerforth, lying with his head upon his arm, as he had often seen him lie at school. So "Tricotrin" the hero of one of Ouida's novels, who, with the intellect of an Aquinas, the learning of a Mezzofanti, and the beauty of an Apollo, spends the greater part of his life wandering among the peasantry of the Loire, in company with an Elzevir Horace, a Straduarius fiddle, and a black monkey is a decidedly "sensational" character. Again, when Lady Audley, after having thrust her first husband into the well, comes gaily into her drawing-room, and with the marks of his drowning fingers still discolouring her dainty wrist, sits down to play a sonata of Beethoven for her second husband's pleasure; or when, after having set fire to the little inn at Mount Stanning, she hurries with Phœbe Marks along the lonely country road, with the black night above her, and the fierce wind howling round, till the red light in the sky tells her that her wicked purpose has been wrought, the character and the incidents are alike sensational. Now, a "sensational" novel is one which depends for its interest mainly upon sensational characters or upon sensational incidents. "Foul Play," by Mr. Charles Reade; "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Bronte; "The Dead Secret," "The Woman in White," and the "No Name" of Mr. Wilkie Collins, are examples of this class. But the representative author of the "sensation" school is undoubtedly Miss Braddon. The term was, I may say, invented for the purpose of describing her works, and some of them, such as "Aurora Floyd,"

"Lady Audley's Secret," "Henry Dunbar," and "The Trail of the Serpent," well deserve the term. From novels of this class you will never get anything more than amusement. There is a vast amount of cleverness in them, but there is no real thought, and there is seldom any analysis of character that is worth the name. There is too great a tendency in them all to dally with forbidden themes, and they are apt to produce an impression that men and women may stand in security on slippery inclines, and go to the very edge of a precipice without falling over. The interest they excite is, to quote De Quincey's words, in the passage already referred to, "the interest of a momentary curiosity destined for ever to vanish in a sense of satiation, and the interest of a momentary suspense, that having once collapsed can never be rekindled." They are, no doubt, very pleasant and readable. They may beguile a tedious winter evening or an idle summer's day, but after all, the reading of them is very like a waste of time, and I never can get rid of the feeling that I ought to be ashamed of myself as I get to the end of the third volume. But while I thus speak slightingly of Miss Braddon, I cannot withhold from her a word of affectionate respect. In the "Ladies' Mile" she has given a portrait of a practising barrister the most perfect and lifelike that fiction has yet produced. Lawyers, as a rule, have fared rather badly at the hands of novelists. Dickens has been especially hard upon us. Sergeant Buzfuz and Mr. Phunky are—what they were to some extent intended to be—caricatures. Bar, in "Little Dorrit," who takes to Mr. Merdle's dinner-party his double eye-glass and his little jury droop, and wins his promotion by a happy appreciation of Lord Barnacle's solitary joke about the pears, is very amusing, but is certainly unfairly coloured. The clever, drunken, disreputable, and briefless barrister named Carton, who plays so generous a part in "The Tale of Two Cities," is, I venture to hope, for the sake of the name, not a faithful portrait. Mr. Trollope has dealt much with law and lawyers in "Orley Farm." Judge Stavely is indeed a very favourable specimen, but Mr. Chaffanbras does not represent a very high ideal, and Mr. Furnival, although well and powerfully drawn, is presented in his professional character almost solely as he was affected by the case of Lady Mason. We have fared better with Lever. I would instance particularly the character of Witherington in "Barrington," and Valentine Repton in "The Martins of Cro' Martin,"—a sketch, if I mistake not, made to a great extent from life, and of which the original was some time ago a distinguished member of the north-east circuit. But Laurence O'Boyneville, for whom there was no question within the regions of heaven and earth too mighty for his audacity, or too small for his powers of argument, is a perfect portrait. Any one acquainted with the daily routine of a barrister's life will recognise its marvellous fidelity, as we learn how he would come home tired with his day's

work, and sit down to his dinner with the dust of the law courts in his hair, and the dreariness of the law in his brain; then, too tired to go from one room to another, would read the papers for a quarter of an hour and sleep peacefully until nine o'clock on the great red morocco sofa, and then having refreshed himself with several cups of tea, would retire to his study, and never leave it till the smallest of the small hours. Who at breakfast or at dinner, while his young wife was talking to him in her brightest and most animated manner, would let his mind wander away to his cases of Giddles *v.* Giddles, and Shavington *v.* Estremedura Soap Boiling Co. (Limited), and who would fain have brought his red bag with him to Dr. Molyneux's ball, and refreshed himself in some obscure corner with a dip into his great Slate case.

But I feel that the associations connected in my own mind with Mr. O'Boyneville and his profession have led me to wander unduly away from my subject. I feel, too, that it is time I should bring my observations to a close. I have said nothing about the necessity of your avoiding the reading of vicious and immoral works. I felt I was addressing myself to members of the Catholic Union, and that I would be almost insulting you if I asked you to shun, as a moral and intellectual poison, such novels as have given a bad notoriety to the literature of France, and which, I regret to say, are daily disfiguring the modern literature of England. You are, it is true, no longer children, but at any time of life poison is dangerous. But I will put the avoidance of all such novels on no higher ground than Lacordaire did in one of his Letters to Young Men: "We must confine ourselves to the masterpieces of great names—we have not time enough for the rest. We have, consequently, still less time for those writings which are, as it were, the common sewers of the human intellect, and which, notwithstanding their flowers, contain nothing but frightful corruption. Just as a good man shuns the conversation of lost women and dishonourable men, so a Christian ought to avoid reading works which have never done anything but harm to the human race." It would be an intellectual blunder, to say nothing more, to pass by the works of pure and noble writers for the novels of Dumas, and Balzac, and Eugene Sue, and Ouida, and the author of Guy Livingstone. From a mere human point of view it would be a stupendous folly to waste time over their vicious trash, and leave unread such books as I have ventured to recommend to you.

"Books both pure and good,
Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness may grow."

MUCRUSS ABBEY.

THE Abbey of Irrelagh, more generally known by the appellation of Mucruss, taken from the demesne in which it stands, was founded for Franciscans by MacCarthy More, Prince of Desmond, A.D. 1430.* It is one of many kindred institutions, long since desecrated by the dark fanaticism of the alien spoiler, which attest the piety and munificence of the Irish princes in the fifteenth century. Tradition relates that when the Desmond chief contemplated the foundation of this monastery, the site on which it should be erected was indicated to him in a vision by the name of *Carraig-an-chiuil, i.e.*, "Rock of the music." He forthwith despatched several of his retainers to discover what locality within his palatinate was known by that appellation, and the clansmen were returning after fruitless endeavours in the search, when, passing at sunset by *Oirbhealach* (the eastern road or gap), at the extremity of Loch Lein,† they heard the most delightful harmony floating from a rock near the shore of the lake. This occurrence being related to the Desmond prince, he was convinced that the spot thus mysteriously indicated was the destined site for his monastery, and immediately he commenced its erection at *Oirbhealach*.‡

And truly it would be difficult to find a more enchanting solitude, where, far removed from the tumult of that stormy period, the pious monk might commune in peace with Heaven. By the tranquil shore of the romantic Loch Lein, sequestered deep in the bosom of that fairy region, the Eden of our western isle, surrounded by all that is solemn, grand and beautiful in the unrivalled scenery of Killarney, arose the cloisters of Irrelagh, the consecrated home of the children of St. Francis.

The princely founder did not survive to behold the completion

* "Nothing can be more certain," writes Dr. O'Donovan, in his note on the entry in the Annals which records the foundation of this monastery, "than that both Ware and the Four Masters are wrong in ascribing the foundation of this monastery to Donnell, son of Teige MacCarthy, for he lived a century later, having died in the year 1468. Teige, the father of this Donnell, was, according to tradition, the original founder of this monastery, and this is corroborated by the fact that he is called Tadhg Mainistreach, *i.e.*, Teige of the Monastery, in the pedigrees of the MacCarthys. But the Four Masters have lost sight of all chronology in placing the erection of this monastery under the year 1340, after ascribing it to Donnell, the son of Teige, prince of Desmond, inasmuch as Teige, his father, did not, according to themselves, become king or prince of Desmond till the death of his father in 1391, that is, fifty-one years after its supposed erection by his son, Donnell. The fact seems to be that the foundation of the monastery was laid some years previously to 1440 by Teige Mainistreach (not by Donnell, as Ware has it), and that the work was completed by his son, Donnell, in 1440."

† The Lower Lake of Killarney.

‡ Dr. O'Donovan.

of his pious undertaking, but the erection was carried forward by his son, Donnell, and the monastery finished in 1440. The original structure was repaired, or more correctly rebuilt, in 1626. With the exception of the western doorway, the exquisite eastern window, and the cloisters, the abbey is little remarkable for architectural beauty; but, as Dr. Petrie remarks, "it is highly interesting from its unusually perfect state of preservation. The church consists of a nave and choir, with central belfry of small proportions, pierced by a narrow Gothic archway. On the south of the nave is a small chapel or transept; on the north side, a doorway leads into the cloisters, the most perfect and interesting portion of the structure, forming a spacious quadrangle, encompassed by an arcade consisting of ten semicircular arches on its north and east sides, and twelve pointed ones on the south and west, lighting the surrounding corridor. The pillars and mouldings are of grey marble. Adjacent to the cloisters are the apartments for the accommodation of the community."

In the centre of the choir, beneath the high altar, the remains of the founder, MacCarthy More, were deposited in a tomb which he had chosen for himself and his posterity. Several of the powerful chieftains in the neighbouring country also selected this consecrated enclosure as their last resting-place. Among the latter, the annalists make special mention of O'Sullivan More and O'Donoghoe. At the date 1582, in the Four Masters, we meet the following entry:—"Catherine, the daughter of Teige, son of Donnell, son of Cormac Ladrach MacCarthy, and wife of Maurice of Kerry, died. She passed her last days upon the lake of *Lean Linfhiaclaigh*,* moving from one island to another through fear of the plunderers; and she was interred in the monastery of Airbhealach." A truly suggestive picture of those dark days, when the myrmidons of Elizabeth, swarming in the fair Desmond valleys, gloated, amid blood and ruin, upon the rich spoils of the confiscated lands of the great Geraldine, who had so long bid defiance to her barbarian viceroy.†

In 1589, the sanctuary of Irrelagh was violated by the troopers of Fitzwilliam, then lord-deputy.‡ Several of the pious brethren were butchered by the soldiery, and the remainder chased from the shelter of their beloved monastery. Thirteen years later, in 1602, when, after the disaster of Kinsale, O'Neill retreating to his Ulster fastnesses, heroically prolonged, amid the fast deepening gloom of his country's destiny, the sacred struggle for freedom, and drew off the forces of Mountjoy to the north, while the brave O'Sullevan Beare kept the merciless Carew at bay in Munster, a small

* "This was the name of the Lake of Killarney, which is derived, according to the Dunnsenchus, from Lean of the White Teeth, the artificer of Sidh Bugha, who had his forge at this lake."—*Dr. O'Donovan.*

† Lord Grey.

‡ *Irish Franciscan Monasteries.* Rev. C. P. Meehan.

MUCRUSS ABBEY.

community of friars ventured to return to their ruined convent of Irrelagh. The guardian, Father Holan, set to work to repair the injuries it had received; but he had scarcely succeeded in restoring the venerable structure, when the fierce persecution that commenced after the submission of the great northern chief overtook the brethren at Irrelagh, and they were forced to abandon the monastery. From that time the place has remained desolate. Nature, as if mourning its departed glory, has fondly entwined the consecrated walls of the deserted sanctuary with wreaths of luxuriant ivy, and left the aged oak and yew and stately elm to deepen the shadows around as they sentinel its mouldering shrine. Wandering amid the stillness of its ruined cloisters, the spirit seems to hearken to voices floating across the dark abyss of centuries, echoes that would yet prolong the sacred anthems which once rolled in solemn cadence from its matin choir.

MELEAGER'S SPRING IDYL.*

The winds and rains of winter are no more,
With birds and buds is come the flowerful Spring;
And Nature dons her brightest robe of green,
While cloth'd with tender leaves the young plants rise,
Drinking the gen'rous dews of early morn.
Waking his reeds, the herd grows young at heart,
Seeing his fair white kidlings scour the plain.
The shepherd decks his crook with wild flowers blue:
The sailors joyful on the tranquil deep,
Now set their sheet to catch the zephyr's breath;
Carolling crowds sing Dionysus' praise,
For purple harvest in the vintage time,
With flowering ivy wreaths on their bright hair.

* Meleager, who is supposed to have been born at Gadara, in Palestine, about a century before Christ, was the first compiler of the Greek Anthology. This is perhaps, in the original, the most beautiful of all "the wreath songs." Sir William Jones thought that this Spring idyl possesses all possible graces of description, and that a more beautiful poem could hardly be found. Sainte-Beuve writes:—"Ainsi le printemps de Méléagre n'était pas un idéal dans lequel, comme dans presque tous nos avril et nos mai, l'imagination, éveillée par le renouveau, assemble divers traits épars, les arrenge plus ou moins, et les achève . . . l'heureux poète n'a fait que copier la nature."

The golden-bellied bees, with cheerful toil,
Make glad the air with busy murmurings,
Building a Babel for their flower-suck'd food
Of clear, cut wax of all their gathering.
The halcyon charms, the lapping sea grows still;
The amorous birds make music everywhere:
The chattering swallows in the gabled eaves,
The soft white swan within the river reeds,
The nightingale that tops the cypress tree.
Since all the hedges have grown gay with green,
And all the fields have caught flower blossoming;
And flocks listening graze while goatherds pipe,
And sailors sail, and Bacchus dances round—
Sing, Poet, then, in praise of Spring that's here!

AUGUSTUS M. MOORE.

Moore Hall.

THE PICTURESQUE IN ART.

OUR observations may be said to be of two kinds. An abstract observation is one by which you recognise the relations between phenomena or discover the cause of what you see: a concrete observation is one by which you reflect a picture or image of what you see; and these refer alike to the internal and external universe. What we understand generally by the Picturesque is any arrangement of natural objects which produce a pleasing picture. A flat or a mountainous country have each its picturesqueness, different soever as the details which produce such effects may be. Tennyson has extracted picturesque impression from the fens and moors of Lincolnshire—as in Mariana in the "Moated Grange," and elsewhere—a district quite prosaic when compared with some of those in our island, where physical nature, after elsewhere moulding mountain, valley and bay into many a lovely picture, has concentrated all her poetic beauties in those regions of the south, where—

"The rich palace spires of Killarney
Bend over the arbutus brakes,
And mirror their purples at sunset
Along the sweet dream-land of lakes."

In short, any scene which is painted by an artist employing colours or words, when alive to a sense of its peculiar beauty, may be rendered picturesque. Graphic delineation roughly represents the striking characteristics of natural scenery, or of an

individual or situation; while in all picturesque representations, the element of beauty of some sort must enter, and thus render it poetic.

Let us first adduce a few examples of the "Picturesque" in Literary Art—of picturesque expression, of lines which paint a picture to the eye or ear—before proceeding to its illustrations in the pictorial domain. The prose writer describes; produces his effects by detail: the poet paints. Any composition which makes us see and feel what is represented, which is more or less ideal, and infused with the spirit of beauty and with passion, is poetic. Add to these qualities rhythm and the music of verse, and we have—Poetry. By the use of an image or metaphor, an expression, even a single associative word, the poetic artist frequently creates an effect which no elaboration of detail could produce. Ovid abounds in picturesque expressions of a peculiar sort. Thus, describing Ixion tied to a revolving wheel, he says:—

"Volvitur Ixion, et se sequiturque, fugitque;"

or, of Somnus rousing himself:—

"Excussit tandem sibi se."

These expressions verge on what the Italians call "concetti," of which there are so many in their own poets.

On the other hand, when Shakspeare says:—

"See how the moonlight *sleeps* upon the bank,"

we have a picturesque expression. The single word, "sleeps," paints the quietude of the moonlit scene.

The chief literary peculiarity of Dante's poetry is the narrow but intense way in which he idealizes reality—common objects; unlike Shakspeare, who says, "the truest poetry is the most feigning," *i.e.*, imaginative. Dante's poem is a vision of the unseen worlds, terrible, tearful and beautiful, and he seeks to render its scenes visually realistic by simple and plain illustrations, derived from the common objects of daily experience. The use of comparison is to aid comprehension, and Dante is highly graphic in this way; but with a few exceptions, such as the simile of the sheep in the Purgatorio, Canto III., and his lovely reference to the swallow in the description of morning, Canto IX.:—

"Nell' ora che comincia i tristi lai
La rondinella presso alla mattina,
Forse a memoria de suoi primi guai."

his illustrations are not poetic in the highest sense. On the other hand, Milton exalts the scenes or objects he depicts by his illustrations. He selects the vastest and most sublime objects, and surrounds them with imaginative associations, in order to

elevate his descriptions. In the picturesque sublime he is supreme: and though for concentrated diction the third canto of the "Inferno" is unsurpassed, the sustained majestic harmonies, measures and cadences of Milton's blank verse have, perhaps, no equal in any literature. The two first books of the "Paradise Lost" contain incomparable examples of the picturesque sublime. The scene which brings before our "soul's imaginary sight" the fallen angels, confounded, though immortal, overwhelmed by storms and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire rolling on the burning lake—

> "Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
> Of Vallambrosa, where the Etrurian shades,
> High over-arched, embower,"

is one of highest power; the illustration is associated with a recollection of the poet's wanderings when a youth, during his visit to Italy, among the venerable woods of Tuscany. Then there is the encounter of Satan and Death, and the succeeding scenes: that in which Satan is surprised by Michael, and many others. There is nothing in Homer or the poets of chivalry to equal the imagination and diction of these passages. Passing from Milton to Tennyson, we have in the latter very many instances of the idylic picturesque. His studies of natural scenery, shadowy or bright, have been reflected with the highest truth of effect, and in the most poetic language. Mariana in the "Moated Grange" is a perfection of what painters call "tone;" all the details are in sombre harmony with the desolate scene, where—

> "For leagues no other tree did mark
> The level waste, the rounding grey,"

where—

> "Cold winds woke the grey-eyed morn
> About the lonely Moated Grange."

The "Palace of Art" and "Dream of Fair Women" are each a series of pictures, many of which present examples of picturesque delineation; as do also the "Morte d'Arthur," "Ulysses," and many of the verses in the "In Memoriam"—perhaps the most perfect of his compositions, and that whose popularity will, from its theme, be most permanent.

In Irwin's poetry there are also numerous instances of picturesque description of scenery, situations, and scenes, painted in picturesque language. Thus, when describing an old barge drawn by its slow horses along the bank of the river of a summer day, he says:—

"Now, where the weary horses pause
Beside the hedge of crimsoned haws,
The mirroring water-lights wave and gleam
In dappling patches over their backs;
The boat-rope whisps, and drippingly slacks,
In lisping plashes, into the stream."

The last lines paint this every-day scene to the eye and ear. Or describing a wild, confused and magnificent desert sunset:—

"The sunset spread—a desert of strange shapes:
Like lions some, with fronts of waving fire,
Stood in the yawn of mighty caverned clouds;
While some like leopards, spotted fierce with storm,
Lay stretched along the blaze, and pawed the air!"

Or again, in a passage depicting the naval power of Great Britain:—

"Her argosies, with world-wealth laden deep,
Coast the far bays, formed by the glow of spring
In the green ice crust of the topmost pole;
Battling the blinding snow-drifts of the north,
Or, heaving heavily on sultry sails,
Around the burning sun-belt of the earth."

In this writer's verses, which abound with colour, there are many examples of both the natural and conventional picturesque —*vide*, as regards the latter, for choice word-painting, "A Group in Queen Anne's Reign," "A Visit to a Bride;" for the former, "Effie," "The Shuire," and other poems in his lately published "Songs and Romances."

The first beauty of any class of composition arises from the choice of its subject; then its representation. After the situations, fancies and sentiments, those portions of a poem which the mind selects as most poetic, are the "Picturesque" passages and lines. We dwell on those which bring the subject or object before us once and for ever, in the most imaginative and choicest diction. As an instance of rhythmical modulation with appropriate pauses, which satisfy ear and eye, both as a musical and objective picture, nothing can surpass Milton's description of Sin opening the gates of Pandemonium:—

"Now in the keyhole turns
The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron and solid rock, with ease
Unfastens: on a sudden open fly
The infernal dôors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that to the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus."

Dr. Johnson said the most musical line in Virgil was that in the first eclogue :—

" Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas."

But there are others not less so ; and for the harmonious recurrence of aspirates and syllabates, a fine instance is found in the description of the rising storm in the first Georgic—when the friths begin to swell, the dry crashing of the trees is heard on the mountains :—

" Aut resonantia longe
Litora misceri, et nemorum increbrescere murmur ;"

which may be compared with the Italian storm in Dante, where—

" Le polveroso va superbo
Et fa fugi la fieri et le pastori."

Lines picturesque and sonorous are also scattered through Catullus, such as those describing the Bacchic rout in the green forest, and the sound of the tambourines on the distant air.

" Plangebant aliæ proceris tympana palmis
Aut tereti tenues tinnitus aere ciebant."

In the verbal painting of sensuous beauty Keats, however, excells Milton ; his richest passages of this sort realizing his own conceptions of poetry, namely, that it should surprise by fine excess. In his most perfect poem, " The Eve of St. Agnes," the objective painting has hardly ever been equalled in the entire domain of the Muse, and most similar depictions by the Italian writers seem prosaic in comparison to those which paint Madeline retiring to rest; the coloured casement with its imagery; the chamber where the moonlight sheds its hallow: nor is a more lovely image to be found anywhere than that which illustrates the maiden in her soft and chilly nest, sinking into repose ; when at length :—

" The poppied warmth of sleep oppressed
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away ;
Flown like a thought until the morrow day ;
Blissfully havened both from joy and pain,
Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims pray,
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again."

The collection of exquisite things which Porphyro disposes for a feast, the fruits, the

" Jellies, smoother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon,"

are among the many examples of picturesque word-painting in this poem, in which also is the fine line describing the distant harmonies :—

" The music yearning like a god in pain."

The choice of associative words in painting an object or image frequently electrifies a description, producing by a single touch, an effect finer than any which could be realized by elaborate detail. Thus, in a recent paraphrase of the "Peleus and Thetis" of Catullus, referring to the sisters of Phæton, whom the gods, in consideration for their anguish at his death, transformed into poplar trees, we find :—

> "And poplars, sisters of fallen Phæton,
> Quivering innumerate *inconsolable* leaves."

One of Tennyson's finest picturesque images is the description of the long wave breaking on the solitary shore :—

> "As the crest of some slow, arching wave,
> Heard in dead night along the table shores,
> Drops flat; and after the great waters break,
> Whitening for half a league, and thin themselves
> Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud,
> From less and less to nothing."

In D'Arcy M'Gee's "Celts' Salutation" there is a fine line—the second—referring to the adventurous ubiquity of the race :—

> "Whether they guard the banner of St. George in Indian vales,
> Or spread beneath the nightless north experimental sails,
> One in name and in fame are the sea-divided Gaels."

Whenever a selection of the objects which form a scene, or of emotions which realize a situation are so painted in words as to make them visual or emotive pictures to the mind, we recognise the picturesque in literary art. Sometimes, as we have said, a single word happily chosen for its representative truth or associations, vivifies a description. Picturesqueness has many phases: sometimes it is connected with the rhythmical form of the poetic phrase or sentence. Thus, some of the Greek epigrams have a simple, graceful nobleness of outline, resembling the straight profile and majestic ease of the faces of the gods. To the readers of ancient, modern, and current poetry, many such passages realizing the *visibile parlare* of Dante will occur. The painting which renders situation, scenery, scene or image alive and picturesque, is not confined to poetry or painting. It also enters into musical composition; and while no music perhaps appeals so strongly to the affections as some of the Irish melodies, and while the best Italian translates southern feeling into sound, some of the German is more intellectual, ideal and picturesque than any. In all arts picturesqueness depends on form, arrangement and colour: the first depending on sight and intelligence, the latter on sensibility; and while in music the melody is the form, the harmony is the colour.

N. W.

GUIDING STARS.

An unpublished Poem by the late Ellen Downing, Author of "Voices from the Heart."

Say not they were Saints, and so
Ran along the ways of God,
Never heeding if, or no,
Storms o'ertook them as they trod.
Say not they were Saints, and thus,
Led by secret unctions on,
Are no models fit for us,
Stumbling as we creep along.

Brethren, they were Saints because
They bore the pain, and felt it too,
For the sake of keeping laws
Made as well for me and you.
They were Saints by proper use
Of the reason God has given,
Counting it as gain to lose
Earth whene'er it clashed with Heaven.

Saints had deadlier fight than we;
Hell pursued with fiercer ire:
Satan does not leave those free
Who still mock his foul desire.
Saints were saved by lengthened prayer;
Knees bent trembling on the sod;
Feet that fled at every snare;
Heart-cries piercing up to God.

Saints are they who know their task,
Hold their ground by fighting firm;
Strength for life's long warfare ask,
And await its destined term.
When the tempter seeks your door,
Use the grace which God has given;
If 'tis scanty, ask for more—
You'll be saints yourselves in Heaven.

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THE MOORES OF MOORE'S COURT

By Denis F. Hannigan.

Chapter VII.

Next morning Charles rose early, and dressed himself with something more than his usual attention. It may be, though he certainly did not acknowledge it to himself, that he feared the critical eyes of Rose Moore.

As he gazed from his window upon the landscape beneath, he could not well resist the feeling of enthusiasm that arose within his breast. The sun shone brilliantly down upon a sloping lawn fresh with summer verdure, and tinted the foliage of the grand old trees with a mellow lustre. In the distance, a valley picturesquely dotted with peasants' cottages stretched down towards the sea, which lashed the rock-bound coast with ceaseless surge. To the young man's glowing fancy this picture seemed, by its tranquil beauty, to mock at the turbulent passions and vain ambitions of men. Yet who could say that even amid such peaceful scenes there were not hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, high aspirations and gloomy despairs? In vain does Nature robe herself in light and splendour. The shining fields, the golden blossoms, the azure glory of the summer sky, all seem to speak in vain to the restless human heart.

A reflection somewhat akin to this passed through Charles Callanan's mind, as he left his own room and descended the stairs. Just outside the drawing-room he was met by Miss Quain, who looked as calm and self-possessed as ever. She saluted him with a quiet bow.

"Good-morning, Mr. Callanan."

"Good-morning, Miss Quain—a beautiful day, is it not?"

"Charming. You are an early riser, Mr. Callanan."

"Do you think so? Is Frank—Mr. Moore—up yet?"

"I believe not; but Lady Moore and Miss Rose Moore are in the drawing-room."

"Then I am not so very peculiar after all," said Charles, with a smile.

They entered the drawing-room together. As they came into the room, Rose Moore, who was seated at some distance from her mother, rapidly glanced, first at Charles, and then at the governess. With the instinct of a precocious girl, she seemed to see something suggestive in this simple incident.

"How do you do, this morning, Mr. Callanan?" said Lady Moore, with an absence of conventionalism in her manner that seemed to Charles a striking contrast to her daughter's youthful stateliness. It is a marvellous fact—not unworthy of mention, perhaps, amongst the other marvellous facts of our modern civilization—that some young ladies of what is sometimes called "the better class," exhibit a certain oldness of manner and love of formality which we do not observe in their impulsive elders. In our own days this phenomenon is by no means growing rarer; the only difference being that, whereas in the last generation it was peculiar to the aristocracy, it is now beginning to show itself amongst those middle-class young ladies whose notions of propriety are mainly governed by externals. Would it not be an interesting question for the "sociologists," whether some of our young people may not be growing just a little overbred in these days of high pressure?

"I am quite well, thank you, Lady Moore," Charles Callanan returned, as he sat down on a chair close at hand.

The governess, privileged in some matters, seated herself in the same place where she had sat yesterday.

Rose merely nodded with stiff politeness; and Charles, who happened to be constitutionally sensitive to trifles, felt painfully conscious of the girl's strange exclusiveness.

"I am sure a walk around the cliffs would be delightful to-day," said Lady Moore, as she turned her eyes towards one of the windows, through which the broken rays of the sun were glancing.

"Frank spoke about a walk last night, I believe," said Rose, with a somewhat languid air.

"Yes," Charles observed; "he proposed that we should explore the surrounding country."

"Oh! that's rather too sweeping a proposal," said Rose. "'Tis the usual way with Frank—he cannot stop at trifles."

"That is my experience of him, too," said Charles, who always found a pleasure in praising his friend: "he has a large, expansive heart."

As he spoke, the door was opened from without, and Frank Moore entered, carelessly trolling a snatch of some popular song.

"Good-morrow, mother!—good-morning, my most imperial sister," observing a look of pique on that young lady's face—"How d'ye do, Miss Quain?—Hallo, Charley, old boy, how d'ye do?"

It was evident that Frank was in one of those gay moods peculiar to Irishmen, when their exuberant spirits seem to rush forth tumultuously, like a troop of frolicsome elves.

"You really seem like one who had lived a long time among savages, Frank," said Rose, with a supercilious smile.

Frank cast upon his sister a look of Quixotic gravity. "You were not aware then, Rose," said he, "that I spent some years in Botany Bay?"

Rose, whose sense of the ridiculous did not seem to be so strong as her love of conventional propriety, stared at her brother in astonishment. She had only heard of Botany Bay as a distant settlement intended for the benefit of persons who indulged in larceny, housebreaking, and other obnoxious amusements.

"What do you mean, Frank?" she cried, with her eyes still riveted on her brother's face.

Frank shrewdly glanced at his friend, who found some difficulty in restraining his laughter.

"Really, this is very rude of you, Frank," said Rose, with an offended air. "I see, now, there is some hidden meaning in all this."

"Let me explain, Miss Moore," Charles interposed, with a smile. "The Botany Bay of which your brother speaks is in Trinity College, Dublin, not in Australia."

Lady Moore and Miss Quain here gave way to a burst of irrepressible laughter, in which Rose was forced to join, though she could not hide her humiliation.

At this point Sir Annesley entered the room, and almost immediately after breakfast was announced. As they were assembled around the breakfast table, Lady Moore suddenly asked the servant in attendance whether Miss Moore (meaning thereby Aunt Deborah) had yet risen. The servant replied that the old lady was suffering from a severe headache, and could not leave her room.

"It was your lecture on Methodism, Charles, that caused her indisposition," said Frank, with a sly look of humour.

"I hope, Mr. Callanan, you slept well last night," said the baronet, with an air of patronizing kindness.

"Oh, thank you, Sir Annesley; I have slept very well," returned Charles.

"Very glad, indeed!" said the baronet, as he opened a letter which he had just received by the morning post. As he read its contents, a frown darkened his face, and with unusual energy he rose from his chair, tore the letter into small fragments, and flung them into a waste-paper basket near the fireplace.

"Is it anything of importance?" Lady Moore hesitatingly inquired.

"No; only an insolent letter from a Cork attorney," returned Sir Annesley, with forced composure—"those fellows are simply insufferable."

Frank Moore gazed thoughtfully for a few moments at his father, and his gay manner seemed to become slightly subdued; then suddenly relapsing into his former mood, he said:—

"We shall show you our coast to-day, Charley—it is something worth seeing."

"Do you intend to ride?" asked Rose.

"Oh, dear, no," replied her brother. "One cannot examine what he sees around him on horseback. You must not forget your promise to come though, Rose."

"I have good reason for refusing to go with you, after your gross conduct awhile ago," said the girl, with a kind of hippish resentment.

"Come, come, Rose!" cried Frank, with an unfortunate attempt at conciliation; "I can well imagine your great-grandmother, or—let me say it with the greatest respect—Aunt Deborah ruffled by a joke; but *you* ——"

"Then, *I* am nothing, I suppose?" retorted his sister, indignantly.

"Oh! of course we are not unconscious of your merits. But you should not be so extremely punctilious, Rose. Why not be more jolly?"

"Oh, that odious word!" exclaimed Rose; "it is only fit for boors."

"You are too severe upon young men, my dear Rose," Lady Moore smilingly remarked.

"I have not much faith in the manhood of the present time," said the girl, with an air of proud scorn.

"Perhaps you regret the decline of duelling, Miss Moore?" Charles suggested.

"I do not justify duelling, of course," answered Rose promptly; "but I believe it is a very convenient thing for cowards to decry a practice that, at least, requires some bravery."

"The custom was simply a barbarous one," said Charles, "and was founded on false notions both of courage and honour."

"I wish Squire Donovan heard you, Charley," Frank suddenly exclaimed. "He would almost call you out for denouncing the noble art of duelling."

On hearing this name mentioned, Sir Annesley cast a glance of displeasure at his son.

"Well, let us not talk of the Squire," said Frank, with an evident desire to change the subject; "his opinions are of very little consequence. But let us not defer our walk—it is better to start while the day is yet young."

Rose was preparing to leave the room, when Charles said:—"You promised to accompany us, Miss Quain."

The governess smiled, and bowed with her usual air of composure; then, rising from her seat, followed Rose out of the room. In less than half-an-hour the two young ladies returned, dressed for the walk.

"Let us make haste," cried Frank; "I suppose we must be back to dinner?" he added, glancing inquiringly at his mother.

"If you possibly can," said that tolerant lady.

The four sauntered along under the shade of the great beech trees, the sunlight flinging around them, every now and then, gleams of broken light, and passed out through the lawn into the open road. As Frank happened to be walking by his sister's side, Charles Callanan and Miss Quain—apparently by the merest accident—walked on together at a short distance.

"The scenery about this spot appears to be delightful," Charles ventured to observe.

"Yes," returned the governess; "there is a general air of grand desolation about the sea-coast, which has in it something more sublime than the trim gardens and fruitful corn-fields of England."

"You seem to be a lover of solitude, Miss Quain," said Charles, a little surprised at the sudden enthusiasm of his quiet companion.

"Yes, I do love solitude," was the brief reply.

"Are you an admirer of Byron's poetry, Miss Quain?" Charles asked, with that rapid change of subject which if we could rightly analyse mental associations, would be seen to be no break in the chain of ideas.

"I don't profess to like everything he has written," said the governess; "but there are passages in 'Childe Harold' which seem to me finer than anything in 'The Faërie Queene.'"

"'The Faërie Queene!'" repeated Charles, with some surprise; "it never struck me that there was any great resemblance between Spenser and Byron."

"There is not much resemblance in the characters of the two poets, certainly," said the governess, quickly. "Spenser seems to have been one of the gentlest of men——"

"Yet he spoke very harshly of the Irish people," Charles interposed.

"I dare say, like all Englishmen who settled in this country, he felt that he was one of the dominant race," said Miss Quain, "and therefore looked upon the Irish as his natural enemies. But I was alluding rather to his poetry, which breathes a spirit of gentleness and purity. He is the poet of chivalry, who wrote in an age when true chivalry was beginning to be disregarded, and he has idealized gentle manners more beautifully, I think, than any other poet."

"Why did you compare him to Byron just now, Miss Quain? Their conceptions of life seem to me to be have been wholly different."

"Well, that is true; but, remember, Byron's great poem, of which I was speaking, is written in the same metre as 'The Faërie Queene;' and, moreover, they both express the feelings of high-born persons, though in rather a different way."

"But do you not find Spenser's allegoric style exceedingly heavy, Miss Quain?"

"Heavy, Mr. Callanan!—the idea really never occurred to me. I have read all that remains of 'The Faërie Queene'—for, you know, we have not the entire poem; and I found it, on the whole, very delightful reading. I don't pretend to understand all that the poet meant to convey under the veil of his allegory. I prefer to regard it as a work of art; and from this point of view, I think no finer picture of heroic virtue and perfected love can be found. I also read his 'Prothalamion,' and his exquisite 'Hymnes to Love and Beauty,' and to 'Heavenly Love and Beauty.' He lacks, perhaps, that passionate fire which we find in Byron; but he is more ethereal, more unearthly, more pure."

As she gave expression to her enthusiasm, there was something so gentle, so unaffected, and so sweetly spontaneous about her manner, that Charles saw she uttered no borrowed criticism, but spoke with the passionate force of true sensibility.

"Spenser seems to be your favourite poet," he said. "You are probably aware that he lived at Kilcolman, a well-known place in this county?"

"I have seen the place," said the governess, quietly. "The Castle of Kilcolman, where the poet wrote 'The Faërie Queene,' is now levelled to the ground; indeed there seems to be scarcely any trace of it remaining. It commands a noble view. On one side you see the Waterford mountains; at another, the Ballyhowra hills (as they are called)—these may be the 'mountains of Mole,' of which the poet speaks. The River Awbeg (or, as Spenser calls it, the 'Mulla') flows into a lake below the spot where the castle stood."

"But is there nothing to remind one of the poet?"

"At present I believe not. I made many inquiries, but could get very little information from the people of the neighbourhood. Some of them seemed to have never heard of Spenser."

"How strange!" said Charles, musingly.

After a pause, he asked—

"Which is your favourite amongst the later poets?"

"There are many that I admire, though I cannot love them. For instance, I admire Byron's wonderful descriptive power, though I cannot like his gloomy egotism; and I admire the splendour of Shelley's imagination, though I cannot sympathize with his morbid conception of a wronged humanity struggling against Destiny."

"Do you not like Wordsworth, then?"

"Not as a whole. Some of his shorter poems are very beau-

tiful; for instance, those lines commencing, 'Three years she grew in sun and shower.' But I cannot realize his conception of a soul in Nature distinct from man's own soul. Of all the late poets there is none I read with so much genuine pleasure as Keats."

"Keats wrote very pretty things," Charles remarked; "but he is rather weak, I think. He seemed to be a dreamer of utterly unsubstantial dreams. I once tried to read 'Endymion,' but found my mind fading into mistland as I went on. I had to give it up at last."

"'Endymion' is full of ethereal fancies, it seems to me," said the quiet governess: "it is not the utterance of a practical mind, perhaps; but it finely expresses that love of beauty for its own sake which, I believe, a true poet must always feel."

"Do you think, then," said Charles, with the same apparent change of subject but continuity of idea, "that life was made merely for dreaming?"

"Decidedly not," said Miss Quain, smiling. "Experience has already taught me a very different lesson."

"Ah! you have seen, perhaps, some of the harder sides of life," Charles said, with an impulsive quickness which immediately afterwards he regretted.

A deep shade of sadness crossed the face of the governess, and Charles saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

"There are many changes in this world," was all that she said.

"Excuse me, Miss Quain!—I fear I must have said something rude," Charles exclaimed, gently taking her hand; for his sensitive nature was deeply pained at the thought that he might have wounded her feelings.

But, instead of exhibiting any resentment, Miss Quain looked at him with a softened air. "Pray don't say that," she said, seeing the young man's emotion: "your remark was exceedingly natural; and I believe you are not an ungenerous person. You are right: I have not been a mere dreamer. I have had, weak and incapable as I am, to fight the battle of life myself; but that was owing rather to misfortune than any other cause. I was not by nature very practical, but circumstances, perhaps, drew forth my energies. Indeed I may say that it was necessity drew them forth."

"Ah!—indeed!"—Charles was becoming strangely interested.

"My father was a barrister," said Miss Quain, whose self-repression seemed to give way before the force of sympathy; "but, by a sad fatality, he became blind while yet in the prime of life, and had to retire altogether from the practice of his profession. My mother had died when I was a mere child. I was at a foreign convent completing my education when I heard of the calamity that had befallen my father. I bade good-bye to the nuns, whom I loved very much, and to all my friends at school. I hastened with all possible speed to Ireland; and on my arrival found that,

in addition to my father's blindness, his health was very delicate. Our means were very limited, and I saw the necessity of"—here her voice trembled slightly, and she appeared to control her feelings with great difficulty—"I saw that I must work in order to meet our difficulties. I occupied my time in various ways. Amongst other things, I tried writing. However, I cannot say that I succeeded as a writer. Some of my contributions—they were short tales, essays, and sketches—were accepted by English magazines; others were returned to me as unsuited to the taste of English readers. I also gave lessons daily at our house, and got an engagement as visiting governess to the family of a Dublin merchant. Thus I was enabled to help my father to some extent. But his health was rapidly declining, and a little more than two years ago, he—poor papa—died."

As she finished her narrative, Miss Quain shed a few uncontrollable tears; but otherwise she made no display of emotion. She calmly dried her eyes with her handkerchief, and there was a quiet dignity in her manner that showed an entire absence of all hysterical excitement.

"It is, indeed, a sad story," said Charles, after a short pause, during which the governess resumed all her usual quietude of manner. "But though you must have suffered, you have reason to be proud, Miss Quain."

"Why?" she asked, with unaffected simplicity.

"Because you have acted nobly," he exclaimed, with enthusiasm.

"Oh! I have only tried to do my duty," she said.

"Pardon me, Miss Quain—are you a Catholic?" Charles suddenly asked.

"Yes."

"Ah! that is another thing in common between us. Your career interests me very, very deeply."

By this time they were approaching the tall cliffs, some of which stood upright like giant sentinels petrified by time. As they proceeded, the wild heath presented many a gorgeous hue; and here and there the dark-red arbutus gave a rich colouring to the scene.

The conversation had just come to an abrupt pause, when Frank Moore and his sister came up, accompanied by a very odd-looking individual.

He was a stout man of about the middle height, with his left eye totally disfigured, and the other so much changed from its natural position that, whenever he looked at you, he seemed to be turning his glance in another direction. He was dressed in a kind of shooting dress, with a peculiar-looking conical hat; and an ugly-looking retriever followed at his heels.

"Allow me, Charley, to introduce you to a gentleman from the neighbourhood—Mr. Winkleson," said Frank, in a kind of serio-comic fashion.

Mr. Winkleson advanced to meet Charles, carrying his weapon in so careless a manner that there appeared to be some danger of his shooting somebody accidentally.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Callanan?" he cried, in a somewhat hoarse voice, which he painfully endeavoured to modulate.

"My good young friend here has been telling me about you. I have not the pleasure of knowing your family; but I have no doubt as to their respectability. You may have heard of my brother, General George—that is to say, General Sir George Etheridge Winkleson?"

"I have not that honour," returned Charles, looking with some curiosity at this strange-looking personage.

"This is my dog, 'Trouncer,' one of the best bred dogs in the United Kingdom. His mother was 'Tartar,' one of the finest bitches ever seen, and belonging to the Marquis of Waterford's kennel. He was bred by Colonel ——"

"Yes—yes, my dear Winkleson," said Frank, interrupting him; "he is, undoubtedly, a well-bred dog."

Charles glanced at Rose Moore, and saw that she looked on this eccentric individual with a strange mixture of disgust and toleration.

"You know Miss Quain, Winkleson?" said Frank.

"Oh! yes—Miss Quain, my dear young friend, how d'ye do? I take a great interest in Miss Quain," said Mr. Winkleson, shaking hands with the governess in a very fussy manner.

"I shall be very happy to accompany you around the coast, ladies and gentlemen," said he, with an evident determination to do so, whether the others wished it or not. Then, as they walked along, he went on addressing Frank with great volubility:—

"As I was just now telling you, we were dining together at a well-known club in Dublin—my brother, myself, Lord Castletownroche, the Earl of Booterstown, and the Marquis of Ducks-pool. The conversation turned upon the domestic concerns of his majesty—I allude, of course, to the unfortunate affair of Queen Caroline. 'I think,' said the marquis, 'his majesty was not bound to back Queen Caroline, when she stepped out of the right path.' 'But that has never been proved,' said the earl. 'We cannot safely question his majesty's morals,' said Lord Castletownroche, gravely. 'I am his majesty's most faithful servant,' said my brother, 'and will not enter into the discussion.' 'What is your opinion, Winkleson?' said the marquis. 'Yes, let us hear it!' said the earl. 'I have great faith in Winkleson's judgment,' said Lord Castletownroche. 'Then, with great respect for your lordships,' said I, 'I take my stand upon the constitutional principle that *the king can do no wrong*.' 'Excellently put,' said the marquis. 'It is decisive,' said the earl. 'Nothing could be better,' said Lord Castletownroche."

Mr. Winkleson related this anecdote with as much unction as

if it were the quintessence of wit and genius. He was one of those characters so often found in Ireland, but generally of English extraction, who are always boasting of their intimate acquaintance with the flower of the aristocracy.

They had now almost reached the verge of the cliff, and the path which they had to traverse was narrow and rugged. Charles, unused to walking in such dangerous places, felt that he required to exercise all his presence of mind. A number of sea-gulls, with loud screaming, flapped their white wings high in the air above, and the sea surged and boomed almost a hundred feet below. Thus they were advancing along the edge of the cliff—Rose Moore, who happened to have been the first to advance along the path, leading the way with a bold, self-confident step; Frank walking after her with the fearlessness of one who had often traversed the sea-coast before; Miss Quain and Charles Callanan following with cautious steps, when Mr. Winkleson, who was last, now stopped to fire at some passing bird. Perhaps as much to attract attention as to prevent the ladies from being alarmed, he cried out: "I am going to have a shot."

He fired; but, advancing his right foot too far, stumbled, and would certainly have rolled over the cliff—thus depriving the aristocratic world of his precious existence—had he not grasped wildly at a projecting crag which overhung the precipice. It was an incident in which the ludicrous and the terrible were so strangely intermingled, that our four young friends seemed to be at a loss whether to regard it with horror or amusement. However, a sense of natural sympathy prevailed, and Charles Callanan advanced towards the spot to render any assistance in his power.

"Lord bless my soul!" cried Mr. Winkleson, "I had a narrow escape. I'll never venture such a thing again."

"I think it is wiser to be more careful for the future, Mr. Winkleson," observed Charles; "it is, indeed, fortunate that you escaped so well."

"Hallo! are you all right, Winkleson, my poor man?" cried Frank, with—it must candidly be confessed—as much ridicule as compassion in his tone.

"Didn't I do it well, though?" returned Mr. Winkleson, whose self-admiration seemed to be stronger than even the fear of death. "If it were any other man, you know, his doom was inevitably sealed."

The retriever had been howling vehemently ever since his master's accident; and now, as if seized by an insane desire to do some mischief to somebody, began to bark very ferociously at Charles Callanan.

"Down, Trouncer!—down, old chap," exclaimed his owner, now picking his way cautiously along. "Ah, my poor Trouncer!" he added, in a tone that resembled a hoarse whine, in which the retriever seemed inclined to join, "how near your dear master

was to destruction! What a sad thing to reflect upon, Trouncer! His lifeless remains would have been found below, and General George would lament the untimely death of his only brother on earth." Affected by this touching picture which he drew of his own premature demise, he actually shed tears.

They were now advancing towards a bend in the path which led towards a country road. Charles gazed before him, and saw that Rose was now walking along a rocky ledge so narrow and dangerous that he felt within him a strong impulse to utter a cry of warning. But he soon saw her turning down towards the road with the utmost coolness. He found, on arriving near the spot himself, that she had daringly walked along the very brink of a yawning chasm. He himself drew back with instinctive terror as he gazed into the depths below, and kept as far inland as the difficulty of passage would allow.

"Shall we go down towards Glengarriff, Frank?" cried Rose, when they had all descended into the road. Flushed as she was with exercise, the girl presented a picture of healthful youth and almost masculine energy. She seemed, indeed, like one who gloried in wild and perilous adventures.

"I think we've had enough of this for once," returned her brother. "You seem to be a kind of eagle that scorns the level ground."

"I confess," said Rose, "there is something grand in the sensation of standing over the verge of an abyss, and yet feeling that you are secure in your native courage."

"But why should you love danger for its own sake, Miss Moore?" asked Charles—"it is said that those who love danger will perish in it."

"Those who are cowards should shun all danger," she replied, scornfully; "those who have hearts to encounter all perils, and skill to pass through them, need have no fear."

"But look at our poor friend, Winkleson, here," Frank playfully interposed. "Is he not an instance of the insecurity of human life? My dear Winkleson, allow me to congratulate you on your lucky escape."

"Oh, pray don't mention it," cried that gentleman, self-complacently; "as my old friend, Lord Dunleary, used to say, 'Winkleson'—he always addressed me in this familiar style—'you'll never be shot, drowned, burned alive, or ——'"

"Hanged?" suggested Frank, with a laugh.

"Oh, no! he did not say that," replied the one-eyed gentleman, shaking his head gravely, as if he felt such an expression to be beneath the dignity of a lord.

Frank looked at his watch. "It is almost four o'clock," said he. "Let us hasten back. It is at least an hour's walk, so that we shall barely be in time for dinner."

During the journey homewards, the imperturable Mr. Winkleson

clung to the party with such tenacity, that Frank felt it would be worse than useless to try to shake him off by any possible means. He expressed an intense desire to see Sir Annesley Moore—"your most estimable father," as he said to Frank—but whether for the purpose of narrating his adventure personally to the baronet, or merely to enjoy a good dinner, this history does not undertake to explain. Certain it is, that when our four young friends arrived at their destination, this pertinacious gentleman, with the ugly-looking retriever close at his heels, accompanied them to the door of Moore's Court, and coolly followed them into the house.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT was midnight. Alone in her bedchamber—a prettily-furnished little room—sat Ellie Callanan, reading a long letter which she had that very night received from her brother. Constrained into reserve by her father's sullen mood, she had kept it all night in the pocket of her dress, in order to read it by the full light of a sister's sympathy, when she found herself alone. The letter was an unusually long one, written in a dashing, careless hand; and from its tone it was evident that Charles intended it only for his sister's eyes.

"DEAREST ELLIE,—I take advantage of an idle hour to tell you something about what I have seen and heard since my arrival at Moore's Court. The place itself is a fine old house, beautifully situated, and the scenery around it is really delightful. On the morning after my arrival, when I rose and drew up my blind, such a glorious view burst upon my sight that I felt like one experiencing a new life. I will not try to describe the scene, for I think no words can truly picture the loveliness of nature. At any rate, I felt that the landscape surpassed anything I had ever seen before. Indeed, there is about the spot an air of solitude that, to my mind, seems to have something sacred in it—something that should not be profaned by the fretful clamours and jarring discords of life. But I must not lead you to imagine that there is no society in the place. On the contrary, I find myself surrounded by rather too conventional an atmosphere.

"The members of the household (not to speak of servants, who, of course, do not come much within my sphere of observation) consist of six persons, all differing from one another in age, appearance, manner, and character. I scarcely think you would be interested in all of them. Sir Annesley Moore himself is rather an ordinary type of country gentleman, though, indeed, he appears to regard himself with great self-complacency. He is fully conscious of the important position he holds in society, and

seems to take very little interest in the affairs of lesser mortals. I cannot say whether he is a good landlord—indeed, I have no reason to think that he is not; and I am sure you will agree with me that it would be ungenerous for us to suspect him of bad motives, unless we see grounds for our suspicions. I must say that papa spoke to me about Sir Annesley not long since, in very harsh terms, and indeed seemed to have some reasons of his own for disliking him; but, as you know, papa is so very uncommunicative that he never gives anyone his full confidence. Lady Moore seems to be a person of really generous disposition, and the welcome which she gave me was marked by great kindness and sincerity. I will not stop to describe Miss Deborah Moore, the baronet's sister, a fanatical old lady, who has a strong tendency towards Methodism, and preaches dreadful domestic sermons on 'regeneration.' I had the misfortune to offend her by quoting Sidney Smith's remarks on the influence of Methodism. This religious frenzy seems to amount, in her case, almost to a mania; but there may be 'method' in the old lady's 'madness.' It may excite your sympathy for her to learn that she is so far human as to be subject occasionally to violent headaches which confine her to her room.

"You have heard me speak so often of dear Frank that, for my sake, I am sure you will regard him as an old acquaintance. He is one of the most generous and unpretending fellows that ever lived, ready to help another in any way he possibly can, and yet never seeking praise for anything he does. There seems to be a very large fund of benevolence in his nature. But, perhaps, you are anxious to hear about Miss Rose Moore, the baronet's only daughter. I am really afraid to speak about her, she is such a terribly strong-minded girl. She is only seventeen, and yet she has decided views of her own on most subjects. There is a bold originality in her way of thinking and in her style of expression that astonishes me; and her character is certainly marked by great courage and self-reliance. But she is very, very proud. Her education is, of course, not yet completed; but she has never been sent away to school. Her present governess, a Miss Quain, is a very interesting young lady. She is so exceedingly quiet and undemonstrative that shallow persons might regard her, at first sight, as stupid. I found, on the contrary, that she is the very soul of refinement and intelligence. On the day after my arrival at Moore's Court she accompanied Frank, his sister, and myself, in a walk around the cliffs; and, as she and I happened to be walking apart from the others, I discovered, in the course of our conversation, something about her antecedents. Her father was a barrister who lost his sight early in life; and his wife died when Miss Quain was a mere child. On hearing of her father's misfortune, this noble girl, then only finishing her education at a foreign convent, returned to Ireland, and not only tended him

with the most assiduous care, but also worked hard to assist him in his helplessness and poverty. I assure you, it was through no mawkish hankering after sympathy she revealed this much of her history to me. She does not seem to look upon herself by any means as a heroine. She considered that she had a duty to perform, and devoted herself to its fulfilment with patience and quiet courage. She seems to have given some of her time to literary work; and she speaks of what she has done with the utmost modesty. I have had another conversation with her since she told me her story; and, at my urgent request, she promised to show me some of the things she had written. She suffers much, I fear, from the slights and patronizing airs of her pupil, who has an imperious will; but such a gentle nature and such an even temper has Miss Quain, that she never exhibits the slightest anger or resentment. I believe she has even won the heart of her obstinate pupil by her kindly ways; and it is only when Rose Moore wishes to assert her own dignity as a young lady of high social position, that any difference of opinion arises between them. Pride of birth seems to exercise over Rose's nature the sway of an uncontrollable passion; and her father, I fear, seeks rather to foster than to restrain this dangerous tendency.

"You may remember my allusion to a certain squire, whom I met in the mail-coach coming from Dublin. Frank happened to refer to him once here at breakfast; and Sir Annesley seemed to be very much displeased at the very mention of the name. I believe the squire—or, as the country-people call him, the 'squireen'—married a younger sister of the baronet; and ever since there seems to have been an entire estrangement between the brother and sister. Is not this a sad instance of the excessive influence of social distinctions? Why should not the feelings of a brother rise above all considerations of rank? It must be said, however, that the squire's personal conduct is known to be rather disreputable. When I met him in the mail-coach, he certainly did not look like a model of sobriety. I really pitied the poor lady who was forced not only to submit to the brutal treatment of this man, but also to humour his drunken caprices.

"I have not time to describe for you a few ludicrous incidents that occurred during my stay here. On the day we went out to see the coast, we met a strange character, a Mr. Winkleson, who seems to spend most of his time in shooting and similar sports, and is always accompanied by an ill-looking dog. He is continually talking about certain members of the aristocracy with whom, he says, he is intimately acquainted; and I noticed that he never speaks of anyone below the rank of a lord, save his own brother, whom he familiarly alludes to as 'General George.' As we were walking around the coast, Mr. Winkleson was very near falling over the cliff, while attempting 'to bring down' a bird. He inflicted his society upon us until we returned to Moore's Court, and

had even the audacity to dine with us, uninvited. He praised Sir Annesley so much, and mentioned his name so often in connection with members of the Irish and English peerage, that the poor baronet could not resist the fascination of the fellow's flattery. What a strange glamour seems to cling around rank, when a wretched sycophant of this kind can get himself tolerated by means of his gross adulation! I must tell you that Mr. Winkleson did not leave without, indirectly, causing a great commotion. His dog, by some mischance, got into collision with one of the dogs here, who happened to be wandering about the premises, and a very disagreeable fight ensued. Mr. Winkleson, in apologizing, cleverly managed to praise the fighting qualities of his canine companion.

"I am afraid you will find this letter as great an infliction as I found Mr. Winkleson's society. But you must remember that a brother has certain privileges, one of which is, that he may plague you with his dreary correspondence, without, in the slightest degree, losing your love. I hope you are not neglecting your health in any way. Take as much exercise as you can, and try to enjoy yourself in every possible way. Pray for me, my dearest little sister, and

'Believe me
"Your very affectionate brother,
"CHARLES CALLANAN.

"P.S.—When I think of papa's language in reference to Sir Annesley, I really cannot help feeling strangely affected. He told me to beware of *him*, and 'of all of them.' Is not this exceedingly strange?"

Ellie read the letter over with intense interest, pausing from time to time to make sundry little comments. Moved by something curiously suggestive in the words themselves, and, perhaps, also by that sense of a postscript's importance said to be peculiar to the fair sex, she pondered deeply over the allusion to her father contained in the few short sentences at the close of the letter. For a long time that night she lay awake, thinking over her brother's letter, and filled with painful perplexity at the strange reference to her father. When sleep stole upon her at last, her wandering fancy carried her to Moore's Court, where she saw an ideal baronet—whose relationship to her father she vainly tried to discover—an ideal Lady Moore, an ideal Frank, an ideal governess, and an ideal pupil—all dream-forms woven out of a brother's letter by a girl's wild imagination.

At breakfast next morning, with the impetuous frankness which formed such a strong feature in her character, Ellie said to her father:—

"Are you acquainted with Sir Annesley Moore, papa?"

Mr. Callanan, who had just been raising his cup to his lips, laid it down in a kind of mechanical way, and stared suspiciously at his daughter.

"Acquainted with him! No. I don't know him personally. I have only seen him at the assizes. Why do you ask?"

"Because Charles, in his letter, speaks about your strong dislike to Sir Annesley, papa, and says he cannot understand the reason of it."

"He babbles too much," returned Mr. Callanan, morosely. "What did he say about Sir Annesley himself?"

"Only a few words," said Ellie; "he says he is rather an ordinary kind of person—like most country gentlemen."

"Does he like Lady Moore?" Mrs. Callanan ventured to ask; at the same time glancing timidly at her husband.

"Yes, mamma. He says she is a very kind lady."

"Oh, how nice that is!" cried Mrs. Callanan, with weak enthusiasm.

"Never mind Lady Moore," said Mr. Callanan. "She is nobody. Besides, women are rarely sincere in anything."

"Oh, really, papa, I'm surprised at you," cried Ellie, with mock severity. "You know that is not the case."

Mr. Callanan, who loved his daughter in his own peculiar fashion, frowned, as he slowly observed:—

"You must not express yourself in that way, Ellie. It is highly unbecoming. But—about this Sir Annesley; does Charles say any more?"

"Not about him, papa," Ellie returned.

"Is it a long letter?" asked Mr. Callanan, suddenly.

"Very," replied Ellie, reddening slightly; for she did not wish her father to read the letter in its entirety. But her fears were groundless; for Mr. Callanan hated long letters, believing it to be an utter waste of words to write them, and an utter waste of time to read them.

"Read the passage about Sir Annesley," he said, with the usual impassive expression on his face.

Ellie read the description of Sir Annesley in the opening part of the letter, and also the postscript with its mysterious allusion. As Mr. Callanan listened, his face darkened, until it seemed almost black with suppressed rage.

"What a weak babbler Charles is!" he cried: "he does not know how to conceal anything."

"But, surely, papa, he is right to be candid," said Ellie, in a persuasive tone.

"He is not," returned her father, sourly.

"There can scarcely be any genuine truth without candour," said the girl, with that adhesion to her own peculiar views which so strongly characterized her. "How can we call ourselves truthful if we constantly conceal the truth?"

"Hold your tongue!" cried Mr. Callanan, with a fierce vehemence, amounting to actual rudeness. "How dare you speak to me in this way?"

Ellie, with difficulty restraining her tears, returned:—

"You misunderstand me, papa, indeed—I was only saying what I thought about the nature of truth."

"Truth!" repeated Mr. Callanan, contemptuously. "How silly it is for a mere girl like you to assume that you know what truth is! In reality, it takes a lifetime to discover some things; and yet you fancy you can see the truth of everything at a glance."

"But we know instinctively what is truth and what is falsehood in some cases," said Ellie, obstinately.

"Ellie, you must not contradict your papa," said Mrs. Callanan, coming to her husband's rescue with faint energy.

"Silence, woman!" cried Mr. Callanan—"you know nothing about the matter." This was his habitual mode of extinguishing his wife's languid attempts to show that she was not entirely devoid of intellect.

Mr. Callanan having finished his breakfast, remained for some time sitting in a state of moody abstraction. Suddenly, as if he felt angry with himself for his temporary absence of mind, he rose with violent haste and left the room. He had no sooner gone than Ellie, turning towards her mother, with a rapid glance of inquiry, said:—

"Do you know anything, mamma, about papa's connection with those Moore's?—I mean," she explained, seeing a look of vacuity on her mother's face, "do you know why he dislikes, or, I should rather say, hates them?"

"I know nothing about the matter, my child," replied Mrs. Callanan.

"But, perhaps, you know whether Sir Annesley Moore ever did papa any injury?" Ellie asked, with the native acuteness of her inquisitive mind.

"Injury!" Mrs. Callanan repeated, with a feeble exhibition of interest. "I really don't remember; but—I believe not."

"Perhaps, papa only dislikes those Moores for their family pride," said Ellie, with a thoughtful air.

"Perhaps so," Mrs. Callanan assented vaguely.

"But tell me, mamma," cried Ellie, suddenly, "was papa born in the country?"

"I believe so," said Mrs. Callanan, with the same indefinite mildness.

"Was he poor in the beginning?" asked Ellie, continuing her examination with the gravity of a chancery lawyer.

"Oh! but he was destined to be a great man," Mrs. Callanan returned with some warmth, as if she thought the question a kind of imputation on her husband's character.

"Ah, I did not mean that," said Ellie, smiling. "Some of the greatest men that ever lived have been poor in the beginning—and, for that matter, in the end too. But when he came first to Cork, he was poor—is not this the fact, mamma?"

"Yes," her mother at length replied, seeing that it was necessary to give a categorical answer.

"And do you know whether papa's father was ever a tenant on the Moore estate?" Ellie enquired.

Here Mrs. Callanan appeared quite confused.

"I believe—no—perhaps—it may be—I really can't say"—were the broken utterances by which she attempted to reply to her daughter's question.

"Then, I think, I have a clue to the mystery," exclaimed Ellie, with the exultation of one inspired by an original idea. "One of these Moores—Sir Annesley, or, perhaps, the former baronet—evicted papa's family—it has been often done, you know, mamma—and therefore papa can never forgive them."

Mrs. Callanan, with a puzzled expression on her watery face, looked curiously at her daughter, and then slowly observed: "I would not advise you to be so inquisitive, Ellie."

Ellie smiled strangely, but did not reply. She seemed buried in deep reflection. Although she occupied herself with various little household duties during the day, she exhibited an unusual thoughtfulness in her manner; and even at dinner she did not appear so volatile as usual.

In the evening Doctor Colgan was announced. He had evidently come to fulfil the promise he had made of calling to see his patients. As the ponderous Doctor, accompanied by Mr. Callanan, entered the room where the two ladies sat, his loud voice was heard saying with thundering indistinctness:—

"Yes—of course—nerves—women generally nervous."

"Doctor Colgan has come to see you, Ellie," said Mr. Callanan, with an air of composure, which seemed merely a slight modification of his usual sullen reserve.

"I only came to pay you a flying visit, ladies," said Doctor Colgan. "How are you, my pet?" he added, warmly shaking hands with Ellie. "Good-morrow, Mrs. Callanan"—turning to her mother—"how do you find yourself to-day?"

Mrs. Callanan, with the impulsive fussiness she always exhibited when she wished to receive strangers kindly, hastened to order some punch for the Doctor.

"What's the matter? what's it all about?" said Doctor Colgan, who appeared to be slightly puzzled by Mrs. Callanan's movements—"if 'tis drink, I'll not take anything."

"Oh! yes, please, Doctor," said the lady, with a smile of sickly courtesy.

"But you have not told me how you feel yourself?" the Doctor resumed, as though he felt bound to submit to his fate.

"Oh! my nervous system is not at all strong, Doctor," replied that lady in a lackadaisical tone.

"Well, why don't you try to acquire energy, ma'am?" said the Doctor, gravely shaking his head.

"Ah! that's not so easy, Doctor," returned Mrs. Callanan, with a pensive sigh.

At this point a servant entered, carrying a tray, and the Doctor, with the air of a proficient, soon concocted a bumper of punch. "Are you not going to drink anything, Callanan?" he asked, suddenly.

"No," returned Mr. Callanan. "I never drink."

"I am afraid you are allowing yourself to get too gloomy, my dear Callanan. Don't you know that it is said in the Scriptures, 'Give wine to him that sorroweth?' and that Saint Paul—who was a man of some medical skill and common sense too—advises Timothy to take some wine for his stomach's sake?"

"I think it is the merest waste," said Mr. Callanan drily.

"Oh! there you are wrong, my good friend," said the physician: "'tis much better to waste your money than to waste your blood."

To this sage observation Mr. Callanan vouchsafed no reply.

"But what about this young lady?" said Doctor Colgan, as he sipped his punch with a very well-satisfied air. Ellie looked at the old physician with some curiosity.

"Change of air and exercise are necessary in this case," he remarked. "Have you good spirits, child?" he suddenly asked.

"Well, I think so, Doctor," said Ellie, quietly.

"Then, look here, Callanan, my friend!" said the Doctor, turning towards Mr. Callanan, who remained listening in moody silence. "Give your daughter a few months on the Continent. Take her to some watering-place in France or Germany. As the the old Latin poet says—

'Navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere.'

But I forgot that you don't know Latin—your classical education was neglected, Callanan. The poet means that we must go over land and sea in search of health. By-the-bye, where is your son—the young fellow with whom I had the discussion some time since?"

Mr. Callanan did not reply immediately. He seemed to be in a very sullen mood.

"Is there anything wrong?" asked the Doctor, looking around with some surprise.

"Oh! no, Doctor," Ellie interposed: "Charles has only gone into the country for a few weeks. He is at present staying at a place called Moore's Court."

"Moore's Court!" Doctor Colgan repeated. "I know the place well—the residence of the Moore family—is it not?"

"Do you know Sir Annesley Moore, Doctor?" Ellie inquired, with a look of curiosity.

"Sir Annesley Moore!" said the Doctor, thoughtfully. "No —not him. I knew his father, Sir Valentine—a very queer character, indeed."

Mr. Callanan looked up at the Doctor's face with sudden interest. "So you knew *him*, then?" he asked, with suppressed excitement.

"It was my misfortune to come into contact with him once," said Doctor Colgan, with more than his usual seriousness. "I met him often afterwards; but I never had anything to do with him professionally except on that one occasion. Let me see. That was, at least, fifty years ago. But what ails you, Callanan? You don't look well, my dear fellow."

The lead-coloured face, with its quivering lips and ghastly stare, that met the Doctor's eyes, seemed to have in it something like the wild desperation of insanity.

"You had better take something," said Doctor Colgan, gazing at Mr. Callanan with an air of bewilderment. "Get him a drop of brandy, please, Mrs. Callanan."

The "drop of brandy" being brought into the room and administered to Mr. Callanan, his face became gradually toned down into its normal expression.

Ellie Callanan looked on in mute astonishment. Mrs. Callanan gazed on her husband with the air of one who sees a giant suddenly stricken with physical weakness. The Doctor, after a long pause, resumed: "Well, I was speaking about Sir Valentine Moore, when——"

"Don't speak of him any more, if you please," cried Mr. Callanan, with sudden vehemence. "I hate the very mention of his name."

Doctor Colgan opened his eyes very widely. "He was not very popular, certainly. I dare say, nobody cared for him. Indeed, *I* have no reason to remember him with very much affection, for he treated me on that occasion——"

Again Mr. Callanan interrupted the Doctor. "Yes," said he, "we've had enough about him. He was a bad man. Don't say any more about him."

Once more Doctor Colgan stared at Mr. Callanan with the same air of bewilderment. After an awkward pause, the Doctor rose, and abruptly addressing Mrs. Callanan, who looked at him with languid surprise, said: "I suppose it is time for me to be going, Mrs. Callanan?" Then, lowering his loud voice almost to a whisper, he added: "Take care of your husband. He is a strong-minded man; but his feelings seem to get the better of him sometimes. Good-evening, ma'am—your nerves will grow stronger in good time, I hope. Good-bye, my dear child"—kindly shaking hands with Ellie Callanan—"I hope you

will go away from home for a few months somewhere. Good-evening, my dear Callanan"—nodding carelessly towards that gentleman, who only returned his salutation with a moody stare and a distant bow—"don't excite yourself too much, for God's sake! It would certainly injure your health."

With these valedictory words, Doctor Colgan left the house.

(To be continued.)

ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

MR. LECKY'S *England in the Eighteenth Century* is a highly-interesting contribution to historical literature. His object, he tells us in the preface, is not to give a detailed account of military events, or of the minor personal and party incidents which form so large a part of political annals; but to disengage from the great mass of facts those which relate to the permanent forces of the nation, or which indicate some of the more enduring features of national life. This object he has accomplished with rare skill. There are histories which chiefly consist of dry details of great public events. Mr. Lecky, while giving due prominence to these, enlivens his book with brilliant sketches of eminent political leaders, eminent writers, and eminent religious agitators. Of its comprehensive nature the reader will form an idea when we say that he gives graphic notices of subjects so varied as High Church, Low Church, religious enthusiasm, witchcraft, scepticism, the theatre, drunkenness, aristocracy, democracy, Methodism, gambling, gardening, architecture, painting; all which subjects are treated in a style so animated, that the reader's attention is perpetually sustained by the narrative.

In a work on English history in the eighteenth century, the Jacobite movements necessarily occupy considerable space. Into this part of the national annals, Mr. Lecky has made diligent inquiry; and the result of his investigations presents us with a view of the Jacobite cause, its hopes, its chances, its strength, its weakness, not exactly in accordance with what we believe to be the popular impression. At the Revolution of 1688, the succession to the crown, failing William and Mary, and failing their successor Anne without surviving issue, was, as everyone knows, settled on the Electress Sophia and her descendants. The general acquiescence of the English people in that settlement has been often assumed by writers who discuss the transactions of the period. It is true they tell us of a large body of nonjurors,

* *History of England in the Eighteenth Century.* By William Edward Hartpole Lecky.

clerical and lay; but these adherents to the Jacobite cause are represented as the quiet devotees of a theoretic principle, faithful to the memory of a dynasty which had lost all chance of restoration. Yet its chance was far from being desperate. Queen Anne had the strongest antipathy to the Hanoverian family who were destined by law to succeed her. There was a numerous, although ill-organized, Tory party in the country who abhorred the idea of placing a foreigner upon the English throne. The members of that party looked with favour on the exiled house of Stuart, influenced by their reverence for the principle of hereditary right, and attracted by the British origin of the expelled family. The grand counteracting sentiment was the English dislike to the Catholic religion, which the Pretender persistently refused to abandon, although frequently assured that if he conformed to the Church of England, all difficulty in the way of his restoration would vanish. Of this he was himself convinced; but, with a constancy which Mr. Lecky says may well be called heroic, he declined to purchase restoration to the throne of his ancestors at the price of apostasy. To an appeal which was addressed to him in 1714 by powerful members of the English government, he replied:—

"I neither want counsel nor advice to remain unalterable in my fixed resolution of never dissembling my religion; but rather to abandon all than act against my conscience and honour, cost what it will. . . . How could ever my subjects depend upon me, or be happy under me, if I should make use of such a notorious hypocrisy to get myself amongst them? . . . My present sincerity, at a time when it may cost me so dear, ought to be a sufficient earnest to them of my religious observance of whatever I promise them."

This straightforward declaration was eminently calculated to invite confidence in him who made it. Our author, however, says that it only increased uneasiness and distrust. Yet, in spite of that uneasiness and that distrust, in spite of the popular hatred of the Catholic religion, he records that in England the probabilities of the next succession to the throne were so evenly balanced, that there were few leading statesmen who did not enter into Jacobite intrigues. Chances, in fact, looked so nearly equal, that it would have overtaxed any man's sagacity to foretel the result.

"Berwick strongly urged upon the Jacobites that they should induce the queen to take the bold step of inviting the Pretender over during her lifetime, and presenting him to the parliament as her successor, on the condition that he bound himself to defend the liberties of the Church; and Lord Townshend wrote to Hanover that the Whig party entertained strong fears that some such course might be adopted. The Jacobite Lord Hamilton was reported to have said, that 'he who would be first in London after the queen's death would be crowned. If it is the Pretender,

he will have the crown, undoubtedly; and if it is the Elector of Hanover, he will have it.'"

Queen Anne's mind was balanced between strong hostility to the Hanover succession, natural regard for her brother, and certain counteracting influences which are briefly stated by our author. Notwithstanding these, Lord Bolingbroke contemplated the formation of a Jacobite ministry. Mr. Lecky says:—

"There is every reason to believe that such a ministry, supported by the queen, presided over by a statesman eminently skilful, daring, and unscrupulous, and disposing of all the civil and military administration of the country, could, in the existing condition of England, have effected the restoration of the Stuarts."

So much for England. In Scotland the Jacobite interest was still stronger than in England, for the Pretender could appeal to the powerful sentiment of Scottish nationality, not only as the descendant of the ancient royal race of Scotland, but also as affording a hope of repealing the Union, which was then regarded as a national grievance of the first magnitude.

"Scotland," says Mr. Lecky, "had lost her parliament, but there can be little doubt that her dominant sentiment was Jacobite. . . . . Among the Highlanders and the Episcopalian gentry, Jacobitism had always been very powerful; and the Presbyterians of the Lowlands, who might naturally be regarded as the implacable enemies of a Catholic sovereign, and especially of a sovereign of the House of Stuart, were so bitterly hostile to the Union, that great numbers of them were prepared to subordinate their whole policy to the single end of obtaining its repeal."

Jacobitism, as a policy, has long since been consigned to the tomb. But we believe that it still lingers in many Scottish minds as a sentiment. So lately as 1845, on the centenary of Charles Edward's arrival in the West Highlands, a meeting was held to celebrate the inauguration of a monument which some *laudatores temporis acti* had erected to commemorate his gallant but ill-starred attempt, on the spot where he first displayed his standard.

Mr. Lecky says little of Irish Jacobitism in the reign of Anne; but he mentions that the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Sir Constantine Phipps, was strongly suspected of Jacobite sentiments, in which the House of Lords, including of course the bishops, were believed to participate. But the Irish House of Commons at that period was intensely Protestant and Whig.

From our author's narrative, it is plain that the Jacobite cause had many elements of strength; but these were neutralized by want of organization; so that the queen's death, on the 1st of August, 1714, found the party unprepared for combined and effective action. On the other hand, the Whig party were ably marshalled by their leaders, and acted with cohesion and prompti-

tude. The contrast between the two parties was described by Lord Bolingbroke on the 23rd of the previous March, in a letter to Lord Strafford, in which the writer said:—"The Whigs pursue their plans with good order and in concert; the Tories stand at gaze, expect the Court should regulate their conduct, and lead them on, and the Court seems in a lethargy." Although the queen's death had been expected for months, yet the state of matters thus described remained unaltered on either side. When it became evident that her majesty could not survive many hours, a privy council, irrespective of party, was summoned to attend. The Whig leaders displayed the vigour in which their opponents were so fatally deficient. "They had," says our author, "the great advantage of knowing clearly the policy they should pursue, and their measures were taken with admirable promptitude and energy." Every military and naval preparation the crisis rendered needful was instantly made, so that the queen's death found the Whigs compact, and consequently powerful, while the unorganized Jacobite party were politically paralysed. On the 18th of September, King George the First, accompanied by his mistresses, arrived in England, "when he was received with no opposition, and with some applause."

In the following year the Pretender made his unsuccessful attempt to regain the throne. He came to Scotland, but his hopes were defeated by mismanagement. He issued a proclamation to his "subjects," which was answered with exquisite humour by Addison in the *Freeholder*. The Hanoverian king and government were for the present so firmly established, that Addison looked on all efforts for their overthrow as chimerical. The Pretender had promised, in the event of his restoration, to "remit and discharge all crimes of high treason, misprision, and all other crimes and offences whatsoever, done or committed against him or his father."

"But," asks the *Freeholder*, "will you answer in this case that King George will forgive us? Otherwise we beseech you to consider what poor comfort it would be for a British Freeholder to be conveyed up Holbourn [to the gallows] with your pardon in his pocket."

Mr. Lecky's account of the Scotch Union of 1707, is exceedingly interesting. He truly observes that the political absorption of a small into a larger nationality can very rarely be effected without irritating the most sensitive chords of national feeling. And he adds, with equal truth, that the sentiment of nationality is one of the strongest and most respectable by which human beings are actuated—no other, he says, has produced a greater amount of heroism and self-sacrifice; and no other, when it has been seriously outraged, leaves behind it such enduring and such dangerous discontent. It was natural, it was inevitable, that the Scotch nation should regard with indignant abhorrence the pro-

posal to extinguish their parliament. Many causes conspired to exasperate the old animosity between Scotland and England. The destruction in King William's reign of the Darien project in which Scotch enterprise and Scotch capital had so largely been engaged, was merely an extreme exhibition of that commercial jealousy with which England habitually regarded the industrial efforts of her northern neighbour. As a matter of course, the Scotch resented the commercial hostility that struck at the root of their national prosperity. In 1704, their parliament passed the famous Act of Security, in which it was provided, that until the Scots had a satisfactory treaty with England in reference to commerce and other concerns, the succession to the Crown should remain an open question. The royal assent had been refused to this bill on its first introduction; but on its again receiving the sanction of the Scotch legislature, the queen, by Lord Godolphin's advice, assented to it. The measure was necessarily most unpopular in England. By it, Scotland in effect told England, that unless certain commercial privileges were conceded, the nations should pass under different sovereigns on the death of the reigning queen. England replied by an address from the House of Lords to the queen, exhorting her majesty to make military demonstrations on the northern border; to hold all Scotchmen (with certain specified exceptions) as aliens, unless by a given day the Scotch Parliament should have enacted the same succession to the Crown with that of England; she was also empowered to enforce commercial restrictions with the utmost rigour, and to order the capture of all Scotch vessels trading with France.

Matters had now reached a crisis. England was sufficiently powerful to ruin the Scotch by blockades and commercial embargoes; and the only condition on which she would admit them to equality of commercial privilege, was the extinction of their national parliament. She, in fact, starved them into an incorporating union. They were driven to a cruel alternative: the sacrifice of a dearly-cherished nationality, or else the destruction of their industrial life. Even so, the nation evinced its hatred of the Union by petitions against it, and by anti-union riots in different places; and the prevalence of the Jacobite sentiment, as we have already remarked, was in a very great degree the result of a conviction that the Stuarts, if restored, would restore the Scotch Parliament. It is a curious fact that the Union had barely lasted six years, when a motion for its repeal was introduced by the Earl of Findlater, in the English House of Lords. The numbers for and against the repeal were so nearly equal that the motion was only defeated by four proxies.

The Scotch lost their parliament, but the commercial provisions of the Union opened a door that had previously been closed against their industry and enterprise. They began, at first rather

slowly, to avail of their new privileges; and their nation has in our own day made the most of the solitary boon which the Union contained. It is quite true that they obtained that boon by the Union; but it is quite probable that they might have obtained it *without* an Union, as the Irish did in 1779. In some period of England's difficulty or embarrassment, she might have been glad to purchase Scotch assistance and support by conceding freedom of trade.

Mr. Lecky compares, or rather contrasts, the Scotch and Irish Unions. The Scotch gained free-trade in exchange for their parliament. But the Irish gained free-trade in 1779 without surrendering their parliament. England had something to give Scotland as the price of the surrender. She had nothing to give Ireland. "The years," says Mr. Lecky, "between 1779 and the rebellion of 1798 were probably the most prosperous in Irish history; and the generation that followed the Union was one of the most miserable."

The following passage is not more eloquent than true:—

"The sacrifice of nationality was extorted by the most enormous corruption in the history of representative institutions. It was demanded by no considerable section of the Irish people. It was accompanied by no signal political or material benefit that could mitigate or counteract its unpopularity, and it was effected without a dissolution, in opposition to the votes of the immense majority of the representatives of the counties and considerable towns, and to innumerable addresses from every part of the country. Can any impartial man be surprised that such a measure, carried in such a manner, should have proved unsuccessful?"

Mr. Lecky might have added that all the machinery of corruption, gigantic as it was, would have failed to achieve the Irish Union, if the country had not been lashed into rebellion by the machinations of the Government, whose object was to revive and exasperate party and sectarian animosities; to obtain a pretext for martial law and military violence; and thus to lay prostrate the constitutional strength of the nation, which, if free and unmolested, would have risen with resistless force in defence of the Irish Constitution. Lord Holland declared that the actions of Lord Edward Fitzgerald had his full approval, as his country "was bleeding under one of the hardest tyrannies our times had witnessed." In fact, it required an elaborate policy of persecution to counteract the growing fusion of the different races in Ireland into one body, animated by the sacred spirit of common nationality. At the beginning of the century, when confiscations were recent, and when the new proprietors were in constant fear of dispossession, penal laws were passed, as much to fortify the Protestant garrison in their acquisitions, as to gratify sectarian hatred. But as time advanced, the Protestant

garrison began to discover that they were Irish. Aggressions made by England on their interests necessarily produced a spirit of resistance, and threw them gradually into something like union with their Catholic fellow-countrymen. The change is thus described by Mr. Lecky:—

"Few legislative bodies ever exhibited a more savage intolerance than the Irish Parliament in the first quarter of the eighteenth century. In the last quarter of the same century the Irish Parliament showed itself far more liberal in its dealings with Catholics than the Parliament of England; and measures, which would have been utterly impossible in England, were carried with scarcely perceptible difficulty in Ireland."

This noble spirit of tolerance, this growing amalgamation of Catholics and Protestants into one compact national body, would not have suited Pitt's designs against Ireland. If it were allowed to go on, if sectarian jealousies were obliterated, if thorough confidence in each other were permitted to supersede ancient hatreds, the combined inhabitants of Ireland would have proved too strong for the statesman whose object was to overthrow the Irish Parliament. Accordingly, the system was adopted and encouraged, which Burke calls the outlawry of the Catholics. Crimes against the people were committed with impunity—murders, burnings, and various other outrages, all which Grattan charged on the guilty connivance of the Government. The regime of the Sirrs, the Beresfords, the Sandyses was encouraged, and when the sanguinary anarchy had reached the desired point, the preparations for the Union were deemed complete. A pretext had been thus created for the introduction into Ireland of an overwhelming military force, sufficient to check any popular opposition to that measure. Mr. Lecky says that the Government, by impressing a belief that the Union would be immediately followed by Catholic Emancipation, obtained some ecclesiastical support. It is indeed true that ten Catholic prelates were deluded by this expectation; but their credulity must have been excessive when they placed any reliance on the promises of statesmen who were engaged in a scheme so nefarious as the extinction of our national legislature: a scheme which involved a flagrant breach of the public faith pledged to Ireland by the British Government in the international transactions of 1782 and 1783. To trust promises made by such men may have shown the simplicity of the dove, but none of the wisdom of the serpent. Pitt is sometimes eulogized as having had large and liberal views with respect to the Catholics. To us it seems pretty clear that his occasional utterances in favour of Emancipation were insincere. At any rate his later actions were in harmony with his early anti-Catholic opinions. We learn from *Grattan's Life* (vol. v., page 183, note), that on the 7th October, 1784, Pitt expressed his desire to support such "a prudent and temperate reform of Parliament . . . . . .

as may unite the Protestant interest in excluding the Catholics from any share in the representation of the government of the country." Just ten years later, in October, 1794, he pretended to Grattan that his government would support Catholic Emancipation; but at the same time he privately told Lord Westmoreland that the Catholic Bill should *not* pass, and that the removal of the Beresford faction from office should *not* take place. Lord Westmoreland, in April, 1795, divulged this fact in Parliament, as the period for introducing the measure of the Union approached.

"The Government," says Mr. Lecky, "intimated to the leading Catholics that they would be in favour of Emancipation if the Union were carried. . . . But no sooner had the Union been carried, than it appeared that the ministers were not even agreed in desiring Emancipation; that they had not taken a single step to overcome the known opposition of the king, and that they were prepared to make no considerable sacrifice in favour of the Catholics. Pitt resigned office, indeed, when the king refused to consent to the measure, but he resumed it within a month, and he resumed it on the express understanding that he would oppose any attempt to carry Emancipation."

Thus were the credulous prelates tricked by Pitt and his government. There were Catholics, however, who did not share their credulity: Catholics who scorned the idea of purchasing any privileges for their co-religionists at the price of surrendering Irish legislative independence. Among these was Daniel O'Connell; and it is due to his memory to record that he nobly stood forward to rescue the Catholic body from the imputation of consenting to any such compromise. His first public speech was delivered at an anti-Union Catholic meeting held in the Royal Exchange on the 13th January, 1800; and to the end of his life he faithfully adhered to the principles he then enunciated. He complained of the calumny, industriously repeated in a thousand quarters, that the Catholics approved of "a measure as detestable to them as it was ruinous to their country." It was necessary to repel that calumny:

"In vain," said he, "did the Catholics individually endeavour to resist the torrent. Their future efforts, as individuals, would be equally vain and fruitless; they must then oppose it collectively. There was another reason why they should come forward as a distinct class: a reason which, I confess, has made the greatest impression on my feelings. Not content with falsely asserting that the Catholics favour the extinction of Ireland, this their supposed inclination is attributed to the foulest motives. . . . It is said that the Catholics are ready to sell their country for a price, or, what was still more depraved, to abandon it on account of the unfortunate animosities which the wretched temper of the times has produced. Can we remain silent under so horrible a

calumny? This calumny is flung on the whole body. It is incumbent on the whole body to come forward and contradict it. They will show every friend of Ireland that the Catholics are incapable of selling their country. They will loudly declare that if their emancipation were offered for their consent to the measure —even were emancipation after the Union a benefit—they would reject it with prompt indignation. . . . In fine, let every man who feels with me proclaim that if the alternative were offered him of the Union, or the re-enactment of the Penal Code in all its pristine horrors, he would prefer the latter without hesitation as the lesser and more sufferable evil; that he would rather confide in the justice of his brethren, the Protestants of Ireland, who have already liberated him, than lay his country at the feet of foreigners."

So spoke Daniel O'Connell; and there is no doubt that his words expressed the sentiments of the great mass of Irish Catholics. After the Union, "the Catholics," says Mr. Lecky, "for some years acted with perfect moderation, till it became evident to all men that their cause had not only not been assisted, but had even been greatly impeded by the Union. Then at last O'Connell induced them to change their policy. Duped and sacrificed by the English Government, they threw themselves into a violent agitation, brought the country to the verge of civil war, and obtained emancipation from a Tory ministry by the menace of rebellion. Such an episode was not likely to pacify the country, or to reconcile it to the sacrifice of its nationality; and it is not surprising that the organized agitation that was created should have been turned in the direction of repeal, or that the animosity produced by the Union should even now be far from extinguished."

Although Mr. Lecky, as the title of his book announces, has dealt chiefly with the eighteenth century, yet he is often retrospective; for he knows that in the transactions of past ages are frequently found the causes of modern events, and the sources of modern feelings and prejudices. He looks back at ancient Ireland, and speaks with affectionate admiration of the early civilization which made our country, in one of the darkest periods of what are termed the dark ages, a refuge of learning and piety. Speaking of the Anglo-Norman invasion, he remarks that for centuries the English rule, as a living reality, was confined within the narrow limits of the Pale; and he then says:—

"The hostile power planted in the heart of the nation destroyed all possibility of central government, while it was itself incapable of fulfilling that function. Like a spear-point embedded in a living body, it inflamed all around it, and deranged every vital function. It prevented the gradual reduction of the island by some native Clovis, which would necessarily have taken place if the Anglo-Normans had not arrived, and, instead of that peaceful and almost silent amalgamation of races, customs, laws, and

languages which took place in England, and which is the source of many of the best elements in English life and character, the two nations remained in Ireland for centuries in hostility."

It must be remembered that the Norman Conqueror of England planted the seat of his government in the country he had conquered. England was governed from within, not from without; and notwithstanding the intense hostility by which for generations the invaders and the natives were reciprocally animated, yet it was inevitable that as years advanced, and as the administrative institutions of England acquired a national tone, the various sections of her people should ultimately blend into one amalgamated nation under the shadow of a resident government and legislature.

The case of Ireland was in many respects the reverse of this. The passage last quoted from our author points out the difference with sufficient clearness. Yet, in spite of that difference, there cannot be a doubt that the continued existence in Ireland of a national parliament, gradually extending its electoral basis, reflecting more and more the popular sentiment, and faithfully guarding the national interests from external aggression, would in time have dispelled all antagonism between native and invader, and created an effective bond of brotherhood among the several races who inhabited the country. That much of this amalgamating process had actually taken place is evidenced by the change from intolerance to liberality in the character of the Irish Parliament, which Mr. Lecky has recorded. Its final completion would have speedily arrived, if it had not been counteracted by the sinister policy of Pitt.

Looking back to the reign of Elizabeth, Mr. Lecky tells us that the suppression of the native race "was carried on with a ferocity that surpassed that of Alva in the Netherlands, and was hardly exceeded by any page in the bloodstained annals of the Turks."

Of the governmental operations of that day, he presents us with some illustrative instances:—

"A deliberate attempt was made by a servant of the British Government to assassinate in time of peace the great Irish leader, Shane O'Neill, by a present of poisoned wine; and although the attempt failed, and the assassin was detected and arrested, he was at once liberated by the Government. Essex accepted the hospitality of Sir Brian O'Neill. After a banquet, when the Irish chief had retired unsuspiciously to rest, the English general surrounded the house with soldiers, captured his host, with his wife and brother, sent them all to Dublin for execution, and massacred the whole body of his friends and retainers. An English officer, a friend of the viceroy, invited seventeen Irish gentlemen to supper, and when they rose from table had them all stabbed. A Catholic archbishop named Hurley fell into the hands of the English authorities, and before they sent him to the gallows they tortured him to extort confessions of treason by one of the most horrible

torments human nature can endure—by roasting his feet with fire. But these isolated episodes, by diverting the mind from the broad features of the war, serve rather to diminish than enhance its atrocity. The war, as conducted by Carew, by Gilbert, by Pelham, by Mountjoy, was literally a war of extermination. The slaughter of Irishmen was looked upon as literally the slaughter of wild beasts. Not only the men, but even the women and children who fell into the hands of the English, were deliberately and systematically butchered. Bands of soldiers traversed great tracts of country, slaying every living thing they met. The sword was not found sufficiently expeditious, but another method proved much more efficacious. Year after year, over a great part of Ireland, all means of human subsistence were destroyed, no quarter was given to the prisoners who surrendered, and the whole population was skilfully and steadily starved to death."

The green corn was systematically cut down, the cattle driven off, the houses burned, and massacre and universal devastation followed the footsteps of the English power. The Lord President of Munster, for instance, assures us that having heard the Munster fugitives were harboured in certain parts of that province, he directed his troops thither, "burnt all the houses and corn, taking great preys. . . . and harrassing the country, killed all mankind that were found therein." Thence he went to other parts, where "he did the like, not leaving behind him man or beast, corn or cattle, except such as had been conveyed into castles." (*Pacata Hibernia*, pp. 189, 190.) The Protestant historian, Leland, observes that where the agents of the English Government had not yet penetrated, the "rebels," as he calls them, "had established an unusual regularity and plenty." A fact that disproves the accusation of idleness and thriftlessness so often brought against the Irish of that day; as the qualities of industry and thrift were indispensably required to establish regularity and plenty.

Mr. Lecky is a Protestant; but his theological opinions do not in the least degree warp his judgment of the horrors he narrates. He regrets that the definitive adoption of Protestantism by the English nation should have been contemporaneous with those horrors. He considers it very natural that under the then existing circumstances, the Irish should have continued in the Catholic faith; and he somewhat cynically says that "the new religion, as represented by a Carew or an Essex, was far from prepossessing to their eyes." He has been very successful in exposing the clever chicanery of Mr. Froude, who, although collecting and aggravating in his *English in Ireland* whatever could be said against the Irish people, and reducing in that book the English atrocities to a minimum, was yet, in his *History of England*, obliged to record some facts which curiously contrast with his historical theories. For instance, our author cites from Froude's *History* the following admissions:—

"The suppression of the Catholic services, enforced wherever the English had power, and hanging before the people as a calamity sure to follow as the limits of that power were extended, created a weight of animosity which no other measure could have produced, and alone, perhaps, made the problem of Irish administration hopelessly insoluble."

Again:

"The language of the Archbishop of Cashel to Cardinal Alciati shows that before the Government attempted to force a religion on them which had not a single honest advocate in the whole nation, there was no incurable disloyalty. If they were left with their own lands, their own laws, and their own creed, the chiefs were willing to acknowledge the English sovereign."

Quoting these admissions, Mr. Lecky adds the following citation from Froude:—

"The Irish were not to be blamed if they looked to the Pope, to Spain, to France, to any friend in earth or heaven to deliver them from a power which discharged no single duty that rulers owe to subjects."

And yet, in his *English in Ireland*, "the same writer," says Mr. Lecky, "represents the same rebellions as the unprovoked manifestations of an incurable ingratitude." Coming to the civil war of 1641, our author gives a graphic summary of the causes which forced the Irish people to take up arms in their own defence. The long series of encroachments on their landed rights and on their religion, the manifest design of the governing classes to exterminate their race, left them no other alternative than submission to the most atrocious tyranny, or an armed effort to protect their vital rights. Mr. Lecky asserts that there is no rebellion in history of which the causes are more abundantly attested, and more irresistible. "The reader," he says, "must form his own judgment of the writer (Mr. Froude) who, with a full knowledge of these facts, has published the following as a true account of the rebellion of 1641: 'The Catholics were indulged to the uttermost, and therefore rebelled.'" (Froude's *English in Ireland*, i., p. 89.)

Our author examines with much acuteness, and with judicial impartiality, the allegations on both sides concerning the crimes committed during that disastrous civil war. When it is remembered that the Irish rose to defend themselves against extirpation, it is not matter of surprise that all the hatred of race and of creed was unchained. Lord Clarendon's story of a sudden, general, preconcerted massacre, perpetrated by the Irish at the very outset of the civil war, is dismissed by Mr. Lecky as being utterly and absolutely false. It is quite incompatible with contemporaneous accounts of the acts of the Irish, written at the time by their bitterest enemies. The enormous fictions of the writers who set down the victims of this imaginary massacre at 40,000, at 150,000,

at 200,000, and at 300,000, are presented to the reader as samples of the calumnious exaggerations which found ready acceptance with the English people.

While, however, Mr. Lecky rejects the monstrous figments of Clarendon, Temple and others, he shows no disposition to deny or to conceal such crimes as were actually committed by our countrymen. As the civil war went on, the passions of men became exasperated to a pitch of frenzy. Mr. Lecky reminds the reader that there was an unbounded opportunity for private vengeance in a country where a recent and gigantic confiscation, the recent intrusion of bitterly hostile adventurers who were planted in the lands of the despoiled owners, and a recent civil war conducted with singular ferocity, had made private hatreds particularly savage and tenacious. "Only a few years," he says, "had elapsed since the confiscations of James I., and ever since they had taken place the alien race had been steadily encroaching by force or fraud upon the old inhabitants." Under such circumstances, it would have been miraculous if the wronged and trampled natives had not often retaliated savagely on the intruders. Instances of murders committed by them are candidly recorded by Mr. Lecky, who, while he demonstrates the incredibility of the English accounts of the outbreak, gives full prominence to such crimes as can be laid with truth to their charge. This portion of his work is well worth the careful study of all who wish to arrive at a correct judgment on a period of our annals that has been systematically misrepresented by a crowd of hostile writers. Mr. Lecky considers the estimate of the Rev. Doctor Warner, a Fellow of Trinity College, as being probably more correct than that of any of his predecessors, and he cites the following passage from Warner's *History of the Civil War:*—

"The number of people killed, upon positive evidence collected in two years after the insurrection broke out, adding them all together, amounts only to 2,109; on the report of other Protestants, 1,619 more; and on the report of some of the rebels, a further number of 300, the whole making 4,028. Besides these murders, there is in the same collection" (viz., the depositions preserved in Trinity College), "evidence on the report of others, of 8,000 killed by ill-usage; and if we should allow that the cruelties of the Irish out of war extended to these numbers—which, considering the nature of several of the depositions, I think in my conscience we cannot—yet, to be impartial, we must allow that there is no pretence for laying a greater number to their charge."

Warner quotes Father Walshe as having computed the number of murdered at about 8,000.

The total, at the smallest, is horrible; but not only is it vastly smaller than the numbers given by Clarendon, Temple, Hume and others, but it sinks into comparative insignificance when con-

trasted with the enormous massacres committed on the Irish by the agents of Elizabeth's government. Nay, even if we accept the doubtful statement that the Irish homicides out of war reached 8,000, that number does not very much exceed the number of Irish whom Sir William Cole boasts that his single regiment had starved to death; of which exploit, says Leland, "we find the following hideous article recorded by the historian Borlase, with particular satisfaction and triumph: 'Starved and famished of the vulgar sort, whose goods were seized on by this regiment, seven thousand.'" (Leland, book v., chap. 5, note.)

We should observe that Mr. Lecky gives several instances of humane and considerate conduct on the part of the Irish Catholics to the Protestants. Our limits preclude our following his account of the atrocities of Cromwell; but of the enduring result on Irish feeling of those atrocities, he says:—

"The name of Cromwell even now acts as a spell upon the Irish mind, and has a powerful and living influence in sustaining the hatred both of England and Protestantism. The massacre of Drogheda acquired a deeper horror and a special significance from the saintly professions and the religious phraseology of its perpetrators, and the town where it took place is to the present day distinguished in Ireland by the vehemence of its Catholicism."

Our author defends the Irish Parliament of 1689 from the aspersions of Lord Macaulay. By one act which, as he observes, was far in advance of the age, that parliament, chiefly composed of Catholics, established perfect religious liberty in Ireland. We have not space to follow Mr. Lecky's analysis of its proceedings. He admits that the Act of Attainder was in some respects censurable. But it was matched by an analogous Bill of Attainder introduced in the Williamite interest into the English House of Commons on June 20th, 1689. That Bill passed the Commons, and was returned by the Lords with some amendments, which the prorogation of parliament deprived the Commons of an opportunity of considering. In a note (ii., 195), Mr. Lecky remarks that Lord Macaulay, who expends much indignation on the Jacobite Act of Attainder passed by the Irish Parliament, is totally silent regarding the precisely similar Williamite Bill of Attainder which passed the English House of Commons, and of which the final enactment was merely prevented by a prorogation. His lordship makes no allusion to it, although he minutely relates most of the proceedings of the parliament into which it was introduced.

It is needless to say that Mr. Lecky treats the whole Penal Code in the spirit of Edmund Burke and Henry Grattan. His account of the social and political condition of our country during its continuance is in the highest degree instructive. His brilliant pen traces the operation of that code in its numberless

ramifications; and he winds up this portion of his narrative by remarking that one of the results of the laws that were intended to crush Catholicism in Ireland was, that after a few years the Catholics increased in a greater ratio than any other portion of the population.

That the legal persecution of the Catholics during a great part of the eighteenth century, was highly prejudicial to the material and industrial progress of Ireland is, of course, undeniable. But, in spite of that tremendous obstacle to national prosperity, our author shows the beneficial influence of a resident legislature, although clouded by bigotry and crippled in its functions by the British Government. The following passage is important:—

"A parliament, representing almost exclusively a single class in a country where religious disqualifications and recent confiscations made class divisions very profound, was naturally on many occasions exceedingly selfish and arbitrary. But an assembly of resident landlords can hardly fail to take a real interest in the material welfare of their country, or to bring a large amount of valuable experience to legislation. Many measures of practical, unobtrusive utility were passed, and a real check was put upon the extravagance of the executive. *Had there been no parliament—had the whole revenues of the country remained under the control of such statesmen as Newcastle or Walpole—there can be no reasonable doubt that the condition of Ireland would have been much worse.* Some tens of thousands of pounds were annually squandered in scandalous pensions or sinecures; but still taxation was moderate, and it had little tendency to increase. A very able Englishman, who was Chief Secretary under Lord Townshend, has observed that since the first year of George II., for the space of fifty years, the only additional taxes imposed on Ireland were some inconsiderable duties, appropriated to the interest and principal of the debt, and some small duties, the produce of which was specifically assigned to the encouragement of tillage, or some particular branch of Irish trade or manufacture."

In our notice of this able and valuable book, we have found ourselves chiefly attracted by the portions that concern our own country. Of course we have copious details of English foreign and domestic policy. The characters of Marlborough, Oxford, Bolingbroke, the elder Fox, the elder Pitt, Walpole, Chesterfield, and other leading Englishmen, are graphically sketched in connexion with the narrative of their actions. There is an acute and entertaining dissertation on the national debt, in which the advantages and evils of that great national burthen are discussed. There is a dissertation on English aristocracy as contrasted with aristocracy on the Continent. There are some curious and interesting statistics of the growth and great prevalence of drunkenness in London, and in other parts of England. The figures

which show the increase of that accursed vice between 1684 and 1735, are the following:—In the former year the average of British spirits distilled, is set down at 527,000 gallons; in the latter year it had risen to 5,394,000 gallons. "Retailers of gin were accustomed to hang out painted boards announcing that their customers could be made drunk for a penny, and dead drunk for twopence, and should have straw for nothing; and cellars strewn with straw were accordingly provided, into which those who had become insensible were dragged, and where they remained till they had sufficiently recovered to renew their orgies." We are also given an account of the atrocious outrages perpetrated by young men of the higher classes in the streets of London on unprotected passengers of both sexes; those committed against women combining indecency with brutality. Every phase of English life during the century is delineated with more or less fulness, and in every case with evident knowledge of the subject. The deadness of religious feeling, the prevalent scepticism, the general laxity of morals that pervaded England, are illustrated in several cases by personal anecdote. Addison, notwithstanding his Protestant and English prejudices, is candid enough to declare in the 37th number of the *Freeholder*, that the spiritual condition of England was much worse than that of the adjacent Catholic nations. His words are worth quoting:—

"It is," he says, "a melancholy reflection that our country, which in times of Popery was called the Nation of Saints, should now have less appearance of religion in it than any other neighbouring state or kingdom; whether they be such as continue still immersed in the errors of the Church of Rome, or such as are recovered out of them. This is a truth that is obvious to everyone who has been conversant in foreign parts."

Dean Swift, in his *Letter to a young Clergyman*, written in 1720, says:—

"It is allowed on all hands that the people of England are more corrupt in their morals than any other nation at this day under the sun."

To this deplorable condition of morals, the corrupt example of the Court, and the writings of deistical authors, effectively contributed. The social position of the English clergy was depressed to a wretchedly low level. The flood of immorality that overwhelmed the nation on the restoration of King Charles the Second, had, in the previous century, done much to bring the clerical profession into contempt; and it seems clear that the national morals had displayed no improvement in the reigns of the first two Georges. The clergy were treated as an inferior class; treated, says our author, as upper menials; "they lived on familiar terms with the servants, were made the butt of the squire, and of his children, were dismissed from the dinner-table as soon as the pastry appeared; and if they had not already formed a connexion

with the cook and the housemaid, they often closed their career by purchasing some small living at the expense of a marriage with the cast-off mistress of their patron."

As an instance of aristocratic contempt of the clerical order, there is an anecdote related of a nobleman—we think a Lord Sandwich—who had trained a monkey, dressed up in canonicals, to jabber something intended to ridicule grace before dinner. It is added, that a clergyman who was present immediately quitted the company and the house, saying, that his presence was evidently needless, as his lordship had provided himself with an appropriate chaplain.

To counteract the prevailing irreligion and infidelity, Wesley, the founder of Methodism, and his celebrated coadjutor, Whitefield, commenced an agitation to which is rendered full justice in Mr. Lecky's narrative. Differing, as we must necessarily do, from the special theological opinions of those men, it is bare justice to admit that they were eminently earnest, eminently self-denying, eminently indefatigable, and gifted with a very rare amount of that species of eloquence which is best calculated to excite sympathetic enthusiasm in vast audiences. To rouse men's souls from total indifference to eternity, to force home into their consciences that the inevitable judgment that awaits mankind is of all concerns the most important—these were most honourable labours, and in numerous instances wakened up the profligate, the worldling, the unbeliever, to a consciousness that his immortal soul, on which he had not hitherto bestowed a thought, was destined to an eternity of unspeakable happiness or torment. But, mixed up with much that was good, there was a large amount of absurdity, and also of anti-Catholic bigotry. With regard to the latter, Wesley denied salvation to the Catholics, who, he said, could not expect to be saved, according to the terms of our Saviour's covenant. And he was also their bitter political enemy, having even opposed the toleration of their Church. With regard to Methodistic absurdities, Mr. Lecky remarks that Methodist sermons were especially preached to the nerves; and, he adds, that a more appalling system of religious terrorism, or one better fitted to unhinge a tottering intellect, than that of the early Methodist preachers, has seldom existed. Instances are given of insane extravagances, which recall to our minds the extraordinary roarings, screamings, epileptic fits, and frantic exclamations, produced in Belfast a few years ago by what was termed a religious revival. Among the singular impressions resulting from enthusiasm, we are told of the fancy entertained by one Grimshaw, who relates, that being seized with a sudden dizziness, he found himself in a dark narrow passage, divided by a wall from hell, when he overheard the First and Second Persons of the Trinity disputing about his fate. The former said that he should be damned; but the latter took the opposite side, and prevailed in securing his

salvation. We are given a good many Methodist miracles; we are told of the intensely real zeal of some of the leaders of the sect, and the profligate hypocrisy of others. The established clergy at first resented their initiatory labours as an unwarranted intrusion on the preserves of the Anglican Church. Some rural parsons, however, did not seem to trouble their heads about the new doctrines, provided that their parochial revenues were undiminished. We have met an anecdote of a country rector, whose flock were attracted by a Methodist missionary to so great an extent as to leave his church almost empty. The clerk deplored their desertion. "Ah! sir," he sorrowfully said to the rector, "our people are all going over the hill to their newfangled preacher." "Aye, John," responded the reverend gentleman, "but did you see any of my tithes going over the hill?" "No, sir," answered John. His reverence seemed quite satisfied.

In Mr. Lecky's work there is so much that is excellent that we have little disposition to point out defects. We think that in his account of the Irish Parliament, he ought to have made mention of the different occasions on which it affirmed its constitutional independence, in the reigns of Henry IV., Henry VI., Henry VIII., and Charles I. This he has not done. He, however, records that the parliament of King James II. repealed Poyning's law, and asserted its own legislative independence; and he adds that if the position thus asserted could have been maintained, Ireland would have been saved from at least some of those commercial restrictions which a few years later reduced her to a state of abject wretchedness.

Of Catholicity, he says that it never can be looked on merely as a religion. "It is a great and highly-organized kingdom, recognising no geographical frontiers, governed by a foreign sovereign, pervading temporal politics with its manifold influence, and attracting to itself much of the enthusiasm which would otherwise flow in national channels."

Much of this may be said of Protestantism. Not, however, the whole of it. Protestantism is generally a republic, or rather many republics; not a kingdom. In its missionary as well as its political aspect, it disregards geographical frontiers. The Protestant machinations of Elizabeth on the Continent are one instance in point out of many. Politics have as largely been pervaded by the temporal influence of Protestantism, as by that of Catholicity. And in Ireland, notwithstanding such illustrious exceptions as Grattan, Curran, and some others, and notwithstanding the grand patriotic movement headed by Protestants in 1782, it is unhappily true that as a rule Protestantism among us has attracted to itself much of the enthusiasm which would otherwise flow in national channels.

We cannot take leave of Mr. Lecky without offering him our hearty acknowledgments for his generous and conclusive defence

of the Irish Catholic Church from one of the basest of Froude's calumnies, namely, the charge brought by that writer against the Catholic bishops and priests of the last century of encouraging the abduction of Protestant heiresses by Catholic bachelors. Mr. Lecky's defence of our clergy is searching and thorough. Abductions there certainly were, and in a state of society which wicked laws had rendered lawless, it is no wonder that they were tolerably numerous. But Mr. Lecky shows, not only that there is not a single iota of evidence to inculpate the Catholic priesthood with complicity in those offences, but he brings proofs of their being the subject of fierce episcopal denunciation. Protestants were found among the abductors. A startling abduction was committed in June, 1756, by Mr. Henry Grady, a Limerick gentleman, who rushed into the Protestant church of the town of Tipperary, in the middle of divine service, accompained by an armed party. He called out that anyone who stirred would be shot, struck the clergyman, the Rev. John Armstrong, with a hanger, cut through his surplice and gown, and hastening to the seat occupied by Miss Susanna Grove, dragged her out of the church. His party then retired slowly with their faces turned, and their guns presented towards the congregation, shut and locked the door of the church, and carried off the key. As a set-off against Irish abductions, Protestant or Catholic, Mr. Lecky gives copious details of the scandalous prevalence in England of what were called Fleet marriages.

But we have overstepped our limits, and must conclude with a hope of again soon meeting our author in that field of literature in which he has displayed many of the best qualities that should distinguish a historian.

W. J. O'NEILL DAUNT.

A DAY DREAM.

Once came a golden dream in summer noon,
As on a pillow of faint opiate leaves
Stretched slumbrously I lay, the while the light
Cleaving the sultry curtain's interspace
Dizzied the chamber's distance; and outside
The sunny tendrilled casement hummed the bees:
The many-throated music of the birds
Ceased in the heavy heat; and the slow world
Seemed moving through the stillness in a dream.

I thought, as the sun set, a Spirit approached
Straight from the sinking glory, with a sound
Of airy melody that swiftly swelled
To deep, sonorous thunder. As I gazed,
Swiftly arrived, I heard him alight amid
The tempest hurry of vast wings: then stand
Fronting me, as a windless ocean calm,
Or shining mountain summit spired in snow.
A touch thrilled on my brow, and I looked up,
But veiled in splendour were the lineaments
Of the great angel, of whose voice alone
My human sense was conscious, as he shaped,
In music tempered to the ear, like light
Transmuted into sound, the summons—"Come!"

I rose; 'twas evening—all was air around:
The level lands grew dark; the space of sea,
Silent and sad, lay dim beneath; but soon
Along the steeps of evening came a star,
Like a new god to a deserted world,
Exultant, silent, confident in light
Through the great gloom: his splendrous forehead lit
The path we twain pursued along the sea;
And o'er broad plains where life was silent, o'er
Huge mountains clothed with pine and ridged with snow;
Deserts of ice and frozen vales; a world
Of winter piled in night; from whose gaunt walls
Down dismal precipice to dark profound
Drear torrents plunged, and multitudinous streams,
Cold-foaming, swirled along impetuous;
And on a plain converging, broadened forth
In a great river. Onward thence across
A summer sea of azure, domed with stars:
Until at length, eastward, arose a land
Hung like a purple cloud along the dawn,
Which brightened as we passed its shoreward peaks
With a pale halo, such as when the moon
Fronts from the low-sea line the sunset dead,
Over an evening realm, and so remained
As in dim Hades, where the past still lives
A life all phantom fair. Yet warm was here
The wind from hill and sea, o'erlooked by cliffs
Piled high in mist and light; and sweet the clime
That o'er the faint, unwintered cheek of day
Showered blushes: here a spirit Beauty reigned
O'er stream and vale and city glimmering plain,
Here lived a brooding life in leaf and fruit;
Here lingered, summering in yellow woods,

Where phantom heroes, happy shades, reposed,
And 'mid the snowy tumult of the clouds
Heaped eastward, many a god and glorious shape
Lay, walked, and slumbered in the amber light.
Faint as a lily's shadow by a spring,
All where it was a land of beauty and dream,
From the sweet eyes of nymphs in caverns lone
To the great level stars that southward shone
Along the twilight steeps of purple air:
For here 'twas night, ever a moonless night;
The orbs moved not, and time had seemed no more,
Save that each hour there dropped a solemn star
Slow to the west, and striking the rich sea,
Rung like a shower of bells from the blue wave
A note of passing: and for ever more
From the dark clothed hills the steep cascade
Sprang with a roar, tossing its plumes of foam,
And round the woodskirt on the asphodel plain
With sleek blue waters wimpled into light.

T. C. IRWIN.

HIGH TREASON.

A TALE OF THE JESUITS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY C. W. CHRISTALL.

CHAPTER V.—THE MEETING AT SIR JOHN CONIERS', AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

IT is said by those who may be regarded as authorities on so important a subject, that the decline of the very ancient sport of hawking in England is to be ascribed to the enclosure of those waste lands so necessary for the cultivation of all out-door amusements. Private greed and public utility have left us but few open spaces now; and turnpike roads form a poor substitute for the unrestrained freedom of the woods and heaths, amid which our forefathers, both noble and plebeian, roamed at will.

But at the period of which we write, hawking was a recreation in which the monarch himself delighted; and his example was so eagerly followed by his subjects, that falcons commanded higher prices during his reign than they ever did, before or since.

It was therefore perfectly in accord with the times, and a matter that could excite no surprise, that a large party of ladies

and gentlemen, mounted and bearing falcons on their wrists, should meet on a certain day in August, before a quaint-looking mansion, situate not many miles south of the pleasant, yet important city of Birmingham.

The day was still known, but little honoured, like everything else that pertained to England's old religion, as the Feast of the Assumption; and the house was called Ipsley Lodge, the residence of a well-known and most determined recusant, one Sir John Coniers.

Although everything was in readiness, and the sun slowly mounting above the tops of the forest trees, threatened speedily to swallow up every available inch of shade, there seemed little disposition on the part of those assembled to commence their sport. From the indifference exhibited on all sides, a close observer might have suspected that some other cause than amusement had drawn the party together: and his suspicions would not have fallen far short of the truth.

The appearance of two gentlemen at the entrance of the mansion caused a slight movement in the crowd; and after a little further delay, the party broke off into groups, disappearing by various paths among the forest glades, and the newcomers were alone. But they at length rode away, conversing quietly as they went. We know them both already. The tall, thin man is Sir John Coniers, who visited Studley under the name of Mr. Smith: his companion is Captain Burnet.

But presently they returned in evident confusion, having in their company a little man with a red beard, whose reeking, dust-begrimed steed showed that he had ridden far and fast. Dismounting instantly, they entered the house.

The stranger was a man rather below the middle height; poorly clad, and of exceedingly plain appearance. There was nothing about him to indicate his sacred calling; he might, with safety, have been taken for a mechanic, a smith or a carpenter, perhaps, in both of which trades he was expert. People had listened wonderingly to the many stories—and they were true—of his hair-breadth escapes; of the traps laid for his capture, out of which he emerged unscathed. Priest-hunters had come upon the place of his concealment suddenly, finding the nest still warm, but the bird flown; and baffled and angry, had pursued their fruitless search elsewhere, only to encounter fresh disappointment. Few, save those of his own faith, would have recognised in that humble figure the head of that noble order, that heedless of danger, was labouring with patient fidelity to prevent the complete banishment from English soil of the Catholic religion, then undergoing its darkest and most bitter trial.

"You bring news of importance, father?" said Sir John, bending reverently to kiss the Jesuit's hand.

"Hush! no names. I am Mr. North for the present. My

news will not affect you much, Sir John; but it will send our friend Captain Burnet a long journey," he replied, with a curious twinkle in his sharp grey eyes. "Being on my road hither, I thought it expedient to take Warwick in my way. A friend of ours, who is in the confidence of the authorities, and who occasionally gives me items of intelligence that are of great service, informed me that the identity of Burnet, as he is called, was discovered; and that the sheriff, who has for some time held a warrant for his arrest, has received fresh orders, and has been despatched in quest of him."

"I expected as much," said Burnet; "and my name is known?"

"Everything is discovered," said Mr. North. "Concealment is hopeless. You cannot, therefore, remain here any longer."

"Would it not be possible for me to hide at Studley until this has blown over?"

"No," said Mr. North; "it cannot be. From what I heard at Warwick, it is evident that you have been watched, and that your person is well known in this locality. And was it altogether prudent, my brother, to seek shelter of one of such high station in the county as Lord Aston?"

"It was unavoidable," said Burnet; and he briefly related the circumstances that had led to his residence at the manor-house. "The sheriff," he continued, "suspected me from the first; and when Sir Roger Aston arrived, I thought all was lost. But I found that he did not clearly remember me; and but for a few words with the sheriff, to whom I protested that I had a secret mission from the king—which was true as I meant it, but not as he understood me—I came off unmolested. But how did the sheriff get at my name?"

"That is soon told," said Mr. North. "Sir Roger knew you as having been a prisoner at York, where he examined you on several occasions. His memory was assisted by Mandrill; and after comparing notes, the pair arrived at the right conclusion."

"But," urged Sir John, "if the sheriff held a warrant for Father —I mean for Captain Burnet's arrest—why did he hesitate to enforce it? He is not so neglectful usually of his pleasant duties."

"The warrant contained neither the proper appellation nor the assumed one of our friend. But that would have made no difference if the sheriff could have been certain that Burnet was the man he was in search of. It has been amended now, however; thanks to the united sagacity of Master Mandrill and Sir Roger," said Mr. North.

"If you think it too hazardous for me to remain," said Burnet, "what course then do you suggest?"

"I considered the matter fully, as I rode from Warwick," said Mr. North. "Some days since the news reached me from London that two of our brethren had been taken, and I was urged to send further assistance. I thought of you at the time, as being a

stranger to the city, and therefore less exposed to the risk that attends us when we become at all known. There is much to be done there; but the hazard is great—greater by far than exists in districts like this. Yet, if you would prefer any other part——"

"All places are alike to me," said Burnet. "What matters it where we work, so that the work be done?"

"Be it so, then," replied Mr. North. "The sheriff is on his way hither. I gained the start of him by more than an hour, so that if you are willing to commence your journey at once, you have no time to lose. These, then, are your instructions:—I would recommend you to travel by way of Henley-in-Arden, thence to Stratford-upon-Avon, and press on with all speed for Banbury, where you will meet one who is known to you. I sent him forward from Warwick this morning. He will await you in the churchyard at sunset; if you do not arrive to-day, he will be at the same spot to-morrow. I give you no token or papers; he will be your guide to London."

"I will carry you the first stage of your journey," said Coniers.

"Your blessing first, my father; it may be for the last time. God only knows!" said Burnet.

He knelt, and Coniers followed his example, while Mr. North made the sacred sign, murmuring the well-known words of benediction.

"And now to baffle the poor sheriff once more," said Mr. North, as soon as they had left.

Descending to the garden, he flung off his jerkin, and with a hoe vigorously proceeded to weed the flower-beds, with a skill that showed such work was no novelty to him.

Presently he heard the trampling of horses and loud voices echoing through the avenue, but affecting to be absorbed in his occupation, he went on calmly until a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder.

"Now, knave," said the sheriff, in an imperious tone, "where is your master? Speak! Have your dolt's brains gone wool-gathering?"

Mr. North looked along the ground on one side of him, and then on the other, as though he heard or understood the question imperfectly, and then fixing his eyes in stolid wonder on the inflamed visage of the sheriff, said quietly:—

"I will go and tell the servants, sir;" and he was moving away when the sheriff angrily called him back.

"What! what!" said he. "Stop: are you not one of Sir John's servants, then? Who are you?"

"A poor gardener, sir, as you see," was the reply, given without the faintest show of trepidation. "My work lies out-of-doors. I have no call to trouble myself about household matters. There is a hawking-party here to-day, and I think Sir John is with some of the other gentlemen."

"Mount, mount, and follow !" shouted Mandrill, as the dogs, raising their heads with a deep howl, caught the desired scent."—*High Treason.*—(Page 205.)

The sheriff turned away impatiently, muttering something very like an oath.

A rapid and careful search was now made by the sheriff, attended by one of his men, and in a concealed closet behind the wainscot of Sir John Coniers' apartment, a small empty leathern trunk and a cloak, which were recognised as Burnet's property, were discovered by the sheriff. He now offered large rewards to anyone of the servants who would show him the hiding-place of the man known as Captain Burnet. But his efforts were in vain. The only information he could procure was to the effect that Burnet had kept his room almost entirely during his stay; and that the guests had held some meeting that morning in the picture-gallery. All this was very unsatisfactory to Master Mandrill, and in despair of obtaining further clue, he went out and called for the dogs.

Two splendid bloodhounds of the purest breed were brought forward; muscular and compact animals of a reddish tan colour, with broad forehead and tawny muzzle, and with the serene, sagacious aspect indicative of a degree of instinct so lofty as almost to resemble reason.

The cloak, which the sheriff identified as the one he had seen worn by Captain Burnet, was, in obedience to his orders, cast at the feet of the hounds. They eagerly sniffed about it, and the leash being slipped, ran to and fro, while their movements were watched with the keenest anxiety by the sheriff and his followers.

"Mount, mount, and follow!" shouted Mandrill, as the dogs, raising their heads with a deep howl, caught the desired scent, and bounded away along the path that Burnet had taken.

But the fugitives were already some miles off, proceeding at a good pace along the road towards Stratford. Sir John was anxious; casting many a backward glance, and biting his lips and frowning heavily at times, according to his usual habit. They had not followed the high road to Henley, but branching off near Woodland's Green, a way thoroughly familiar to Coniers, had skirted Morton Bagot, and succeeded in reaching Wootton Wawen before the sheriff had quitted Ipsley.

They clattered through Wootton, but within a few yards of the narrow stream that crosses the road beyond the village, Sir John's horse shied, and coming in contact with the broken branch of a tree, fell heavily to the ground, hurling his rider from his back. Sir John was not hurt, and rising instantly, caught the bridle as the beast struggled to regain its feet; and then, to his consternation, he found that the horse was maimed, and its shoulder severely lacerated. Burnet dismounted, and after a cursory examination, it became apparent that Sir John's journey was perforce at an end.

"This is a misfortune," said Coniers; "but 'tis ill crying over spilt milk. Your road lies straight before you, through Bearley;

in another hour you will reach Stratford. Ride on, sir; ride on, in God's name."

A hasty farewell, and Burnet, setting spurs to his horse, dashed across the river, and was out of sight in a moment, leaving Sir John standing dejectedly beside his wounded steed.

"Well, well, poor beast!" he said; "'tis no fault of yours. You did your best; and happy should we be, in our way through life, if we missed our foothold as seldom."

The animal seemed to understand his master, and bent its sagacious head, as if sympathizing with his disappointment. The knight patted its neck affectionately, and leading it down to the stream, bathed its wounded knees and shoulder, from which the blood was running. Resigning himself to the inevitable, Sir John put the bridle over his arm, and led the animal back to the village, where he gave it in charge of the host of the little wayside inn, telling him that he would send for it in a day or two; and then, yielding to the man's entreaties, he sat down in the rush strewn parlour to rest himself.

But his mind was too full of the hunted priest from whom he had just parted, to allow him to touch a morsel of the food that was set before him. He pictured to himself the lonely wayfarer speeding on, stage by stage, towards the goal that was ever in view: to the end that such as he, outcast and proscribed, came to sooner or later—the felon's death; the dishonoured grave. And what was Burnet's offence? He was priest of a Church that England cherished no more, and whose followers she denounced as traitors. That was all.

He clasped his sword-hilt impatiently; his thin nostrils dilated, and flinging down a piece of money, he abruptly left the house. The bitter sense of wrong; the remembrance of unmerited and savage persecution to which all of his creed were subjected, were overpowering, and created within him a wild and burning desire of revenge.

He did not observe, in his abstraction, that the keeper of the alehouse still stood at the door, watching his angry gestures and scowling brow, in stupefied wonder.

Without being aware of it, he was retracing, almost instinctively, the road by which he had journeyed; and, recalled to himself by a finger-post that loomed forth on his left, he mechanically read the inscription thereon.

"Aston Cantlow!" he muttered; and then, brightening up, he said: "ah, in good stead: I may borrow of my lord another horse to carry me back to Ipsley. So be it. He is better than most of our neighbours, and befriended poor Burnet but recently."

Turning his steps rapidly towards the place he mentioned, he had walked some distance, when the deep baying of hounds startled him He paused, and listened attentively, and the cries gradually grew stronger as they approached.

"What have we now?" he said. "Is it bloodhounds? Oh, that a dozen of my stout fellows were at hand!"

The sounds approached, then grew fainter, and finally ceased. They proceeded, as Sir John surmised, from the sheriff's party, who in hot pursuit sped rapidly through the village. But at the edge of the stream the hounds suddenly stopped, raising a wild howl, and clawing at the bloodstained earth. Mandrill pushed the men aside, and leaping off his horse, bent down to examine the stains more closely. He could not understand it.

It was impossible that the Jesuit and his guide had quarrelled, nor could they have encountered another troop of pursuers, for the commission had been entrusted solely to the sheriff, who had not imparted to anyone his knowledge of Burnet's identity, until he had reached Ipsley.

He ordered the men to carry the dogs across the stream, in the faint hope that they might regain the track of the Jesuit; but it was a useless experiment. The scent of the hounds was destroyed by the smell of blood.

Hastily returning to the village, the innkeeper underwent a stern and searching examination. All that the man knew was speedily told. Sir John Coniers had been there, bringing with him his wounded steed. It was still in the stable, and his honour could easily satisfy himself of the truth. The animal's wounded shoulder accounted for the blood that had been found by the river side; but whither had the Jesuit vanished?

Sir John had no companion with him; of that the man was certain. He came as he had departed, alone; and the road he took was readily pointed out to the sheriff.

"He has taken refuge somewhere hereabout," thought the sheriff. "Coniers would not leave him until he had reached a place of safety."

He hastily ran over in his mind the neighbouring recusants—he knew them all; but was unable to fix upon one more likely than the rest, to harbour a priest. They would all do that with the utmost readiness, and glory in outwitting the sheriff.

"Who were the leading gentry near Wootton?" he asked the innkeeper. The man mentioned several names, and among them that of Lord Aston.

The sheriff started: here then was a clue. The nobleman, in his evident desire to protect Burnet, had endeavoured to persuade the sheriff to relinquish his pursuit. What could be more feasible than that the Jesuit, assured of Lord Aston's protection, had again sought refuge at the manor-house.

Without the hounds, now rendered useless, Mandrill was wholly at fault. True, he might follow the high road, taking up the broken track from the point at which it had stopped; but to what purpose? How was he to ascertain whether Burnet had

kept to the main road, or which of the innumerable byways, by which it was intersected, the fugitive had taken?

Inspired with a new hope, the sheriff mounted his horse with alacrity, calling out to his men to follow, and rode off at a brisk trot; but the latter having retired to refresh themselves with a tankard of ale, had fallen into deep converse with some rustic gossips at the inn, and remained behind, unaware of their leader's sudden departure.

He rode on eagerly, scanning the path on every side; and following the road indicated by the sign-post, was, as he fondly hoped, rapidly gaining upon his prey. But he abruptly drew rein, with an exclamation of surprise. His glance fell upon the spare, athletic form and haughty features of Sir John Coniers, who stood before him, right in his path, leaning unconcernedly against a tree; his arms folded, and his dark, piercing eyes fixed in no very respectful or cordial mood upon the sheriff.

"Ah, traitor!" exclaimed Mandrill. "Run to earth at last. Where is that Jesuit dog—your companion?"

"I keep company with no dogs," rejoined the knight, stung by the coarse insult, "be they sleuth-hounds, or the wretched curs that trot behind a sheriff."

"Have a care, Sir John Coniers," said the sheriff, his face aglow with passion. "Have a care! You will have to answer before long for the offence of concealing a Jesuit in your house. Where is your late companion?"

"The road is open to you," said Coniers, contemptuously. "Seek him for yourself. Do you take me for a pursuivant, or a spy that has just joined your band?"

The sheriff looked hurriedly round, but no sign of his followers met his view. Giving his horse a touch with the spur, and drawing his sword, he sprang forward, aiming a heavy blow at the knight; but the weapon became entangled in the branches above his head, and at the same moment his horse, stumbling amongst the brushwood, nearly unseated him. Sir John nimbly stepped aside, and seizing the uplifted arm of the sheriff, clutched him by the collar of his doublet, and dragged him to the ground. But the horse was startled, and plunging violently, did its master good service by dragging him suddenly away from Coniers.

Mandrill disengaged his feet from the stirrups, and picking up his sword, rushed towards the knight. Both were expert swordsmen, and their skill seemed equal; but the advantage clearly lay upon the side of Sir John, who, standing warily on the defensive, contented himself with parrying the vigorous thrusts of his opponent.

The sheriff was overmastered by rage; and mistaking the knight's caution for a sign of fear, threw the whole of his strength into one desperate and final thrust. But Coniers, with a dexterous turn, sent the sheriff's sword spinning in the air, at the same

time inflicting a severe wound in his hand. Then, closing with him, he hurled him to the ground, and kneeling on his breast demanded his warrant.

The discomfited sheriff glared at the determined face, so close to his that he felt the other's hot breath upon his cheek, and feeling the point of Sir John's sword at his throat, gasped for breath.

"Your warrant, man; your warrant," said the knight, impatiently. "We are alone here; and I will slit your craven throat with as little compunction as I would a cur's, unless you give it up."

"It is in my pouch; take it," mumbled the sheriff.

"Out with it!" exclaimed Coniers.

The sheriff felt for, and at length produced the document. Sir John looked it over.

"Is this the only one?" he asked.

"I have no other, on my soul!" ejaculated the sheriff, fervently.

"Your soul!" said Coniers, with a passionate sneer. "Heavens, that this bullock's hide should contain an immortal soul! You said you had a warrant for my arrest. This is not it."

"No, no," said the sheriff: "only for that Jesuit who has given me the slip."

"I thank God that he has done so," replied Coniers. "Now, I am not going to destroy this precious slip of parchment. Take it, most worshipful sir, and if you do not eat every shred of it, by heaven, I will send your soul to Satan before its time."

The sheriff took the writ, and eyed his captor with such dark, revengeful looks, that Sir John pressed the point of his sword threateningly against the throat of his prostrate foe, as a hint that it was no time for trifling.

"I will not," said Mandrill, stubbornly.

"By heaven, but you shall!" said the knight, raising his sword as if to make a thrust. Mandrill looked up at him again, and warned by the knight's fierce, hard look, he put the slip of parchment to his lips.

"How can I eat it while your knee is pressing the life out of me?" he said sulkily.

"You shall try, nevertheless," said Coniers, with a grim smile. "That is right," he added, as the sheriff reluctantly tore off a corner with his teeth. "Needs must when the devil drives. 'Tis dry work, I doubt not. You shall have a stoup of liquor, presently, to wash it down withal. Fie, man! Why nibble at it so daintily? 'Tis good sheepskin, I warrant. Just imagine that it is a slice from a cold haunch, and it will go down as sweetly as if you dined in state at Warwick, with javelin men, and the rest of the rabble rout about you."

"Must I eat this too?" asked the sheriff, who had by this time arrived at the seal.

"Every morsel," replied Coniers. "That, I take it, must be a

luscious morsel of roasted fat, or a well-cooked spot of gravy. Your appetite for blood is not slaked yet, surely?"

Then, getting up slowly, finding that his directions had been fully complied with, he suffered the sheriff to regain his feet.

Poor Master Mandrill was thoroughly cowed, and looked so ruefully at his wounded hand, that Coniers could not refrain from smiling compassionately at his discomfited appearance.

"We had better journey on together, Master Sheriff," said Sir John. "I was bound for Aston, to borrow a horse, when you overtook me. It is not far; so mount, and lead the way. "But suffer me to ease you of these," he continued, drawing the pistols from the holsters. "I will also be your sword-bearer in case of accident."

These precautions were, however, unnecessary, as the sheriff was quite incapable of resuming the offensive, owing to his wound; and after his experience of Sir John's prowess, he felt little disposition to hazard another encounter. And, all things considered, he thought it the most prudent course to follow the knight's advice. It would be easy to account to Lord Aston for his wound; and he rather shrank from the ridicule of his own followers, which he could not fail to provoke by presenting himself before them in the plight of a prisoner at the mercy of a contemptible recusant.

"If I may presume to offer counsel," said Sir John, as he walked in the rear of the sheriff, "I should recommend that the knowledge of this little affair be confined to ourselves. You will not desire to hear it openly said that the high-sheriff of Warwick was worsted by a Papist, and compelled to swallow his own warrant; nor need you fear that I shall boast of an exploit that might put my neck in jeopardy. I readily promise secrecy on my part if you will share the bargain. Come, man, bear no malice. The fortune of war is always hazardous; and you have enow and to spare of success to set against this one defeat."

CHAPTER VI.—THE FALSE BROTHER.

THE principal thoroughfare of the opulent and teeming City of London, known as the Chepe, presented, one afternoon in September, a gay and varied scene. It was filled from end to end with its usual crowd of idlers and sightseers. Shouts and cries resounded on all sides. The booths that lined the pathway displayed so great a profusion of articles that you could dispense with, and many more that only the wealthy could hope to possess, as to give rise to grave speculations upon the possibility of finding a sufficient number of purchasers amid so dense a concourse of merchants.

Here a juggler, with arms bared to the shoulder, mounted on a little crazy platform, was going through his antics, and attempting to overcome the reluctance of his open-mouthed admirers to open their pockets also, and by their liberal donations to afford him an opportunity of swallowing the sword that he flashed before their wondering eyes, or poised deftly, point downwards, on his chin.

At a little distance a couple of depressed, mangy-looking bears, moving slowly in uncouth imitation of the dance, and urged to their unwonted exercise by the frequent application of a stick, were securely held by a merry-looking Savoyard, who, cap in hand, and with gleaming smile that displayed his white, even teeth, begged or thanked the amused and delighted spectators, in such imperfect English as he could muster.

The 'prentice boys in charge of shops, that were little better than the booths that faced them, loudly extolled the inestimable value of the merchandise set forth, and added to the din by their perpetual cry of "What d'ye lack? what d'ye lack?"

Amid the gay and glittering throng, there moved slowly and dejectedly a man of downcast mien, glancing furtively from side to side, and meekly bearing the elbowing and horseplay that were liberally dealt out by his neighbours. But deaf to all entreaties or objurgations, and indifferent to the sly jokes occasionally levelled at his sad exterior, he still shambled on with purposeless step, as though the society of his fellow-men were a thing to be endured but not enjoyed.

Pausing for a moment near the Church of St. Mary-le-bow, he stood aside to avoid the throng, and then mounting the steps, took refuge in the porch, letting his eye wander listlessly over the animated scene beneath.

A slight commotion, a few shouts, louder than those raised by the 'prentices and chapmen, attracted his notice. From the gates of the civic palace, a few yards from where he stood, there issued forth an imposing retinue of armed men, in the midst of which, with richly-plumed hat and massive chain of office, rode the mighty potentate, the Lord Mayor, bowing condescendingly in response to the salutations of his brother citizens, and listening with undisguised satisfaction to their plaudits, mingled with cries of "God save you, sir;" "Long life to your lordship," and the like.

One of his followers, happening to turn his head in that direction, let fall his gaze upon the man lingering in the church porch, and a look of recognition passed between them. It was something to be honoured with a salute from a follower of the Lord Mayor; but it gave no pleasure to the silent spectator, who shrank back, covering his face with his hand.

Presently the church clock began to strike, and raising his head, he slowly counted the hour; and then, with an impatient gesture, sprang down the steps, and, shouldering his way through the

crowd, hurriedly darted down one of the side streets. Treading the narrow, tortuous byways, he emerged at length in Canwick-street; and still, without slackening his pace, he hastened on until he stood before a mean and dismal-looking tavern, when he glanced hurriedly round, and then stopped. Peering in through the half-open door, he looked narrowly at the little group assembled there, drinking and quarrelling, but not seeing the man he sought, he slunk back again, and slowly paced the uneven pavement in front. He had not been there long when he was joined by a tall fellow, of dirty, dissolute appearance, and offensive swagger, his sword clanking at his heels at every step.

"True to time, as usual, Jasper Rookesby," he said. "They might set their clocks by my movements. But you are early to-day."

"Ten minutes already past the hour," said Jasper, pointing to the clock of St. Swithin's above their heads.

"Can you find no better witness than yonder lying time-piece?" said the other indifferently. "'Tis never in order. I say 'tis six o'clock, and not a second more."

"Well, we need not quarrel about it. I am here: let that suffice, Master Cuffe," replied Jasper, with a show of irritation.

"Quarrel!" ejaculated Cuffe, twirling his moustache with grimy fingers; "I should like to see the man who would pick a quarrel with Timothy Cuffe, while trusty hangs by his side!" and he tapped the sword-hilt in a menacing way. "But come in here," he added, as Rookesby stood almost contemptuously leaning against the wall with his arms folded. "My throat is as parched as if a hundred devils were supping off boiled brimstone in my stomach. I cannot talk here."

Entering the dingy tavern, he called for drink, extracting from the innermost recess of a greasy pouch a coin that he flung upon the counter.

"There goes my last mark," he muttered, gathering up the battered change. "If we do not light upon something very speedily, I shall eschew thy beggarly society, my worthy Jasper, and turn cutpurse for very existence. These citizens wax fat and insolent, curse them! Now, what news?"

"That is the question I was about to ask of you," said Rookesby, seating himself upon a cask.

"Do you mean to say, after making an appointment to meet me here to-day, causing me thereby to neglect most pressing business, that you have nothing to tell?"

"Lower your note, and do not shout so," replied the other. "See how these idiots are gaping at us. I told you this morning that I thought I had discovered a priest's nest, and where it was. If you had done your part, you might have made enquiries there yourself."

"Well, I—you see—that is, I am strange to the neighbour-

hood, and did not quite remember your directions," said Cuffe, hesitating.

"Then do not blame me for having such scanty news. But I have not been idle in the meantime. I went this morning over to St. Giles'-in-the-Fields, where we caught the two priests, but the place was deserted. All that I could ascertain in that quarter was that the meetings have been abandoned for the present. My informant seemed rather suspicious, although he knew me as one of his creed, and——"

"What!" ejaculated Cuffe, with a hoarse laugh that made some of the company drinking at the rude bar turn suddenly round; "have you been backsliding, oh, precious neophyte?—and after solemnly abjuring your errors and being converted to the true and blessed Protestant religion by the persuasive tongue of its worthy minister, Doctor Cuffe! Verily, my babe; we shall have to put on your iron swaddling-clothes again, or add another inch or two to your stature by a few turns of the rack."

And, throwing himself back, he laughed loudly, unchecked by the angry look that appeared on the face of his companion.

"Curse you!" said Rookesby, between his teeth, and rising abruptly; "can you do nothing better than put your coarse gibes upon me? But I will talk here no longer, where your senseless bluster draws upon us the eye of every tippling idler."

"I am silent as the grave," said Cuffe, following him into the street. "Don't fly at me, man, as though you would strangle me. If the rope were round my neck, I swear I could not but laugh at the thought of Jasper Rookesby, the sheriff's henchman and paid spy, mumbling his prayers with the Papists yonder, or kneeling before the priest and smiting his breast, while he accuses himself of every crime under the sun."

"No matter what I do," returned Jasper, with a look of desperation. "You would have swaggered and blundered until those two priests would have taken fright, and so slipped through your fingers, if their arrest had been entrusted to you."

"*Mea culpa, mea culpa*," said Cuffe, with mock solemnity, while an amused grin stole over his face. "I acknowledge my transgressions, my peerless Jasper; and humbly own my inferiority to your worship in such delicate transactions. 'Tis my misfortune, blame me not for it, that I was not born a Papist; or who knows but I might have become as keen and promising a ferret as you to hunt these rats from their kennels; but I doubt if I could have worn a double face so long, or played the hypocrite without the fear of detection."

"Have you done?" asked Rookesby furiously. Cuffe shrugged his shoulders without making any answer, and the pair walked on in silence.

"Come this way," resumed Jasper, "and observe the house I point out. I believe that a priest is hiding there, but I have no

certain knowledge; and if he be the man I suspect, he knows me, and I would therefore avoid him. I will gain further information if possible; but his capture must be left to you."

They were in a narrow street, where the quaint-looking houses with lofty gables and projecting stories seemed nearly to meet on either side. Underfoot was a rough, uneven pavement, if pavement it could be called, of round pebbly stones, over which the pedestrian slipped and stumbled as he went; and in the midst a gutter, into which all the refuse of the place was flung, ran its slow course, but only after a heavy rain, towards the river, into which it discharged its impurities, slowly and reluctantly, as if the noisome, festering mass was unwilling to quit the place to which, of right, it belonged.

But plenty of business was done within its contracted limits; and the tradesmen there were not a whit behind their prouder neighbours in the broader and more commanding streets, in their eager desire to gather up the glistening particles of gold with which, according to undeniable tradition, the great city has been paved from time immemorial.

It was known as St. Lawrence Pountney Lane; and the first part of the title was intelligible enough; for, in a little slip of a street running eastward from the midst of the lane, stood a humble, mean-looking church, of dilapidated appearance, dedicated to the Christian martyr; but how or from whom the saint obtained his euphonious affix none seemed to know or to care.

"There is the house," said Rookesby, without turning his head. "Do not pause; the saddler is watching us narrowly."

But the word made his companion start and look across the lane; and as he did so he turned pale, and with an oath abruptly hurried away, leaving the spy gazing after him, utterly bewildered at his sudden display of emotion. But although he regarded the house with newly-aroused curiosity, he could see nothing to account for the terror so unmistakably evinced by the pursuivant. A man was sitting near the unglazed aperture that formed the shop front, and by his side stood a boy. Above swung a sign; a gaudy daub of a ram, suspended in mid-air, intended to represent the golden fleece; and from the open lattice, that it partially screened, there peered, with strange, fixed expression, the face of a woman, with lacklustre eyes and snow-white hair. And as he stood wondering at Cuffe's strange behaviour, a pale, thin man stopped to speak to the saddler; and finding that the attention of both was now directed towards him, the spy glided away.

Before the church of St. Lawrence, that then occupied the corner of a little street connecting the lane with St. Lawrence Hill, he found his friend standing, hat in hand, wiping his heated brow with his greasy coat-sleeve, and as Jasper came in sight, he muttered something uneasily about the warmth of the evening.

"What, in the fiend's name are you about?" said Rookesby, in

an angry undertone. "You have spoilt our chance there. Shefford will not forget us easily."

"Who? What?" said Cuffe. "Did you say Shefford? Saints above! It is the same, then—the same. Look here, Rookesby," he said, recovering himself with an effort, and laying his trembling hand on the other's shoulder: "as I live, I saw a ghost just now. You believe in such things, do you not? It is the only particle of truth in your superstitious creed."

"Bah!" said his companion, with much disgust. "What idiot's babble is this? You have but the soul of a mouse in your giant's carcase. You do well to twit the Papists with superstition when you tremble like a leaf, and are frightened out of your wits at the sight of mere flesh and blood. Ghosts! You have drunk too much, and your brains are addled. I should be as melancholy as a gib-cat," he went on—more to himself than to his companion—"although my life is not a merry one, if I cherished the recollection of those whom I have brought to death. If their ghosts were to dog my steps, I could not venture out-of-doors without meeting at every street corner a dozen or two of them carrying their heads, newly stolen from Temple Bar or London Bridge, like St. Denis, who never knew the loss of his."

And he laughed—a wild, terrible laugh, that had no merriment in it.

"Hush!" said Cuffe, nervously. "Don't laugh; I cannot bear it. I told you I had reasons for not wishing to come into this neighbourhood. But come this way; I feel as if those eyes were upon me yet."

He shuddered and looked round, but the saddler's shop was hidden from view; and somewhat relieved, he continued:—

"I was sent to that very house some years ago, with some of our men to arrest a priest who was said to be in hiding there. Shefford was a stubborn recusant at the time, and boldly declared that no priest should be taken from his house. We burst into the place and made a thorough search; but he had been beforehand with us, and not a sign could we discover of priest, Mass-books, or vestments. Perhaps we were a little rough; we cannot be expected to be very mealy-mouthed or gentle with traitors who defy the law. Anyway, Mistress Shefford's chamber was searched with the rest. She was ill, they told us, but we did not believe it at the time; and she grew so terrified that she was utterly distraught and lost her reason. Rising from her bed, and kneeling on the floor with her hair hanging about her shoulders, she rained such fearful curses upon me that it curdles my blood even now to recall. And always when I am alone in the dark I seem to see her, and hear again her curse. Just now, as I stood before the house, I saw her face. I am sure it was hers. She glared at me with a stony glance, and pointed, as if to warn me that heaven's judgment would soon fall upon my head.

But her hair was dark at the time I speak of. Yonder ghost's was white as snow."

Jasper had listened with scorn at first; but either Cuffe's agitation, or some compunctious twinges of his own conscience, rebuked his levity, and he looked down gloomily, making no comment on the pursuivant's story.

The uneasy silence between them lasted some minutes; but the appearance of a person who suddenly turned the corner of the street diverted their attention. It was the man whom Jasper had seen conversing with the saddler. He halted at the sight of Cuffe; but shaking his head reprovingly, he was about to pass them, when Cuffe said:—

"Zebedee Price, as I live! How, now, good brother? Hast never a word for such a weak vessel as poor Timothy Cuffe?"

"Avaunt, scorner!" said the Puritan. "Godly admonitions are cast away upon such roisterers as thee. The elect hold no fellowship with the backslider and the reprobate."

"Hey-day, hey-day!" retorted Cuffe. "The flesh-pots of Egypt smell not so sweet to my reprobate nostrils as to lure me into the company of Papists. Has yonder recusant made you forswear yourself? Thou, Zebedee, in the arms of the scarlet woman of Babylon! Fie, fie!"

"My errand there was but to sell a saddle, for which I have no further use," replied the Puritan, meekly. "And Master Shefford, albeit he is a malignant, would have had me sit at meat with him; but we may not eat with the Sadducees. What saith Holy Scripture? 'Come out from them, my people, and be not partakers of their sins.' I refused to break bread with him, and shaking the dust from off my shoes, I fled the house of wickedness."

"Beshrew me, but I would eat, and gladly too, with worse folk than Papists," said Cuffe. "But who dwells yonder with Master Shefford? That was his son he had beside him, if I mistake not. Who else is there?"

"His wife," said Zebedee; "but she, poor lady, is demented."

"What?" ejaculated Cuffe. "His wife, do you say? Does she live, then?"

"Live! Yes," said Zebedee, with a vacant stare.

"Does no stranger lie there?" asked Jasper, as Cuffe gaspingly uttered some hoarse, inarticulate sounds. "I think I saw another face;" and he narrowly watched the simple countenance of the Puritan.

"There is a gentleman," said Price, slowly; "a merchant, it is said, who lodges there."

"Not—not a priest, good Zebedee?" interposed Cuffe, half-choked with excitement.

"I know not his business," replied the other; "but he is very good to the poor people hereabouts, and has done me many an act of kindness. Nay," he said, his feeble eyes resting for a

moment on the eager face of his questioner; "if he be a priest, I would not be the means of bringing him to harm."

"Would you, then, shield a traitor from justice?" asked Cuffe, sternly. "But, believe me, Zebedee," he continued, altering his manner, as he observed a sign of watchful caution in the Puritan's eye: "I mean him no ill; how could I when he has succoured some of our holy and chosen people, as you say he has? But, harkye, friend, if he be a priest, I could do him a good turn: I would warn him of the peril in which he stands."

The Puritan seemed to hesitate; but observing a rapid look of intelligence that passed between Cuffe and Jasper, he left them with some half-spoken objection to interfere in the affairs of others. Their eyes followed his lank, ungainly figure with astonishment, and Cuffe burst into a hoarse laugh.

"You have overshot the mark," said Jasper, sullenly. "A moment more and he would have told us all we wanted to know."

"And have we not gained it?" said Cuffe, triumphantly. "If the fellow who is hiding yonder be not a priest, this half-witted dolt would have said so. He knows, and out of a sneaking kindness would not betray him. And yet these sour Puritans hate Papists. I have been at their miserable conventicles, and heard such denunciations of Papists as would suffice to make the hair of any rational man to stand on end. I had thoughts at one time of bagging a few of them; but they were not worth a good goose shaft. The Papists, friend Jasper—the Papists fill our pockets better. No; I go not that way again, at least in broad daylight," he added, as Jasper was about to return to the lane. "I shall pay them a visit after dark, when the ghosts are flitting about. And the woman lives! I am glad of that. Aye, you may laugh now, if you will. What care I for her in the flesh?"

(To be continued.)

A GOSSIP ON STYLE.

THE term Style, of course, comes from the Roman *stylus*, with one end of which instrument the author wrote, and with the other erased the errors, redundancies, and inelegancies which he detected in his composition: hence, *revertere stylus*, to correct. Style, however, is something more than the result of the critical revision of written thought; it is its individual embodiment—its incarnation. Swift's definition of style is, "The best words in the best places;" while Buffon says, "the style is the man," meaning thereby, that it is the reflection of predominant qualities of his nature, and of his peculiar intellectual gifts, and not merely a

result dependent on the "rinsing and starching of composition," to use the phrase of a famous Frenchman. The greatest of poetic writers—Shakespere, for example, had no distinctive style: the larger the nature, the more comprehensive the mind, the greater the power of adaptability to the subject, and the greater the variety and appropriateness of its treatment of conception and execution. Coleridge has well applied to the universalist, Shakespere, the Greek work—*murionous*, "the thousand-souled," both from the variety of the creative imagination for character and emotion which he displays, and from the naturalness and versatility of the executive power of an intelligence which felt everthing it judged before turning "to shape the forms of things unknown." Shakespere's name is now typical of the highest poetic power. So we call Calidassa the Sanscrit Shakespere; Sophocles, the Greek; Calderon, the Spanish; Vondel, the Dutch. Universal sympathy, creative energy and presiding principle are his general characteristics. A French critic, in whose pages the most opposite opinions are found in reference to Shakespere, at whose tragedy he sneered in a well-known critique, says "that he infused into the English language an energy which it has never since been able to increase."

As instances of the variety of Shakespere's styles, take first a passage—which is epic in its grandeur, tragic in its force—Northumberland's outburst of passion on hearing of his son's death:—

> "Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
> The ruggedest hour that time and spite can bring
> To frown upon enraged Northumberland.
> Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's hand
> Keep the wide floods confined; let order die,
> And let one spirit of the first-born Cain
> Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set
> On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
> And darkness be the burier of the dead."

Second, the expectant rapture of Troilus, in "Troilus and Cressida":—

> "I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
> The imaginary relish is so sweet
> That it enchants my sense: what will it be,
> When that the watery palate tastes indeed
> Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
> Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
> Too subtle-potent, turn'd too sharp in sweetness,
> For the capacity of my ruder powers:
> I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
> That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
> As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
> The enemy flying."

For pomp and magnificence, *vide* passages in "Anthony and Cleopatra," Act iv., Scene 8, and the other Roman plays. For animation, the chorus which opens "King Henry V."

How Catullian is the following :—

> "As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
> With distinct breath, and consigned kisses to them ;
> Time fumbles up into a loose adieu ;
> And scants us with a famished kiss,
> Distasted with the salt of broken tears."

Without entering on topics which are fully discussed in books on rhetoric, such as the varieties of poetic and prose styles—the simple, exact, flowing, the style *coupe* and *periodique ;* suffice to say, that from a merely literary point of view, the highest style is that which leaves the impress of reason, imagination, emotion, and the sense of harmony ; and proceed to gossip about the prose style of a few English and other writers.

We all recognise the fine felicity of Racine, the dignity and solemn energy of Bossuet, the rhetorical vehemence of Rousseau ; or among our English authors, the delicacy, variety and ease of Addison, the ironical manner of Swift, and antithesis of Junius, the graphic strength of Carlyle, and so on. National literatures, looked at as a whole, also have peculiar characteristics which have left an impression on their styles. Thus in the old Spanish poetry we have the lovely breath of the south, and the pomp and magnificence of the east ; throughout that of France, logical claritude and animation, and vast variety of style ; as in our own prose writers and our poets.

Of Milton's prose, Macaulay has remarked, that it is illuminated with passages which occasionally rival in majesty the finest in his poetry. Instances of this may be found in several of his controversial writings, and especially in the Areopagitaka, compared with which, he says, "The finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance." Several such passages are indeed superb : both those which are inspired with devotional spirit, and those which are animated with denunciatory vehemence. In all such, the clear, cold sword of Reason becomes heated with the fire of imagination, making it brighter, but no less keen ; and resembling no longer some weapon of modish cutlery, but rather some archangel's brand, terrible in its force and its flames. Like many of the old English writers, the style of Milton, which is "periodic," is frequently involved and deficient in grammatical clearness. It was not, indeed, until English literature became influenced by that of France, in Addison's time, that it attained to the claritude peculiarly French. But for instances of the most powerful prose in our language, we must, perhaps, go back to the old writers.

One of the peculiar beauties in the pages of Bacon, Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Brown, &c., as compared with those of our modern writers, is to be found in their illustrative images and comparisons. What can be finer than Bacon's comparison of books to ships, which, "on the vast seas of Time, make ages the most distant consociate one with the other?" What more beautiful

than Jeremy Taylor's comparison of married life to the vine, or that passage in which he speaks of the frailty of human beauty, under the image of a rose—so lovely in thought and diction? The old writers had time to apply their reading and observations in imagery, unlike so many of the modern, who compose, as it were, under steam pressure; manufacturing cheap literary cotton for the demands of the daily market. We may remark also, that in our day the resources of the English language are utilized in a far less degree than by the great writers to whom we have referred. There has been a marked diminution in the number of words in use since the time of Shakespere, who employs fifteen thousand words; Milton ten or eleven; while six thousand words is the average employed in current literature. Many obsolete English words—which Horace compares to withered leaves—and which are dormant in our dictionaries, might be re-introduced, and thus increase the picturesqueness and the music of our composite language, which, like the Corinthian brass, is an amalgram of many elements; but in which, while the sonorous element resides in the polysyllabic words of Latin derivation, the simple energy lives in the monosyllabic and dissyllabic Saxon.

Among the old French writers, Pascal is noticeable for what may be termed the mathematical style. *Vide* in the "Penses," the chapters on the greatness, weakness, vanity of man. The arrangement of the sentences is syllogistic; each has its premise, copula, conclusion. The sentences short, and seldom swelling into a period, but admirably logical and clear. Macaulay seems to have been largely influenced by Pascal in forming his own clear style, whose other characteristics are its abundance of historical illustrations.

The classical languages, Greek and Latin, are, from their peculiar genius, more imaginative in their structure than the English—in which the sequence of expressed thought is more logical—the suspensions of the meaning of the period until the last word, and that last word frequently a verb, or a chief noun, has a powerful effect. The mind of the reader or auditor is thus left unsatisfied until the final word completes both the meaning and the music. Imitative instances of this mode of structure are found in some of the old English writers; and in artistic prose works of the imaginative order, especially, might perhaps admit of being more largely introduced into our modern English. As an example of verbal sequence, at once logical and imaginative, let us take the following passage from a description of a wild, gloomy scene of mountains and their torrents:—

"Here no form of spirit or bird appeared; nor did any sound break upon the immense solitude, save that of waters from the skiey heights, falling thundrous into the cool profound of their dark reservoirs." Here the order of the words is both picturesque and sonorous.

In the treatise of the "sublime" Longinus, as Gibbon calls him, and whose work—like those of Ruskin on Art—is rather an *excitatio* to, than a critical guide to excellence—some of the finest passages are the images in which he compares the genius of Homer in the Iliad and Odyssey to the rising and setting sun; the style of Plato to the ocean; the eloquence of Cicero to the conflagration, and that of Demosthenes to a torrent. The characteristics of the style of the ancient Greek writers, whether in poetry or prose, is simplicity, force, order, symmetry. Take an example *in petto*, one of the charming odes of Anacreon—such as that on the pigeon, or to Cupid, or to Roses and others; nothing can be more illustrative of the simplicity and beauty referred to; the first of which qualities are lost in Moore's version. His seven-syllabled lines—and, by the way, our old Celtic poetry is written in the same form—loses its antique force when translated in rhymes. One takes up Anacreon's cluster of songs as one inhales the perfume of a nosegay of some sunny morning, when the year is young, when the spring-light brings back the days of antique life, so far away. It is, indeed, refreshing to peruse them, or other collections of sweet song of a morning, or at night, when the traffic noise of a city has sunk in a silence which lets us hear the whispering of leaves, or liquid sound of fountains.' To the cluster of Anacreon's songs, may be added, as a bouquet for the fancy, some of those of Catullus, alike symmetrical, but more impassioned—such as the Acme and Septimius, that to Lesbia, and that to her Sparrow, and on its Death, and then, as a modern contrast to the latter, Keats' ode to the Nightingale, and Shelly's to the Skylark—the one so rich, mellow, and harmonious; the other so picturesque, musical, perfect in every way.

Phila tais Mousais Heos—"Morning is the friend of the Muses," was an old Greek saying; and it is, perhaps, also the pleasantest time for enjoying the sweet perfections of poetry; for reading short pieces whose colour and music influence the mind, and refine the taste like a cluster of varied flowers, or the outlines of fine sculpture. In the gardens of poetry, antique and modern, there is variety enough to satisfy all fancies. One may enjoy the simplicity and symmetry of old Greek composition; the sighs of Shelley's ode to the "West Wind," or the pure outline and grace of Keats' ode to a "Grecian Urn;" or take a song from Fletcher, or some of the old English dramatists; or if we affect idylic and elegaic poetry, peruse the pages of the greatest master of both these sorts of composition, and read Tennyson's "Gardener's Daughter," or some throng of verses from his "In Memoriam," or Arnold's "Thyrsis," at once so Greek in form and Saxon in spirit; or if the sonneters attract us, there is Sir Philip Sidney's sonnet to "Sleep;" that of Keats' in "Reading Chapman's Homer;" several of Morris's, which have a completely Italian air; and of course Petrarch, from whose collection one

may select the, "*Alma felice*" (24), "*Gli occi di che parlai*" (251); "*Levommi il mio penser*" (26), or "*Sole e pensoso*" (28), which last Ginguine considers the most perfect of all. Much of the charm of Italian poetry resides in the language, which, indeed, is music itself; but our English, as a vehicle of expression, has much greater strength and variety, as may be seen by comparing Milton and Tasso. Critics write about the energy of Demosthenes, and the senatorial dignity of Cicero's oratory; but we doubt whether, even apart from the inspired energy of its ideation, there are any passages in the entire range of ancient oratory which surpass in power, music, and majesty of language certain passages in, and the peroration of Grattan's speech on the "Declaration of Irish Rights." In such respects English eloquence presents nothing comparable. The finest passage, purely rhetorical in Irish oratory, is that of Curran on "Universal Emancipation"—as good as the best of Rousseau's; and there is no finer image in all oratory than that in which Canning compares Great Britain in time of peace to one of her ships of war resting in the shadow of her armed battlements.

Returning to our anthology of Lyric Literature, ballads and occasional pieces which are nearly perfect, one may enjoy by contrast with those of classical ages, a couple of Shakespere's or Ben Jonson's, "Come unto those Yellow Sands," "Drink to me only," "Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my sad tears," or his verses, "Thou more than most sweet Glove;" and pass thence to the Bird's Song in Tasso, and Ronsard's verses on a similar subject, or a couple of old Maro's songs, so simple and charming in the old French style; or, as a perfect little ballad, read Coleridge's "Genevieve," or "The Dark Knight of Ulhand," or a couple of De Vigny's and De Musset's songs; or, for an essentially dramatic style of ballad, turn to a few of Casimir de la Vigne's, or Browning's "How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix," &c. There are also some exquisite verses among Gautier's "Emails."

In the lyric category we come to the greatest of English lyrists, Moore, and of the French, Beranger. Moore is at his best in festal and amatory songs, some half-a-dozen of which are perfect. The range of Beranger is far wider; he has written a song to illustrate each phase of French life, as Balzac has similarly written a novel, and is thus the most popular of all modern song writers. Among the *chansons* which all may read with pleasure, are "La Bonne Ville," "Colibri," "Louis XI.," "Les Etoiles qui Filent," "Maudit Printemps," "Mon Vocation." He preferred his domestic songs to his political—those in which he expressed his individual feelings and fancies, such we may suppose as "Le Grillon." We may contrast with those great lyrists, Tennyson, whose few poetic songs, such as the "Bugle" and "Cradle Song," are perfect. In the category of song writers who superadd the

picturesque poetic element to the feeling and music of the lyric, we may class Irwin, whose various style is illustrated in his "Artist Songs;" in those entitled, "Since the Sunless Western Brine," "Through the Shadows of the Window Vine," "Alone in Loveless Life," "Window and Hearth," "This Sailing World the Poets Say," the concluding verse of which runs:—

"Here let us rest beneath the night,
And sing some low, voluptuous lay,
While Heaven embalms in fragrant light
The pulsing fountain's stifling spray;
The warm wind tunes its breath to ours,
While souls of echo, near and far,
Whisper our song to Love, whose bowers
Sparkle in yonder summer star."

Moore's songs, exquisite in their management of comparison and metaphor, exhibit no trace of picturesqueness, nor do those of Beranger, with the exception of the lines in the charming song "Naughty Spring," describing the hail beating on her window:—

"Tinter sur la vitre sonore,
Le gresil leger qui bondit."

Even to characterize the distinctive styles of the English writers, would occupy too large a portion of our present space—such as the gravity and strength of Hooker (of which some of Plunket's best passages, such as that commencing, "Time, the great destroyer of evidence," reminds us)—the Plato-like amplitude of Bacon; the majesty of Milton; the meditative imagination and magnificent Latinized English of old Sir Thomas Brown, who was so great a favourite with Dr. Johnson; the simplicity, beauty, and epigram of some of the old prose delineations of character, such as Fuller, Sir Thomas Overbury; or as Cowley, in his sketch of Cromwell; the vigorous prose of Dryden, the elegant, but somewhat stiff style of Shaftesbury and Temple; the fine oratorical diffusiveness of Bolingbroke—of whom the younger Pitt said he would prefer to recover one of his speeches than all the lost treasures of antiquity. Among historians, the Attic purity of Hume, the elegance of Robertson, the pomp of Gibbon, the Saxon homeliness of the style of Helps, the graphic vigour of Carlyle, and the artificial, but most popular style of Macaulay. To those in current days may be added the eloquence of Ruskin as a writer on Art, and of De Quincy as a discursive essayist; and the variety, clearness, and beauty of the style of Dr. Newman. Then, among novelists, we can only mention the great humorist, Dickens, and great depictor of character, Thackeray; of whose styles a professor has remarked that that of the first resembles a plaster cast, that of the second a marble statue. The style of Dickens's humorous descriptive passages resemble, in their laugh-provoking exaggeration, the manner of Sydney Smith; while Thackeray, generally speaking,

is the more elegant writer. Turning from the prose to the poetic domain, we may add that all sort of styles may be found in Shakespere. As language is the chief distinguishing mark and bond of nationality, should the British-speaking world be ever united under one designation, it might be appropriately named—Shakesperedom.

N. W.

INCOMPLETENESS.

The deepest thought and most intense emotion
Are baffled glimpses of some higher truth;
And Love is but a virgin heart's devotion
That seeks Eternal Youth.

What work of man has ever reached perfection?
What artist ever wrought what he conceived?
What glory mirrored in the soul's reflection
Has ever been achieved?

Our wildest joy is hushed in deepest sadness;
Our warmest love is quenched by worst disdain;
In dreams we seek to clasp the angel, Gladness—
We find the demon, Pain.

How often do we strive, and faint with striving,
Bending beneath our load of grief and care,
And yet toil on, with hope our hearts reviving,
And trample down despair!

We yearn in vain to find some earthless vision
Amid the barren wilderness of life;
Yet, when we pause, the pain of indecision
Unnerves us for the strife.

We waste our youth in seeking an ideal:
We worship something vainer than a dream;
And then we cry—"O hard world, art thou real?
Are all things what they seem?"

The stern, relentless earth, with iron fetters,
Binds down our souls, and dims the ardent sight
By which in youth we traced God's mystic letters,
Till we are plunged in night.

And in this night called life not dream but action
Must be achieved by the bewildered soul:
We are drawn earthwards by a strong attraction
Beyond our will's control.

Yet are those actions more confused and broken
Than ever dream conceived by poet's brain;
And every word in life's dark journey spoken
Seems weak and vain.

We see our brothers toil until they languish
With baffled effort and unheeded woe;
In vain we gaze on the dark cloud of anguish
That hangs o'er all below.

We quench no sorrow with our cold embraces;
We heal no heart-wounds by our fruitless tears;
We shed no joy on those poor human faces
Furrowed with grief and years.

We find our zeal extinguished by derision;
We see our young hope's blossoms all decayed:
We tremble as we see each golden vision
Break into mist, and fade.

We struggle on with sullen, hard endurance,
Forgetful of the glory that is fled—
Forgetful of our soul's divine assurance:
We move, but we are dead—

Dead to all nobler thought and aspiration—
Dead to all pure delight, all ardent faith—
Contented with blind growth and dull stagnation—
Benumbed with living death.

Yet in this night are not deep voices crying—
"O Lord! we struggle through the dark unknown,
Hoping, by toil and pain, by prayer and sighing,
One day to reach Thy throne?"

And though the hearts from which spring forth these voices
Feel that they ne'er can picture their desires,
The spirit, wing'd with deathless hope, rejoices,
And, failing, still aspires.

The sum of human life is incompleteness;
Nought that we strive for *here* shall be attained;
Yet all true hearts one day shall taste God's sweetness;
Heav'n's splendour shall be gained

Yes! in the end the curtain shall be lifted—
The night no longer shall obscure our view:
Our souls shall see—with Angel's vision gifted—
The Beautiful and True;—

And life shall not be mere mechanic motion;
For man shall live by Love, the Angels' law,
And gaze on GOD with infinite devotion,
And worship Him with awe.

Let us not sigh, then, for our lost ideal!
Let us not sorrow o'er our perished youth!
DEATH is a dream—BEAUTY alone is real—
LOVE is the crowning truth.

D. F. H.

GLENGARRIFF.

THE wild and singularly picturesque valley of Glengarriff, on the north-western shore of Bantry Bay, is associated with reminiscences of Celtic chivalry and patriotism which lend a hallowed interest to the charm of its romantic scenery. Amid the lone and lovely wilds of this magnificent glen, into whose deep bosom, overhung by steep and rugged mountains, and clothed with the luxuriant foliage of myrtle and arbutus—

"Ocean comes
To 'scape the wild wind's rancour,"

one may recall the time when the stillness of this fairy solitude, now unbroken, save by the sweet warbling of the song-bird or the murmur of the rushing streamlet, re-echoed the bugle-note of alarm, and the thunder of the battle-cry; as here, in his last retreat, in that fatal hour when the star of Ireland's destiny, paling in the fires of exterminating war, hastened darkly to its setting, the O'Sullivan Beare made with grim resolve his heroic stand against the Saxon foe.

Donnel O'Sullivan, Prince of Beare and Bantry, was foremost among the Munster chieftains who, responding to the summons of the veteran hero of the Blackwater, hastened to take part in the campaign against Mountjoy, A.D. 1601. Upon the arrival of the expedition under Don Juan D'Aquila, who had been despatched by King Philip to aid the arms of Tyrone, O'Sullivan, entrusting the defence of his strong castle of Dunboy to a Spanish

CROMWELL'S BRIDGE, GLENGARRIFF.

garrison, departed with his kinsmen and retainers to the rendezvous of the Irish forces at Kinsale. In the events that followed, he bore a distinguished part. At the council of war held in the Irish camp previous to the battle of Kinsale, when O'Donnell and his colleagues, influenced by the solicitations of Aquila, urged that immediate assistance should be rendered to the Spanish garrison, then pressed by the army of Mountjoy, O'Sullivan, with the Prince of Tyrone, strenuously opposed the imprudent design, and advised to leave their allies prolong the defence till the superior force under the lord-deputy, which was being daily weakened by famine and desertion, might be attacked at a greater disadvantage. But the Prince of Tyrconnel and the majority of the Irish leaders refused to adopt this wise policy, and resolved that Mountjoy should be forthwith brought to a general engagement. On the fatal day of Kinsale, when all was lost, and the herculean exertions of the Ulster chiefs failed to restore the battle or stay the flight of their panic-stricken troops, O'Sullivan, Tyrell, and the Spaniards under O'Campo, checked the advance of the victorious foe, and covered the retreat of the Irish forces. Immediately after the disaster of Kinsale, in the council held at Inishannon, the O'Sullivan Beare was appointed to the chief command of the Irish forces in Munster, to carry on the war until O'Donnell could procure further aid from the Spanish monarch.

By the terms of the capitulation signed by Aquila in the following month—January, 1602—he agreed to surrender to the lord-president, in addition to the fortress of Kinsale, the other castles in Munster—Dunboy, Castlehaven, and Baltimore—which he held in trust for the Irish chiefs. O'Sullivan having received warning of the perfidious intention of the Spaniard, forthwith took measures to disconcert the plans of the lord-president, and prevent the castle of Dunboy, the key to his patrimony of Beare, from being ignobly delivered to the enemy. Under cover of the darkness of a stormy winter's night, with a chosen band of retainers, he surprised the Spanish warders, and regained possession of that fortress.

The lord-president, Carew, now ordered the Earl of Thomond to advance with three thousand men, "To make tryall whether the rebels in the country of Carbery would submit themselves upon the sight of an army, and to proceed into Beare, there to view in what manner the castle of Dunboy was fortified of the incredible strength whereof much was noysed."* O'Sullivan, aware of the enemy's approach, entrusted the defence of Dunboy to Richard Mageoghan and a select body of clansmen, and hastened to occupy with his principal force the fastnesses of Glengarriff, to guard the pass which led into his territory of Beare. The Four Masters state that "the place at which O'Sul-

* *Pacata Hibernia.*

livan and his forces were at this time stationed was at Ceim-an-Ghabhair (*i.e.*, The Goat's Pass, Keamagower, *alias* Cromwell's Bridge*), between the army on that side and the entrance into Beare. This place was the common pass into the territory, and it was intricate and narrow to be passed through by this large army of the Queen, even should there be no trees felled or trenches sunk in the earth, or no men, ordnance, or army planted there against them, as, indeed, there was at that time." How it fared with the Earl in this expedition is thus related by the same authority:—"The Earl remained nearly a week in the monastery of Bantry, a conference being expected between him and O'Sullivan; but as they did not come near each other, because it was not easy for the Earl or the army to attack or force this narrow pass, he left a garrison of soldiers in Oilen-Faoit to oppose O'Sullivan, and went back himself to Cork to the lord-president." The *Pacata Hibernia* adds, that—"Having made a relation of the particulars of his journey, it was found necessary that the president, without any protraction or delay, should draw all the forces in the province to a head against them" (O'Sullivan and his followers).

In June, 1602, Carew advanced and laid siege to Dunboy; and in the annals of ancient or modern warfare, no parallel may be found to the heroism displayed by the Spartan band who held that fortress during fifteen days against the savage and incessant onslaughts of overwhelming foes. "The whole number of the ward," writes Carew, "counted one hundred and fifty-three selected men, being the best choice of all their forces, of which not one man escaped, but was either slain, executed, or buried in the ruins; and so obstinate a defence hath not been seen within the kingdom."

After the fall of Dunboy, O'Sullivan, still unconquered, held with his clansmen the fastnesses of Glengarriff, where, during the remainder of that year, he kept the English troops at bay. "The Earl of Thomond and his army, and O'Sullivan and his forces, continued shooting and attacking each other till the Christmas times. The two armies were entrenched and encamped face to face in Gleann-Garbh,† which glen was one of O'Sullivan's most impregnable retreats."‡ One hope remained; he knew that in the Ulster hills O'Neill was still in arms, and letters promising speedy succour had been received from Spain. But, alas! soon came the dark tidings that the brave Prince of Tyrconnell had died at Simancas, and with him the last hope of the Gael had passed away. Several of the chieftains who had hitherto supported O'Sullivan now withdrew, abandoning the struggle in grief and despair. And meanwhile over the green plains of Munster swept the savage bands of the Saxon troopers, leaving in

* Dr. O'Donovan. † Glengarriff—"rugged glen." ‡ Four Masters.

their devastating march a ghastly wilderness strewn with ashes and corpses.

Yet in that dark hour, forsaken by his allies and pressed in his wild retreat by overwhelming numbers of the merciless foe, O'Sullivan dreamt not of surrender. Finding Glengarriff no longer tenable, with the diminished force remaining at his disposal, he resolved to cleave his way to the north, there, with the remnant of his broken clan, to join Tyrone.

"And now, by Beare or Bantry shore,
Who owned his blood was safe no more;
His faithful people, wild with grief,
Gathered round their glorious chief.
Men, women, children—all would go,
Where'er he went in weal or woe;
In war or peace would share his lot,
But make no home where he was not.
He sent not from his exile band
The slow of step, the weak of hand,
Who swelled the crowd, though well he knew
His danger with their number grew.
He placed the feeble forms within
A triple rank of sturdy men;
And all, one dark December day,
From Beara took their mournful way."*

The retreat of O'Sullivan Beare from Glengarriff to Leitrim is one of the most remarkable achievements of the kind on record. Throughout the entire journey he had to fight his way through hostile territories. The annalists state that "he was not a day or night during this period without a battle, or being vehemently and vindictively pursued, all which he sustained with manliness and vigour." Arrived on the banks of the Shannon, the ninth day after his departure from Glengarriff, and finding no means of transit, he ordered a number of the horses to be killed, and their hides to be placed on frameworks of osiers, and in these curraghs his followers were conveyed across the river.

After encountering innumerable perils and hardships, O'Sullivan and the remnant of his clansmen, reduced to thirty-five, found shelter in O'Ruarc's castle of Leitrim. But the war was at an end. O'Neill had been compelled to disband the few troops that had remained faithful to his fortunes, and had entered into negotiations with the lord-deputy. Excluded from the pardon extended to the Irish chiefs who had taken prominent part in the late war, the O'Sullivan Beare was forced into exile. He sailed for Spain, where he was most honourably received by Philip III. He was created knight of the Order of St. Jago, and a pension of three hundred gold pieces monthly was allotted for his maintenance by the Spanish monarch. He died at Madrid, A.D. 1618, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, by the hand of an assassin, an Anglo-Irishman named John Bath, whom he had taken into his service.

* *Dunboy.* T. D. Sullivan.

MONSEIGNEUR DUPANLOUP.

(Concluded.)

WE have glanced at the militant side of Mgr. Dupanloup's vivid and versatile genius, and caught some glimpses of the intrepid pastor, *potens in prælio*, combating, pen in hand, contemporary sophistry in polemical pamphlets, that are masterpieces of the aggressive style, and prove to demonstration that in the multitude of ideas, no more than in the multitude of heads, is there always wisdom. Thorough man of his time, he had studied all its religious and philosophical tendencies, and probed all its wounds—particularly that open sore of socialism, which might not, perhaps, have spread so far or penetrated so deep, if his wise words of warning had been sooner heeded—and felt it was his imperative duty, no less as a patriotic citizen than a Christian bishop, to lay bare those moral maladies, and prescribe their remedy. And it may be hailed as at once a healthy symptom of the reaction that must precede the radical regeneration of European society, sick almost unto death from empirical treatment, and an involuntary affirmation of the soundness of his views on the great social questions he handled with such breadth and boldness, that statesmen who opposed the theses he so ably defended, startled out of their pleasant day-dream of fancied security by certain alarming signs of the times, are beginning to realise that his Cassandra prophecies were not mere rhetorical amplifications, appeals to popular superstition, or violent diatribes against the *libres penseurs*, as the irreligious press would fain have persuaded their readers, but logical conclusions drawn from solid premises.

But it was in defending with a courage and a constancy drawn from faith and filial devotion, the time-honoured prerogatives and possessions of the most beneficent and rightfully-constituted power in Europe—that august dynasty, older than the proudest royal houses which, in the historically accurate as well as eloquent language of its Protestant panegyrist, saw the commencement of all the governments and all the ecclesiastical establishments now existing, was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot in Britain, or the Frank had passed the Rhine—in defending "that grand moral and social force called the Church, placed by Providence upon a reserved territory, to uplift from thence a free, and consequently a sovereign voice, and in its sovereignty, which is its liberty, guard the freedom and dignity of consciences;* that born for the combat, as he seems to have been, he exhibited all the amazing force and fertility of his restless and combative intellect, nobly vindicated the outraged majesty of the supreme

* *Oraison funèbre du Général de Lamoricière.*

Pontificate, and poured out a lava flood of eloquent scorn upon "great self-seekers trampling on the right." Nobly, too, did he vindicate the chivalrous young manhood of France and Ireland, when the sword of Lamoricière, which had combated the savage barbarism of Africa and the civilized barbarism of Paris, was drawn in defence of the Holy See, and the secular arm was raised to ward off the brute-blow levelled at the Head of the Church. "God, morality, justice, weakness," he said, "are mute, abstract, invisible things; they would suppress them with a stroke of the pen if there were not living men ready to proclaim and others ready to die for them."* It was with a work on the temporal power of the Pope that he began his career as a writer, and with a *mandement* on Peter's pence that he fittingly closed a long and laborious life, devoted to the inseparable interests of the Church and society. Pius IX. said of one of his writings, that it was worth more than a whole army, and that none of those who were engaged in defending the Holy See seemed comparable to him. In what was, perhaps, his weightiest work—"a work," says Mgr. Coullié, "of powerful polemic, of grand historical, moral, and political views, written, it is felt, under the fire of events, a magnificent defence of a cause as great as it was abandoned"—*The Pontifical Sovereignty according to Catholic Right and European Law*, which the late Pope pronounced worthy of the immortal praise of the universal Church, and in which he comments on the wantonly aggressive and insulting tone of several English statesmen, notably Lord Palmerston, who, in the face of contemporary history, had the audacity to declare, "that Rome was never better governed than in the absence of the Pope;" in his bulky brochure on the Convention of September 15th, 1864, between the Emperor of the French and King Victor Emmanuel, whereby France engaged to abandon the Papacy to the "guardianship" of Italy in two years, which he analyses with tears in his eyes at the thought that it was signed by France—France that he fondly imagined would one day, in concert with the Catholic powers, solemnly tell Italy—"The Papal sovereignty is neutral and placed under our collective guarantee, you shall never touch it;" words which might have been spoken at Villafranca, Zurich, Gaëta, Naples, or Paris, or even in this very Convention; the accompanying commentary on the Papal Encyclical, issued on the 8th December following, which journalists were free to exaggerate and disfigure, but the French bishops and clergy were ministerially interdicted publishing in their dioceses, an expedient for fettering the action of the Church worthy of the worst days of Gallican domination; his lengthy letters to Signor Minghetti, Minister of Pius IX., in 1848; and of Victor Emmanuel in 1874, and to Signor Ratazzi, the Italian premier, on the spoliation and

* *Oraison funebre du Général de Lamoricière.*

persecution of the Church in Italy; the letter to Viscount de la Gueronnière, Minister of the Interior under the Second Empire, in reply to his pamphlet, *La France, Rome et l'Italie*, in which the Pope was denounced to public opinion by a French counsellor of state; and his letters to a Catholic on the most remarkable of a crowd of anonymous brochures, *Le Pape et le Congres*,* which, Earl Russell said, lost the Pope half his states—he completely unmasks the subtle and crafty policy of falsehood which originated, or was originated by, that conspiracy of the powers in alliance with the secret societies, of which Louis Napoleon, Palmerston, and Cavour were the master minds, and whose object was the destruction of the Papal monarchy, which it was thought would break the backbone of Catholicism. Bit by bit, with the skill of a practised advocate stating a case for the prosecution, he unravels the whole scheme, and tracks the conspirators through all the dark and devious by-ways of diplomatic intrigue on that famous journey from Turin to Rome, from the moment Napoleon penned, or caused to be penned, that letter which Cavour said was more important for his cause than the battle of Solferino; and the entry of the French into Italy synchronized with the wresting of the Legations from the Pope (although the emperor had announced, through his ministers, that "all the rights of the Pontifical sovereignty would be respected"), until Umbria and the Marches having been invaded and annexed—Cialdini traversing the Papal States with 60,000 soldiers, ostensibly "to give battle to the Revolution on Neapolitan ground," eight days after the memorable interview at Chambéry, and before Cavour's ultimatum could have reached the Vatican, crushing the Papal volunteers, those last martyrs of European honour (as a Protestant writer called them), at Castlefidardo, Ancona, and Spoleto—the Piedmontese generals, whose proclamations to their troops wrung a cry of horror from Lord John Russell, and were described by Signor Nicotera, an Italian deputy, as worthy of Attila, Tamerlane, and Ghengis-Khan, took their resolution with easy courage when there was no longer any French garrison to oppose them, when prostrate France—

> "The red blade broken in her hand,
> And the last arrow in her quiver,"

was thrown completely *hors de combat* by the overwhelming disasters of the late war, and entered by the breach of the Porta Pia into that sacred city, the common metropolis of all Christian nations, the independent see of the Supreme Pontiff, which Paris would not cede at Vienna, nor Vienna at Madrid, nor Madrid at Munich, but which the satrap of Imperial France was allowed to turn into

* *Le Pape et le Congres*, appeared in Paris on Christmas Eve, and the reply the next day. "*Il faut un visage ici*," wrote Mgr. Dupanloup, as he stripped off the semi-transparent mask that ill-concealed the authorship, which soon became a matter of notoriety.

a Piedmontese prebendary, thus consummating the crowning injustice of a series of injustices, a flagrant outrage upon religion and the public conscience, which could never have been perpetrated without the complicity of statesmen in the plots and plans of the secret societies, the purchased connivance of a venal press, and the selfish indifference of "society." Mgr. Dupanloup tells the sad story of the dolours of the Papacy, of the triumph of might over right, of brute force over the highest representative of moral force in the world, as it will probably be recorded by future historians in the white light of impartial history—story of wholesale plunder and perfidy by kings and ministers, who kept the word of promise to the ear to break it to the hope, and, regardless of plighted kingly honour, played the desperate game of hazard, euphemistically styled diplomacy, with treaties and protocols as false as dicers' oaths; of the sacrilegious spoliation of the patrimony of the Church—the patrimony that even fierce barbarians and rude, rough-handed mediæval conquerors respected—by a government floated into power by the red sea of the Revolution, to be borne back some day on its receding tide; Church property confiscated, religious orders suppressed, priests and nuns by thousands thrown upon the world, bishops cast into prison, clerics subjected to conscription, parishes and novitiates abolished, concordats violated, ecclesiastical immunities stipulated by treaty treated as dead letters, and University Colleges, like the international Collegio Romano, and numbers of pious foundations, created out of revenues acquired by the Popes, as spiritual and not as temporal sovereigns, swept away; and yet, with all this high-handed tyranny and confiscation—an impoverished state, a rapidly-increasing budget, with the balance on the wrong side, a discontented population, groaning under the burden of exorbitant taxation, and elements of discord ripe for revolt. Mgr. Dupanloup, in his frequent journeys to Rome, saw the plot gradually unfolding itself, and the plotters at their work; saw everything done with deep art and studied method, noiselessly, without apparent violence, legal formalities covering all; the whole external machinery of the Church organization being meanwhile undermined, so that if human hands could effect its ruin, its doom was sealed; while Europe, indifferent or distracted, seemed to see or know nothing.

"What does the Church," he asks, "at this moment possess at Rome? Nothing. The Pope does not own even St. Peter's or the Vatican, or even the chapel in which he says Mass, or the room he occupies. They talked of the Vatican and a garden! It has come to that. And yet the Vatican and its gardens are not the Pope's, but yours.* He enjoys them at your good pleasure. He is there as a tenant and a stranger, in that palace

* Letter to Signor Minghetti, Finance Minister to King Victor Emmanuel.

built by the Popes, and still full of the majesty of their olden memory. Besides, he can no longer set foot in Rome. Do not say that your laws do not forbid it. Your presence at Rome forbids it! Nay, more, from the Sovereign Pontiff to the humblest cleric in the humblest church in Rome, everybody is at your mercy; the daily bread of the whole clergy depends upon you. Popes, cardinals, bishops, priests are, for their material subsistence, under the yoke of your finance; a revolution, a war, a legislative caprice, and the whole clergy of Rome may be suddenly reduced to beggary. . . . The consequences of this abnormal situation of the Papacy are not yet developed; but must we wait until they are? What mind, however little discerning, can now fail to foresee them? I conjure not only Catholics, but all thoughtful statesmen, all true friends of Italy, to ponder on it. Yes, such a state of things is a cause of immense and permanent moral perturbation for the world. . . . The present rupture is a deplorable aberration, which will become more fatal to Italy than to the Church. Let Italy think of it, and halt in the way the revolutionary vertigo is drawing her. Yes, let her think of it; for the eyes of Christian Europe cannot always nor long be averted from Rome and its Pontiff. The day when the extreme consequences of the present position of the Papacy shall be evolved, if short-sighted and guilty Italy lets things go to that, that day, but too late, she will reap the bitter fruits of the policy she now approves. Then Europe will remember its duties towards the Papacy, which, *au fond*, are its duties towards itself. At any rate we have faith in the future. The peaceful triumph of the Church will come; it is our firm hope. But when? How? After what misfortunes? It is God's secret. Still we appeal to the good-will of men to help Providence. If they refuse, Providence *farà da se*—it has the last word. An Italian deputy, in his place in parliament, lately invoked Eternal Justice. He was badly received. No matter, Eternal Justice exists, and sooner or later has its day."

His inexhaustible and inextinguishable zeal for the spiritual and temporal glories of the Church, in which divine and human elements of grandeur and beauty co-exist like body and soul, found ample scope for its expansion on two memorable occasions: the one, the canonization of the Japanese martyrs, when all Christendom was represented in the Eternal City as it never was in history, not even at Trent or Nicea, where there were only eighteen bishops more, but where the old world alone figured; and the other, when the Pontifical summons assembled a still larger multitude of prelates from all parts of the universe to assist at the Vatican Council. The conspicuous part he took in the deliberations of the Council, which he addressed more than once, is of such recent date and must be so fresh in the mind of the reader, that there is no necessity to recount the history of that event. The Bishop of Orleans, it is well known, was one of

the small minority who combated the opportuneness of the definition of the infallibility dogma, upon which he did not vote, having been absent from the final public session, as his health was somewhat impaired at the time. His name, consequently, did not appear in the list of subscribing bishops; but, on his return to France, he sent in his adhesion to the Sovereign Pontiff; and when the Archbishop of Paris published the dogmatic constitutions, Mgr. Dupanloup likewise issued a pastoral, in which he declared, in explicit and unequivocal terms, his complete submission to the decree. That his conduct at this important juncture was in perfect accord with his unswerving loyalty and attachment to the Holy See, to which the Papal briefs prefixed to many of his works bear the highest authoritative testimony, is amply borne out by his public utterances, both before and after the Council, and the closeness of his personal relations with the late Pope and the present Pontiff. In a letter to the clergy and faithful of his diocese, before his departure for Rome, he said emphatically: "*Obedient beforehand, and obedient even unto death*, I adhere to the decisions of the Church and of the Council; I adhere to them with all my heart and soul, whatever may be its decisions, conformable or contrary—I have said it, and I repeat it—to my own opinion." "Whatever may be the judgment pronounced upon the attitude taken by Mgr. Dupanloup during the Vatican Council," says Mgr. Duquesnay, Bishop of Limoges, "no one has a right to cast suspicion upon his fidelity to and love for the Church. That love was the great passion of his life."

After the Church, children, he often declared, were his first and last love. To them he devoted one of his best-known and most widely-circulated writings, and in their interest—in the interest of the future of humanity, so intimately linked with their young lives—laid such stress upon catechetical instruction; and in *Le mariage Chrétien*, *La femme studieuse*, *La femme Chretienne et française*, *Conseils aux femmes sur les etudes qui leur conviennent*, and his famous polemical contest with Duruy on the education of girls, laid such stress upon the great social and religious *rôle* filled by woman in modern society, and particularly the apostolate of home-teaching confided to Christian mothers. But his educational zeal, as we have already seen, was not confined to childhood. With that marvellous aptitude for the formation of minds and hearts, noted as one of his chief characteristics, and discerning in the false methods of education in vogue the sources of much of the mental aberration that distinguishes the epoch, he consecrated the finest faculties of his mind and the largest part of his life, from the moment he assumed the direction of St. Nicholas's, and, by a judicious reform of the studies, rescued it from the state of mediocrity and decadence into which it had lapsed, until death compelled him to lay down his pen as he was putting the last finishing touches to a treatise on the education of girls, to

that great question which contains the solution of almost every social problem, or the dissolution of society, the making or unmaking of a country. As an educator of youth he seems to have revealed all that was most sympathetic and attractive in a loving and loveable nature. "Nothing," he wrote, "will ever be to me comparable to the happiness of having been the friend, the preceptor and the apostle of youth." A teacher, he used to say, should manifest an interest in everything concerning a boy, from his soul to his shoe-strings. Such a teacher was he himself, not disdaining the minutest details. "I have had the happiness," says his successor, Mgr. Coullié, in an eloquent pastoral—incomparably the finest and most feeling tribute that has yet been paid to the memory of the great prelate—"I have had the happiness of having him for a master—memory never to be forgotten! How authoritative his lectures! What power of language, what activity, what all-embracing zeal! Generous education leading us on by faith, love, enthusiasm—by every noble sentiment; restraining energetically all that needed restraint, expanding with unexampled breadth all that needed expansion." There was nothing narrow, pedagogic, *routinière* in his views, which were always directed towards the end he strove to attain, namely, to make *men*—"men really worthy of the name—by the highest development of their moral and intellectual faculties;" holding that "without religion all is weak, false, poor, and vapid in education—obscure, depraved and debased."

When the struggle for freedom of education, interrupted for some years, recommenced in 1844, and the work, begun by Lacordaire, Lamennais, and Montalembert, went bravely on, he threw himself heart and soul into the movement, over which he rapidly acquired a controlling influence. Full of fire, resolution, and *coup d'œil*, as Foisset* describes him, he took his stand as a polemist of unquestioned superiority from the first day; fought the issue out with the University side by side with such courageous combatants as Berryer, Lacordaire, Ravignan, Montalembert, Vatimesnil, Ozanam, Lenormant, &c.; maintaining, with the Protestant Madame de Staël, that in education religion is nothing if it is not everything, and with her co-religionist, Agénor Gasparin, that the insignificant place assigned to religious instruction as one of "the branches" taught, or supposed to be taught therein, is "the ineffaceable stain, the permanent condemnation of mixed establishments," against the advocates of the State monopoly, whose *mot d'ordre* was obligatory lay (that is to say, irreligious) teaching, grounded on Danton's dictum, that "the child belongs to the State, and not to the father."

The *loi* Falloix, called by Montalembert the concordat of teaching, was voted in 1850 mainly through the instrumentality

* "*Le Comte de Montalembert*," *par M. Th. Foisset*, p. 196.

of Mgr. Dupanloup, who passed from the commission to the Upper Council of Public Instruction, being one of the four members elected by the French episcopate. This important legislative victory, if it did not break down the fortress of the University monopoly, as Louis Veuillot would have wished, was at least a first decisive step towards that complete freedom which alone is synonymous with complete justice, was greeted with satisfaction at Rome, opened the door to the priest in the direction and surveillance of official education, enabled Père Olivaint to teach at Vaugirard, Père Lacordaire at Sorèze, and Père Captier at Arcueil, and ultimately led to the passing of the law upon superior teaching, the crowning triumph of his unrelaxing exertions in behalf of a cause with which his name will be as closely identified as O'Connell's with Emancipation.

The action and influence of Mgr. Dupanloup as an important political factor, with whom ministers had of necessity to count, and the large share he had in bringing about the practical results of the educational agitation, are well illustrated in an anecdote told by Montalembert when celebrating the feast of St. Ignatius, in 1865, with the Jesuit fathers in the Rue de Sèvres. It was just before the passing of the *loi* Falloux. Thiers had at his disposal about 200 votes in the Constituent Assembly, and his concurrence was indispensable to the success of the Catholics. Now, at this time he was afraid of the menacing aspect of Socialism, and seemed disposed to be conciliatory and even favourable towards the Church, whose support he felt was necessary to save the country. He offered then to sustain a *projet de loi* authorizing the bishops to found as many primary and secondary schools as they wished, to constitute and govern them according to their views, without any University intermeddling, but excluded the religious congregations, particularly the Jesuits, from secondary teaching, recollecting that by the famous interpellation of May 2nd, 1845, he had compelled Louis Philippe's government to expel the Jesuits from France. Such proposals were rejected by the Catholics on the Commission, and energetically opposed by Mgr. Dupanloup, whom Thiers affected not to understand, observing: "I make you very advantageous offers, which will turn my friends against me, because they ensure a freedom of action and dominant influence to the Church which it has never enjoyed in France since the Revolution, nor perhaps even before it; and merely because I don't think it possible to make the Jesuits acceptable, you repulse my advances! I can understand that you loved and esteemed the Jesuits; I can understand, too, that you saw in them a useful and powerful reinforcement for the creation of your new colleges. But the Jesuits are not necessary to the Church; the Church has existed without them for fifteen centuries—it can well do without them again. Why won't you sacrifice the Jesuits?" "Why?" replied Mgr. Dupan-

loup, with his usual vivacity. "Because the Church never sacrifices innocence and justice." Thiers was dumbfounded, and no longer insisted; only Montalembert heard him murmur to himself: "*Ce diable d'abbé!* What's that he said to me? 'The Church never sacrifices innocence and justice.' But are the Jesuits innocence and justice?" "Not for you, perhaps, Monsieur Thiers," whispered Montalembert, "but for the Church, yes." That very evening, after the House was up, Thiers approached Montalembert, who was chatting with his Catholic friends, and said: "Well, be it so; you shall have the Jesuits." Subsequently, when the *projet de loi* was submitted to the deliberations of the Chamber, the Left did not fail to propose an amendment to exclude the Jesuits. The day before it was to be discussed, Thiers went to Montalembert. "Who is to speak tomorrow for the Jesuits?" he asked, abruptly. "I," replied Montalembert; "you know well it falls to my lot." "You, Monsieur le Comte? Everybody knows your speech by heart beforehand. I'll do it." The cause was gained. The next day Thiers delivered that wonderful speech of four hours' duration, in which, to use his own expression, "he went over to the Jesuits." The amendment of the Left was rejected by a vote of 454 to 200, which constitutes the real legal title of the existence of the Jesuits and other teaching congregations. Thiers had been equally prompt and decisive with Falloux when the latter hesitated accepting the portfolio of public instruction and worship. "I accept," said the Count to the future President of the Third Republic—"I accept, if you promise to vote liberty of teaching." "*C'est entendu*," was the laconic reply. We have seen how he kept his word. Mgr. Dupanloup's relations with Thiers were always very amicable. When France was crushed and Rome invaded, he obtained from him a declaration similar to that of 1850 in favour of the Holy See; and again in 1871, when Thiers declared in the National Assembly that the religious independence of the Sovereign Pontiff should be maintained. They were returned together for the Loiret on the 8th of February, 1871, by 28,396 votes. Mgr. Dupanloup once told the following anecdote of the distinguished statesman and historian. One day, Berryer, Falloux, and the bishop were talking at Angerville of the future of the *Correspondant*, when Thiers dropped in unexpectedly and took part in the conversation, which gradually turned upon politics. He was in a confidential vein, and one of his interlocutors made him admit that the July revolution was "a deplorable misunderstanding." Thiers assured them that the Duke of Orleans was reluctantly resigned to assume the regency, and that, for his part, he was a monarchist, and would die one. "But then," observed one of those present (M. de Falloux, M. Hairdet thinks), "you owe a reparation for the error you have committed." "When the time will come," replied Thiers.

"I'll not fail." He was not then President of the Republic. It would be interesting to know what so experienced an observer of public men and public events, one who had long moved in the regions of *la haute politique*, thought of Thiers' later policy, which so little harmonized with this confidential declaration of opinion. One of the bishop's friends visited him in 1872, in the Avenue de Paris, Versailles. Mgr. Dupanloup, gloomy and thoughtful, was striding up and down the hotel garden, with a very pre-occupied air. Suddenly plucking up a reed and fronting his visitor, he asked, "What do you think of Thiers?" Without pausing for a reply, he continued, "I think Thiers is leading us headlong (*nous conduit aux abîmes*). He'll be outflanked. We'll lose him and we'll get worse. He doesn't see the peril—he doesn't want to see it." And, with a nervous gesture, he switched off the tops of the flowers and shrubs on the way. The first part of this prophecy has been fulfilled. Will the premature close of the septennate coincide with the fulfilment of the second? *Qui vivra, verra.*

It would be manifestly impossible within the limits of a sketch so rapidly traced as this, and merely designed to present some of the more striking and suggestive aspects of Mgr. Dupanloup's character and conduct, to follow through all the stages of his busy public life one who, even his journalistic antagonist, Louis Veuillot, admits, "appeared with a certain *éclat* upon all the highways of renown;" who had lived under the Consulate, the First Empire, the Restoration, the Citizen Monarchy, the Second Republic, the Second Empire and the Third Republic; who was a man of mark so far back as the closing years of the Restoration, and took a leading part in nearly every public event for the last half a century. He was one of the most trusted adherents and advisers of the Royalist party, and as such, of course a monarchist *pur sang*, but still not obstinately blind to what is good in modern modifications of the monarchical system of government, and when the Fusionist negotiations offered another chance of a Bourbon restoration, counselled the Count de Chambord to yield upon the question of the flag. In the dark hour of his country's disaster, he displayed a courage and a magnanimity of which many incidents have been cited. When the Prussians penetrated into the city of St. Aignan and Joan of Arc, he stood his ground, guarding the flock committed to his charge, and proving his love and solicitude for them by innumerable acts of heroic self-sacrifice, in keeping with his whole life—in keeping with the large-heartedness of the "unknown priest," who, when the French fund for the relief of the famine-stricken Irish peasantry (begun with a penny from one of the sick poor), was rapidly augmented by gifts of the most ingenuous charity, sent to Ireland the price of the sacred vessels used in his church, the only valuable things he possessed, on the express condition that his name should not be divulged;

saved the poor people from summary military execution with short shrift; rescued the city from pillage, turned his palace into an hospital, gave up his own apartments to the wounded; did not fear to address the victorious Emperor of Germany a proud protest against military excesses and a reminder of his kingly duties; caused the bells to be rung during the battle of Coulmiers, and the people to pray for the success of D'Aurelles de Paladines and his valiant army, and after the victory, issued a pastoral, in which he compared Prince Frederick Charles to Attila, for which he was made a prisoner on parole when the Prussians re-occupied Orleans, sentries were posted day and night at his door, soldiers billeted in his palace, he was all but turned out of his own house, and a Bavarian officer had the effrontery to raise his hand to him; and, finally, when contrary to all the laws of honour and humanity, they wanted to expel the French and install the German wounded in their place, declared indignantly that he would quit the city, traverse Europe, staff in hand, and proclaim that they had rendered his ministry impossible.

Needless to reproduce here the touching details of his closing hours; how death found him, after his annual pilgrimage to the shrine of Notre Dame des Hermites—the venerable Benedictine Abbey of Einsiedeln—if not erect, as it found the great St. Benedict, in the humbler attitude of suppliant prayer, surrounded by old and attached friends, at the chateau of La Combe de Lancey, in the Isère, a picturesque, mediæval mansion, dating back to the fourteenth century, whose lofty towers overlook the valley of Grésivaudan, and commanding a distant view of the Grande Chartreuse; how his remains were brought to Orleans, to receive more than royal funeral honours in that vast basilica of Sainte Croix, thronged with an immense multitude, including twenty-five cardinals, archbishops, and bishops; five hundred priests, members of the Senate, the Legislative Assembly, the Academy, the Institute, the Council of State, the Bench, the Bar, the University—senators and deputies of every shade of political opinion—ministers of yesterday and ministers of the morrow; distinguished generals, diplomatists, and writers, and princes of the House of Bourbon, of which he had been a loyal adherent; while representatives of foreign countries testified that the mourning was not confined to France, but was universal, as became the obsequies of one who was not merely the prelate of a diocese or a country, but of the Universal Church—in that basilica where so many of his predecessors, commencing with Manassès de Seignelay, who wielded the crozier in the early part of the thirteenth century, are inhumed, and where he now lies in the tomb he caused to be prepared beforehand, having bequeathed his heart to the modest little village church of Saint Felix, far away in distant Savoy, where first he learned to pray

R. F. O'CONNOR.

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THE LORD'S CHAMBER.

By the Author of "The House of Yorke," "Grapes and Thorns," etc.

Chapter I.

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast."

A New-England poet, tired of city life, where he drooped like a wild flower in a heated room, sought for some place where he could spend at least a part of the year alone with nature, or as nearly alone as he might with a daughter, and certain comforts of civilized life, without which even the most rural poet might not find it easy to be poetical.

Solitude is not hard to find in New-England, and Mr. Danese soon settled upon his summer residence. It was a rocky point extending into the Atlantic, and separated from the mainland by a belt of pine-woods. No carriage had ever passed through these woods, there was no road in sight of them, but only lovely wood-paths wandering as if the sole aim of the passenger were to spend an hour in those pensive shades, without a wish to arrive at any but mental conclusions. The soil over the rock was only enough to produce a short, thick grass, plenty of May-flowers and May-weed, and countless frail and tiny blossoms that not one person in a hundred looks at, and not one in a thousand knows the names of. How the straggling fringe of trees that edged the northern side of the point, and the few large pines that had, apparently, stepped out into the open space to look seaward, and would presently step back among their fellows—how these contrived to hold themselves upright is best known to themselves.

The rock was always coming up—here in a huge boulder that had a slim birch-tree leaning over it, there, in a smooth ledge that was but thinly carpeted with moss, flowers, and tiny vines, and

again in a convenient seat just where you might like to rest. Large broken rocks lay all about the shore, where, in stormy weather, the sea dashed itself in foam, and in calm sunshine beat softly, like the heart of one who sleeps and is at peace.

Bleak and bare, do you say? To one who has loving eyes for nature, no; and this poet was not only a lover, but a delicate one. He did not care that his mistress should be too lavish of her fondness. He liked to seek her, and to woo before winning, and to him the place was full of beauty. To his educated eyes the lichens were more exquisite than the most exquisite embroideries done by woman's fingers, and the small flowers were as charming as fairies; and when the sea and sky met in a storm of inky shadows and of ghostlike foam, with a noise of thunder and of irresistible winds, or when they were caught in a conflagration of red and gold as the sun burst forth, it seemed to him that the chords of his soul would break with that stress of delight, as the chords of an earthly harp might snap were Apollo to strike them with his hand.

Seeing the place first when a spring gale had piled it round with a wall of waves and spray, the poet named it at once Foamy Point. He bought the land and built a rustic house there, a house sincerely rustic, not with roughness nailed or glued on, and he came every year to bathe his soul and body in the quiet of the place.

Foamy Point was not out of the world. Not more than a mile inland was the town of Canning, a large village fast on its way to be a city. A picturesque river, all turns and lovely surprises, and a rocky cliff that thrust itself in among the streets in the most romantically inconvenient way, took off the commonplace look of an ordinary thriving village, and made the place so beautiful that it attracted the attention of not a few summer tourists. Now and then these visitors wandered as far as the pines of Foamy Point, and passed under the dusky branches; but when they saw what lay beyond, few even of the boldest ventured farther. For in many little ways the family had so taken possession of the whole of their domain that entering it uninvited would have seemed an impertinence. An arm-chair under a tree, with papers and magazines lying on the grass beside it; a long, deep sofa with a pile of cushions at one end, where the imprint of a head was still visible; a tea-table set out in the shadow of the rock with its overleaning birch-tree; or a slim, elderly man standing rapt, with his white hands clasped behind him, and his eyes fixed on wave or cloud—all these made the place look more like a drawing-room than an out-door scene.

Sometimes, usually at morning or evening, a young woman might have been seen walking with this gentleman, her hand resting on his arm with a caressing rather than a leaning pressure; or they sat on the rocks and looked at the sea, or the sunset, or

searched for a new moon that they knew must be hanging a curved thread of trembling light in the clouds of the west. Now and then, but rarely, a third person appeared. They seldom invited company; for Clara Danese loved solitude almost as well as her father did.

Their sole visitors from the town were the clergyman and the doctor. Mr. Danese always made friends with the local representatives of these two professions wherever he went; for he was frail of body and pious of soul, and the sun of life never shone so brightly for him but he saw beyond its beams the starlit shades of death.

With alternations, then, of city life and this pleasant solitude, several years went by. And then the poet died, and left his daughter to another kind of solitude. She had two brothers, but they were both married and had homes of their own, and she was but little in sympathy with their wives. She had, moreover, a host of acquaintances; but even thus early in life she had learned, partly from her father, whose over-sensitive nature felt keenly every slightest wound, partly from her own sensitive intuitions, that there is a world of difference between an acquaintance and a friend. When, therefore, she lost him who was her unfailing sympathizer and her occupation, she felt herself desolate. She could not live alone, yet there was no one with whom she wished to live.

Mr. Danese had died in the city, in early spring, and his daughter lingered yet a few months in the house that had been her home from early childhood, trying to decide where she should find a new home among those offered her.

"I am so glad that he did not die at Foamy Point," she said to herself. "For if he had, I should never have wished to go there again; and I mean to go this summer. But what company can I have that will not seem to desecrate the spot? I do not want to hear laughter and gay voices where my dear father used to love silence."

CHAPTER II.—"POOR NED."

CLARA DANESE was not beautiful in face, but she produced the effect of beauty; for her expression was lovely, her figure noble and graceful, she was always prettily dressed, and had the softest and most womanly ways imaginable. Her constant care of a half invalid father had given her an air of gentle kindness that was very fascinating; and when, on some expression or intimation of suffering, her eyes, that only brushed with a light glance the person she spoke to, dropped, so unconsciously full of tender solicitude, on the speaker, it would have been an insensible heart that could have resisted her.

Her intercourse had been less with those of her own age than with such people as her father liked to have about him—elderly men, scholars, and authors. He did not often invite young authors, having but little taste for modern literature. Among such associates the daughter moved with tranquil pleasure, and a confidence that was never betrayed. She was seldom gay, but always cheerful, and she gave the impression of a person across the clear mirror of whose mind no dark or forbidding image had ever passed. The proud seriousness, the cordiality, the gentle playfulness, all were crystalline.

"She always cheers and elevates my mood," one of their frequent visitors said. "She has the rare tact of at once sympathizing with and making light of one's troubles."

But the pleasant circle was now broken up, and she who had been like a providence to others was now looking in search of a providence for herself.

One day the providence she looked for came to her aid.

She was sitting alone in her father's study trying to plan. It was one of the first days of May, and the windows were open; yet a tiny flicker of fire showed in the grate. Grief is always chilly. Besides, her father had liked to have a fire there to look at and burn his waste papers in, even when the weather was quite warm. Soon as she could decide on her future the house would be dismantled, and sold or let. The books would be stored away that had for years been laid on those familiar shelves, viewed by the loving eyes of their owner, taken down and replaced by his delicate, frail hands—how well she remembered! The furniture—she did not know where it would go. The house and its contents were all hers; but already her brother Charles had asked for a certain secretary, and Edward's wife was begging for the fine old sideboard. It seemed to her that she could not let them go to anyone else—that she would sooner have them destroyed than used and touched by unloving hands. They were all steeped through by the warmth and the breath of her loved and lost ones. Smiles and tears had shone and dropped over them, and passed into the impossibility of death almost touching them. It was hard, and the mourner forgot all but grief as she thought of it.

Happy they who have not suffered the breaking up of their childhood's home! It is like shipwreck. The planks part beneath us, the salt waters rise—all seems over. We find no foothold for a strange new life, with that old life, which seemed as stable as the hills, snatched away. There is no other grief so confounding.

Clara Danese was weeping bitterly when she heard the door-bell ring. It could be no one but Charles or Edward so early in the morning; and they, dear boys! must not find her weeping. She hastily dried her eyes and turned her back to the light. The door opened, and her brother Edward came in.

Edward Danese was still young—not more than thirty-five years of age; but the fatigues of business, and, probably, some little domestic disappointments, had graven lines in advance of time, and given already a light powder of white to his brown hair. It was only when talking or listening to the talk of someone pleasing to him that he looked youthful. Then his smile and the sparkling of his eyes were almost boyish. He was delicate and full of enthusiasm—delicate in frame, too, and much like his father in character.

His sister met him with a kiss. He was her favourite brother, and her love for him was constantly fanned by the sighs of compassion. In her own mind, when she thought of him, he was always "poor Edward;" but she took good care not to call him so aloud.

"I am so glad you are come, Edward," she said; "for alone I can decide on nothing. The more I think of the matter the less inclined I become to go either to you or to Charles. I need company, but at the same time I must have a sort of independence. You will not think me unkind?"

"On the contrary, I quite understand," the brother replied, but dropped his eyes as he spoke. However disappointed he might have been, he was too loyal a husband to say a word in blame of his wife. "You have been so long the mistress of father's house that it would be too hard for you to give up all authority. But I have come to propose something that will, perhaps, suit you. Sit down, now, and I will tell you about it."

They seated themselves before the softly flickering fire, and Mr. Danese laid his hand on the arm of his sister's chair while he spoke.

"You remember Aunt Marian, Clara? You were sixteen years old when she made her last visit to the north. Well, they have had all sorts of troubles lately. I had indirect news from them yesterday, and it seems they have lost their last farthing. Anne is well married; but Aunt Marian and Francis are actually homeless. Francis was about going to Europe to study architecture there. He is to be an architect, you know. They say he has great talent. But this will, of course, prevent his going. The letter I had describes their case as desperate. They are too proud to ask relief, and they are living in the very poorest way. Now, it has occurred to me that you might ask them to spend the summer with you at Foamy Point, and afterwards make some arrangement with Aunt Marian to give her a home for her company. She is very pleasant and cultivated, and I am sure that you and she would get on well together. What do you think of it?"

When he began the story, Clara laid a light hand on his that rested on the arm of her chair, and uttered a soft "Oh, Ned!" but without stopping him. When he had ended, she broke in

eagerly: "It is just the thing, Ned! I should be delighted, if I were not so sorry for poor Aunt Marian. I will write her at once. They shall stay with me all summer, and in the fall Francis can look out for himself. He will have thought of something by that time. If he should go to Europe, Aunt Marian can stay with me. Nothing could be more perfect. And how I pity them! I will write this minute, and you can mail the letter when you go out."

She had already seated herself at the table to write, and as her pen flew quickly over the paper, her face grew brighter than it had been for many a day. Presently, suspending her pen, she looked up.

"Couldn't you get free passes for them on the railroad?" she asked. "I don't like to offer to send her money."

"Yes," he answered.

She smiled, and wrote on.

"There, now, everything there is nicely arranged," she said, sealing her letter. "Now, what about the house here? Don't you think I might come back to live in it next winter, and just shut it up this spring without moving anything?"

"I don't want to control you, Clara," her brother said, hesitatingly; "but the house is rather large, and your income rather smaller now that Charles and I have a part of father's money. Do as you wish; but I would recommend one of those new apartments they have been building up town. You can have what rooms are necessary for you there for half the rent of this house. The situation would be pleasanter, besides."

Miss Danese laid her finished letter on the table, and came back to her chair.

"It may be best so," she said, thoughtfully, after a moment. "But that I must decide upon later. The things had better stay here till a tenant is found; they can then easily be stored or taken to an apartment."

Her brother was gazing dreamily—even gloomily—into the fire. Though he had not said so, he felt the breaking up of his childhood's home almost more than his sister; for she had an unconscious looking-forward to console her, while his life was fixed and not to his liking. He had come to that position when people look back, not forward. He could not hope that an unamiable wife would become amiable as she grew older, and even his love for his children was the source of trouble to him. The only spot where he had found real peace had been in his father's house, and that was now lost to him. It had been his custom to come in for a few minutes every morning, and frequently to come in the evening for an hour. It had been his real home, and his only consolation.

"I, also, hate to give up the place, Clara," he said, presently, in a tone of deep feeling. "If some things were different, I would myself come here to live; but as they are, I cannot."

She understood perfectly well what things must change before he could have his will peacefully in anything.

"Dear Ned, we must make the best of it," she said, laying her hand on his again. "I will give up the house, as you advise, and you can look out an apartment for me, if you please. I can furnish it from here; and if there is anything that you particularly want, of course, it is yours. I was thinking that, maybe, you might like to have father's arm-chair."

Both glanced towards the spot where stood a beautifully-carved old arm-chair, with faded leathern cover, and both sighed at thoughts of the white head they had every day for so many years seen shining against its cushions.

"I would like to have it in the office," the brother said. To him his office was more peaceful and sacred than his home. "And now give me your letter, for I must go."

She gave him the letter, kissed him again, and went with him to the door, which she herself opened. Then, when he had gone out, she hurried back to the library and stood looking down the street after him. When she could no longer see him, she turned away with a sigh. "Poor Ned!" she whispered.

CHAPTER III.—THE PERCYS.

THE Aunt Marian of whom Edward Danese had spoken was not his aunt, but a second cousin to his mother, with whom she had been brought up. She had married a southerner, and had but once visited her northern friends within the memory of the younger Danese. As long as the mother lived, the correspondence had been as close and affectionate as that of two sisters; but when Mrs. Danese died, the intercourse waned, and finally ceased, not so much from forgetfulness as from a mistaken pride on both sides. The Percys were beginning to lose money, and consequently influence, and fancying that the Daneses were aware of their misfortunes, resented every sign of inattention in them, and the Daneses, knowing nothing of the misfortunes of their relatives, cooled at what they supposed was a coldness on the part of the Percys.

Edward Danese's news and his sister's letter put an end to all misunderstandings. The letter was received by a family scarcely less afflicted than that from which it came, and it was received, as it was written, with joyful relief.

Mrs. Percy and her son were, indeed, in a desperate condition. They had not only spent all their money but had sold everything but the bare necessities of furniture and clothing. Now and then Francis had sold a drawing, but the help was slight; and, besides, the manner in which his work was almost invariably been treated disgusted him. For, however artistic his plan, the builder or the pro-

prietor had always insisted on some addition or alteration which spoilt the whole for him. Only a few weeks before Clara Danese's letter came, he had been enraged on seeing what he had intended should be the gayest little cottage in the world, fit only for flowery chintz furniture and a garden full of roses, come into being with a cross-surmounted globe over each window, and a little cross perched wherever one could find foothold; "all criss-crossed over with crosses," he said.

"Why they hadn't run up a little belfry somewhere, I can't imagine," he added, bitterly. "It's all the house lacks to turn it into a mongrel chapel. And then to think that they should still dare to say that I am the architect!"

The builder had just finished a church before going to work on this extraordinary cottage, and he and the rather ecclesiastical-minded owner had thought to give a pleasant surprise to this inexperienced young artist.

"Anyone who has wit enough to see how pretty the cottage is, will know that you never put on those ornaments," his mother said. "Never mind, Frank! Make your plans, and let them mar them as much as they please, so long as they pay."

The son shrugged his shoulders. He did not like to disappoint his mother when she was trying to comfort him; yet he could not agree to her monstrously inartistic ideas.

"I have sometimes wondered," he said presently, "whether the Creator made our figures first, and fitted the machine into them, or made the machine first and built the bodies up round them. I'm inclined to think that the outside had the first attention, and the inside had to accommodate itself to the space allowed it."

They were sitting in their poor little parlour at sunset: the tall, elegant woman, with her grey hair and pallid face, and mournful, loving eyes resting ever on her handsome son. He was handsome enough to justify her loving pride in him. Tall, slight, and supple, with brown hair, and the most beautiful blue eyes in the world. But the face was looking haggard now, and wore an expression of anxiety and distress, though his lips never uttered a complaint, except that petulant, scornful one about his changed plans. He was a good son in his way; not a very strong staff to lean upon, indeed, but sympathizing and affectionate, and he suffered more on his mother's account than on his own. That he had once lived in luxury, and that, when their first losses came, he had still been rich enough to look forward confidently to a two years' study in Europe, was a bitter contrast to the present; but he felt a still deeper pain when he remembered those far-away childish days when his mother had come in her rich trailing robes to kiss him in his little bed before going down to some fine company at home or abroad, when he had seen the light of the nursery-lamp sparkle on her diamonds, and lying white on her fair round arms. What a contrast it was now! She had grown frail, and

pallid, and old; the dress she wore at this moment was a cotton one, and the jewels had long since been changed into food, shelter, and raiment. He glanced at her hands, and turned quickly away to hide the tears that came into his eyes. Those delicate hands had lost nearly all their beauty. They had to cook, clean, wash, and iron now. It made him desperate to think of it. How should he help her? It was not enough that he could give her bread and a home, he wished to give her back all that she had lost—to set her slight fingers slipping over the piano keys again, to see a footman bending, hat in hand, at her carriage step to take her orders, to wrap her elegant figure again in velvets and India shawls, and glossy rustling silks. To his mind the loss of money was the greatest of losses, and riches the great good. "With money, you can have all that is worth having in the world," he thought, "and without it, you can have nothing." He had never known a sorrow that money could not have prevented.

"I've been thinking, mother, that it might be best if I should try to get something to do at the north," he said. "My profession is worse than thrown away here, and I shall never do anything else. What do you think of it?"

Her pale cheeks grew yet paler. It was easy to talk of going, but what was to pay their passage to the north, and support them till employment should be found?

"I wish you would let me write to Edward Danese," she said. "He could help you, and I think he would."

The young man's face blushed a sudden crimson. "No, mother!" he replied decidedly. "I am not yet poor enough to beg for assistance from them. They have known that our fortunes were darkening while theirs were prosperous, and they have never written a word of sympathy. We will try to live without them."

She did not insist. Her own pride would have found it hard to ask help from them. She could have done it for her boy's sake; but had she been alone, never for her own.

She rose to prepare their supper, fearing to trust herself to think of their troubles without distraction. She drew a small table toward the window, and set it with a snow-white cloth, and a few dishes of fine china, the remains of sets long since broken up. It would not have been worth while to sell them. They would not have increased the price of any lot of odds and ends they might have been put with. The only saleable articles she still clung to were two silver forks, two spoons, and two teaspoons. These she reserved for the day when they would be hungry. Formerly she had attempted some little adornment of their table, a few flowers in a cup or glass, or laid by the plates; but seeing one day, as they caught her son's eyes, the quick glance of anguish he gave her, she never tried it again. The effort was but too evident, a mere mockery of adornment. It was better to eat their poor, dry food with as little pretence and parade as possible.

While they sat, both tried to talk cheerfully that their food might not choke them. Eating was always their hardest trial. Then Francis stood looking out of the window, while his mother washed and put away the dishes. The prospect was that worst of desolation, a view of a poor and filthy crowd. Their house door opened into a quiet street, but their windows looked into a narrow lane swarming with children, dogs, cats, and labouring men and women. A mingled noise of wrangling, snarling, laughing and crying came up through the soft May twilight; and took away the charm of spring and of evening. Even the stars were scarcely beautiful seen over that turmoil.

Mrs. Percy came and seated herself beside the window, looking up into her son's face. He turned it slightly away, but not so soon but she saw the trouble in it.

"My dear boy!" she exclaimed.

He sank on his knees before her, and hid his face in her lap, weeping like a girl. "I could bear it for myself, mother," he sobbed, "but I cannot bear it for you!"

There was a tap at the door, and the two hastily rose, wondering who could have come. It was many a day since they had had a visitor, or, indeed, since they had wished to see one. It was no visitor, however, only a poor neighbour who had brought up a letter for them.

And then they went to the window, and by the faint remains of daylight read Clara Danese's letter. She prayed them to come as a charity to her. She was sorrowful and alone, she wanted their society, she wanted Aunt Marian always to live with her. She grieved over their adversity, which she had but just learned. Brother Ned, who had brought her the news, was now waiting to take her letter out. She was grieved and delighted all at once. Their trials could not last. She had always heard that Francis had very great talent, and she was sure that he would succeed. Of course Ned would gladly assist him in any away. But why had they not written that they were in trouble? "I've thought that you had forgotten us," wrote Clara. All was poured out so generously, the sympathy, the grief, the encouragement, the pressing invitation, that, like a full tide, it carried their objections before it, and swept them away. Smiles broke out on their lips, and light came into their eyes as they read:—

"I shall write you again to-morrow, and enclose two free passes for the journey," the letter concluded: "for I am not going to imagine that you will refuse."

"So you are sure of a good home till I can give you one," said Francis joyfully. "What a good creature that Clara must be!"

"And you will yet have a career," the mother said proudly.

Each thought first of the other

CHAPTER IV.—"HOMINIS CONFUSIO."

Clara Danese was not one of those who refuse to be comforted. With the prospect of companionship and sympathy before her, her life began to stir again with a new spring. Hopes as frail as snow-drops, but as delicately sweet also, began to blossom, and aspirations to stretch upward their soaring branches.

Besides, there comes a time to most mourners when they learn to think of their lost ones as safe dead. The first wrench over, there is a strange kind of relief that it *is* over, since it had to be borne some time; and if the departed was one whose sufferings awakened a constant solicitude, we learn to be thankful that those sufferings are ended.

Clara Danese, then, laid aside her grief like a flower in a book, its vivid life, that had hurt her to the quick, all gone, and nothing left of it but a tender shadow and a sweet perfume. "Thank God, he is at peace now!" she sighed; and, saying it, felt that something of that peace had also touched herself with its healing.

Then there was work to do; for a tenant had offered himself at once for the house, and everything had to be taken away and stored. The books went first, and all the more precious articles; then room after room was denuded, cleaned and closed, till Clara found herself and her one servant in the narrowest possible quarters. These last rooms her brother would attend to when she should leave them. For she was to go to Foamy Point directly from her own home. And one day in the first of June she and her faithful Martha set out.

She found a friend of hers waiting at the station when she started, a gentleman who had been a frequent visitor at her father's house in days past, but whom she had not seen for months. He had called, but had not been admitted. She was either too sad or too busy to receive visitors.

"I thought you would allow me to come and say good-bye," he said.

She held out her hand cordially. "It is very good of you to take the pains," she replied; and they stood aside, talking together in a friendly way, while Edward Danese bought the tickets. Clara's eyes wandered about while she spoke, explaining her plans quite freely; but the gentleman's eyes rested on her. The sight of her pallor, contrasting so strongly with the deep mourning she wore, pained him intensely. He wanted to speak some word of sympathy, but did not dare approach a subject which she so completely set aside, not knowing if her cheerfulness were real, or only assumed to hide a breaking heart. He knew her well enough to be sometimes puzzled by her. It is only those who are ignorant of character who fancy that they can always read it like print; and Mr. Albert Fronset was not only

rather remarkably gifted in that difficult science, but had unconsciously made Clara Danese a particular study.

"And where do you go this summer?" she asked, after having told her own plans.

"I have decided on nothing," he replied. "Mother and the girls are going to Newport; but I am tired of it. I would like to run wild a little—get off to woods that no gardener has been fingering, and a sea where nobody goes in bathing."

"Mother and the girls" meant the mother and sisters of his dead wife. Five years before, Mr. Fronset had married a beautiful young girl, simply because she had fallen desperately in love with him, and he had now been two years a widower.

"Why don't you run down our way?" Clara asked. "It is quite wild enough there. Besides, I would like you and my cousin, Francis, to become acquainted. I am afraid that he will find his mother and me rather dull company."

The gentleman's fine dark face brightened wonderfully. "I should certainly like to come," he said.

Then there was a warning whistle, and Clara had to run to the train. The gentleman did not, however, go away directly. He stood looking through the rails of the barrier till the train had slipped out of the station.

Some notable persons had gone down to Canning a few days before, and a drawing-room car was sent down to take them back. Edward Danese, ever thoughtful for his sister's comfort, had bought her tickets for this car. There were but two other persons in it: a lady and her maid. Clara scarcely observed this lady at first, except to assure herself that she was a stranger, but occupied herself with arranging the two arm-chairs that fell to her lot so that she could see the landscape—the lovely green fields they were flying through, and the grand old forests they would reach presently, farther eastward.

Martha, to whom all landscapes were alike, and who could not imagine why people should care to look at them, settled herself in a corner with a pile of illustrated papers.

"How nice!" said Clara to herself, as they started. "There are to be no men in the car. I can do as I like."

What she liked was to make a sort of sofa of her two chairs with one of the corner divans, where, half reclining, she watched dreamily the flying landscape, and enjoyed the sense of rapid motion, and of the power which produced it.

How perfect were those June skies and the June woods! not too rich, but fully and graciously beautiful. How far tenderer that soft violet, with its light fleece of scattered clouds, small and white, like lambs in a flowery pasture, than the dazzling blue diamond *solitaire* of a tropical sky! Clouds are so much more social, she thought. And was there a tree on earth so etherially lovely as a silver-birch? Why, if they grew only in some one

distant land, all the world would call them trees of paradise. And there, on the horizon, were the mountains of paradise; summit over summit of cumuli of an ineffable whiteness, where the shadows were coloured like pearls.

Presently, not knowing why, but, it may be, "turned by seeing spirits," Clara turned her head and looked at the lady at the other side of the car.

This lady—we may as well tell her name at once: Mrs. M'Cloud—had also made herself as comfortable as possible, but in another mode than Clara Danese's. She had removed her rather jaunty black hat, over which nodded a long feather, and suspended it to a tassel of the curtain; had drawn the second arm-chair up before her, and put her feet into it, and had arranged within reach a variety of objects. There was a little fan, that shut up into a marvellously small space when not in use; a smelling-bottle, a travelling-flask of Catawba wine, and a paper of sandwiches. With these articles attending her pleasure, she leaned back in her chair and read a novel, helping herself now and then to a chocolate cream from the paper in her lap.

"To make the picture perfect, she should wear a dressing-gown, and have her hair in curl-papers," thought Clara Danese.

Mrs. M'Cloud's hair, however, had no need of curl-papers. Nature had already crisped those blonde tresses into such stubborn waves, that the hundred strokes of the brush which her maid gave them every night could not straighten them; and though it was too early in the day for her to have spent much time at the toilet, one could see, through the light net she wore, such a confused wealth of crushed, glossy ringlets, as only nature can produce. This lady might have been thirty years of age. Her face was fair, spirited in outline, and colourless, with the soft pallor of an infant; her eyes a light grey, which seemed darker for the thick lashes; her smooth cheek had a faint dimple in it, and her hands were marvellously white and small. Her toilet, though simple, showed study. It was all of a mottled grey; dress, boots and mantle. The only relief was a bunch of small scarlet flowers at the throat, and a glimpse of a scarlet petticoat. Mrs. M'Cloud was of opinion that flowers were cheaper than ribbons, especially when the flowers cost nothing.

Clara looked long and intently at this lady, and, while admiring her beauty, did not like her. Mrs. M'Cloud, who had already taken her own observations, returned the compliment. There was something in Clara Danese's large, dreamy eyes, as she had fixed them on the distant cloud-mountains, which displeased her. She did not fancy sublime young women, and she set her fellow-traveller down as sublime.

The bright June day waned, and when at last the town of Canning became visible, built whitely up and down its lovely hills, the sun was setting.

"Thank goodness! we are here, Miss Clara," said Martha, who had long since exhausted her papers.

Mrs. M'Cloud had some time before laid aside her book, and began looking out with an eagerness which her travelling companion noticed. She bit her under lip a little as she looked, and an expression, half of amusement, half of scorn, passed over her face as she saw the town.

"I used to think that town the centre of the world," she said, addressing Clara for the first time.

"Then you must have been born there," was the quiet reply.

The lady stared at her. "Who told you that? How could you know?" she exclaimed.

"I only guessed it from your own remark," Clara replied.

Mrs. M'Cloud laughed. "You are quite right. I haven't seen it now for ten years, and in that time I have seen all the rest of the world that is worth seeing."

"You have been in Palestine?" inquired Clara, who had a longing to go there.

"Dear me! no. I have been in London, Paris, and Rome. Paris, though, is enough. Everybody comes there but the Pope; and he may come any day. You have been in Europe?"

"No," Clara said; "but I shall probably go this fall."

The resolution had come in a flash. She could have Aunt Marian as a companion, and their going might, in some way, help Francis to go. She was very anxious to help him. "I will surely go this fall," she thought, as she stepped out on to the platform.

(To be continued.)

THE CELTS, GREEKS, AND LATINS.

PHILOLOGICAL NOTES.

IT is now generally admitted by philologists, that of the Aryan peoples who, in epochs as yet undetermined, migrated from Central Asia to the European Continent, the Celts were the first to arrive, and the Greeks the last. The unity of the Aryan languages is proved by the similarity of their grammatical forms, even more than by their vocabulary, though the affiliation in the latter respect is also patent and indubitable. On the philological map the same class of languages extends from Hindustan to Ireland. In the old poetic literature of the Hindus, vague traditions point to the cradle of the Aryan race, of which they were a branch, as the Airganem Vaege, the country between the Jaxartes

and Oxus—the northern Asiatic region, where Ahriman, or darkness, reigns during six months of the year. Elsewhere it is stated that Bokhara and Little Thibet were the starting points. The old Sanscrit language in which those traditions are contained, is a sister of the Celtic; and to any Irish-speaking person the radical components of the word Bokhara is plain, namely, that it was the country of "cattle," and "husbandry." The Hindus entered India through the Punjaub, and the songs of the Rig Veda, perhaps the oldest literary composition of the Indo-Aryan race, indicate that they long resided in the country of the "five rivers," or Shindus, from which they derive their name, and even in Cabul.

The primitive Celts at one time spread over a large part of the European Continent, driving before them a people previously in occupation—a dark-skinned race, of whom the Basques of Spain, the Siluri of South Wales, and, perhaps, the ancient Etrurians, were a residue—just as they were themselves subsequently driven before the Teutonic races, westward.* The Celts were once in the possession of Peninsular Greece, Macedon, Thrace, Dalmatia, Illyria, Carinthia, the Tyrol, Switzerland, Styria, Bohemia, Italy, Gaul, Spain, and the British Isles; and 200 B.C., they made an incursion into Galatia, in Asia Minor, and gave the name to that province, to whose people St. Paul addressed an epistle. To the Greeks they were known as Keltæ; to the Latins, and their own race in old France, as Galli.† The signification of the word Celt has not been definitely ascertained; the Celtæ have been interpreted to mean, the "people of the woods," &c. The root *Cel*,‡ signifies "a cover" (in the Norse, *hel*, is the "covered or hidden place"); and the most probable interpretation of "Celtæ" is, "the people who lived under cover," or "tents," they being, in primitive ages, nomades, who moved with their herds and flocks, and lived under tents. The word Gaul comes from the Irish word *gallav*, the left (hand), and as looking, with reference to the cardinal points, northward, the west is on the left, the word *Gal* came to signify the "west," and its people. This root-word, Gall, is found in many places—in the name of ancient Gaul, as in that of Galway.

At the present time there is a tribe of the Georgian Yomuts occupying a district south of the Caspian Sea, who call themselves Celtæ, and who, as described by Vambry, are a fair-skinned

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* Of these contests we now know little or nothing. One of the greatest of literary losses has been that of "Pliny's History of the Wars between the Celts and Germans," in 20 books.

† Ipsorum lingua Celtæ, nostra Galli appellantur (Cæsar Com. l. i.) The *c* in Celtic is pronounced hard, as *k*, as it was by the Latins, who said—Kæsar, Kikero, not Cæsar, Cicero, as we pronounce these words.

‡ The root *cel*, in the sense of "cover," is not confined to the Celtic. It is found in the ancient Egyptian.

people, with all the ethnological characteristics of the old Celts. The name is curious, cropping up in such a place in such an age; perhaps they are relics of an old Celtic tribe who retain only the name. While referring to the origin of the name Celt, we may allude to that of Saxon.* The Sacæ are mentioned in classic history; but it may be a surprise to some to find traces of the same race in the Cacca, in the province of Oude in India, in the present day, who are said to bear a striking resemblance, physically, to the ancient Saxons, in their blue eyes, fair hair, and character. The word Saxon has been absurdly derived from *sax*, a knife: its real root is the same as that of the Cacca, namely, the Sanscrit, *cak*, a "warrior,"—a "terrible being." How many ages have elapsed since this people, identical in name and other respects, separated in Central Asia—the one to settle in northern Hindustan, the other in England!

The Celts, as we have said, had for ages occupied Europe before the Greek† peoples passed thither from Asia. Of these Hellenic races the migration of the Aeolians, whose Greek dialect bears a closer resemblance to the Celtic than the Ionian, or Attic, appears to have been prior to the arrival of the southern Greeks. The name Iones, or Ionians, we may state, is identical with the Yavanas, who are stated in the Indian Puranas to have been the progeny of the warrior caste—the Cshatriyas—one of the three great castes of ancient India. The word Yavanas, signifies "the young people," or race—a term which has reference to their youthful characteristics—a race of big children, beautiful, bold, capricious, apprehensive. Horace has sketched the Greek character in one of his Epistles, and history illustrates their intellectual career. But this subject is beside our purpose. On their arrival in Greece, the Greeks found, as Herodotus states, the country occupied by a much more primitive, and less civilized, people—the Pelasgians; while, on the other hand, Homer speaks of the "divine Pelasgians." Now, who were this people, whose language, in the time of Herodotus, was "barbarous," unintelligible to the Greeks, and who inhabited the district about Certona? The accounts of the Pelasgians in classic poets and historians is vague, as are all those which refer to the origin of ancient nations. Language is, after all, the most reliable aid in such historic elucidations. If it was this Pelasgian nation who gave the names to the mountains, rivers, localities, and oldest cities of Greece, they seem to have been a Celtic-speaking people.‡ There

* From Sanscrit, *cak*, to endure, to be able; *caka*, a sovereign. The Cakas are frequently mentioned in the Indian epics as a people living north of the Himalayas. Boudda was called *Cakamouna*—the solitary, or monk of the Cakas.

† The name Graiæ, from which the Italians gave their name to the Greeks, was originally derived from a small community in ancient Albania, fronting Brindisi, with whom the Italians had early intercourse.

‡ There are many references in Irish Celtic literature to the intercourse between Ireland and Greece. In remote ages the Celtic and Greek were more allied than later;

seems strong philological grounds for concluding that the Helenes, on their arrival in Greece, having received the Celtic names of places, cities, &c., from the Pelasgians, without comprehending their signification, originated a series of fanciful stories respecting them, and the famous traditional personages among the Pelasgii, and thus produced a portion of their mythology. Neither Greeks or Latins knew anything of comparative philology, and hence the greater part of their derivations are purely fanciful. "All that concerns the Greeks," says Josephus, in his treatise against Appion, "is of yesterday—such as the building of their cities, and their invention of the arts and laws. The last thing they thought of was writing their histories. Numerous disturbances have happened to the country they inhabit, and blotted out all record of former actions, so that they were always beginning a new way of living." Several discrepancies occur in their chronological history. Thus it is that Josephus, the literary representative of the Hebrews, proud of the antiquity of his nation, treats the Greeks with contempt, on the score of their antiquity. Though the Greeks were the "young people," they surpassed all nations in artistic intelligence; they beautified all they touched, and their poets built upon misunderstood traditions, rescued from the Pelasgii, their interesting mythology.

Let us hunt up a few of those old Pelasgian local names, and see if their Celtic radical signification corresponds with the above theory. Let us take the name Athens. The Greeks, of course, stated that Athene was so called from Minerva, or Pallas, who was the goddess-guardian of the city. This appears to us to have been a secondary explanation; the primitive word, "Athene," having a purely local reference. We are all familiar with the two rivers which flow near Athens, the Ilissus and Cephissus. Like all the Greek rivers, they have the character of mountain torrents, and dwindle to a thread during the summer. In alluding to the diminution of these waters in summer, the witty French writer, About, in his "Travels in Greece," says: "The Ilissus, indeed, is only a little wet after rain." The stream which runs nearest to Athens, the Cephissus, is bordered with rushes. Chateaubriand says, that on his way to the city, he crossed it over a ford made of the rushes with which its banks are thickly fringed. Looking at the name Athene, from the supposition that the old Pelasgian town was named Athene, from the nature of the path which

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and there is nothing improbable in the accounts of Greeks taking part in the great Fair of Carmen, as described in the very old Irish poem on that subject. Late researches prove that the Fair of "Carmen" was held at Carlow, not Wexford. Ancient Irish traditions remain as yet, chronologically, in a most confused state. Their antiquity is plain from internal evidence; but the confusion is referable to the circumstance of the scribes writing down every scrap of information conserved of some annal half-destroyed during an invasion, or from the ancient books being injured by being hidden in wells and all sorts of places during such occurrences; hence chronological order was lost.

led to it, and that this name was originally given to it by the Celtic-speaking Pelasgians, we have a clear explanation of its meaning—*ath*, "a ford," and *aine*, the genitive case of the Irish *ain*, "of rushes"—so that Athens resolves itself into "Rushford." The prefix, *ath*, enters into the old name of Dublin; Ath-cliath, Dublin, "the ford of hurdles of the black pool;" and into a multitude of other local names in Ireland, and other places in ancient Celtica. Let us glance at the radical signification, from a Celtic standpoint, of a few familiar Greek words, and personal and local names. Take the name of the god Pan. There was a Pan the god of goat-herds; but Pan was also the name of the universal deity, the air, which was omnipresent. By adopting the usual transliteral change of the Celtic *f* into the Greek *p*, according to Grimm's law, Pan is similarly explicable. In Irish, "fan" is the wind, pronounced *faun;* and this root enters into the Latin, *vanitas*, wandering, changeable as the wind—*fan*, wind, and *tus*, full. Few would conceive that the name of the Greek god, and of the ornament, the fan, have a like origin. Or take the Greek name for the ocean—*okeanus;* the Celtic roots which fit into this word, *og-ghaen*, convey in a remarkable manner the primitive signification of the name, *i.e.*, "perfectly flat," "extended," "spread out." Just the name which an inland people, on first seeing the level brine, would have given to it, in contradistinction to the irregularity presented by the land. Comparative philology is one of the latest of sciences; and Max Muller truly states that both the Greeks and Latins were entirely ignorant of the radical meaning of their respective vocabularies.

How closely the Latin is connected with the Celtic we need not say. In the oldest Latin, as it appears in the fragments of the Laws of Numa in Festus, and fragments found in ancient inscriptions, we see the Celtic form of the genitive case, and other resemblances. It has long since been observed, that all Latin words relating to war, or agriculture, are Celtic; whose roots are also continually cropping up in multitudes of other Latin words. In Roman times, Cisalpine Gaul extended to the Tiber; and Zeuss has truly remarked, that the names of the most eminent literary men of ancient Italy, Catullus, Virgil, Cæsar, &c., are Celtic.

Mommsen (Hist. Rome) says that the word "Ramnes," one of the three original cantons of Rome, cannot be explained, and thinks it may mean "foresters," "bushmen." It comes from *ruam*,* a "burial-place;" and *naas*, "an assembly." Like the Irish Celts, the early Romans assembled in their burial places, as the most sacred localities for consultation, propagating the laws, &c. The Celtic word *naas*, is familiar, in the town of that name, where the old "assembly," or parliament was held. It enters into many Pelasgian Greek personal names, such as Nestor, naas-tor, the "lord,"

* Ruamh, pronounced *raum*.

or wisdom of the assembly. The word *rum*, or *rom*, also has the secondary meaning of a "division"—hence, possibly, room.

Our theory is that the Helenes received the local names originated by the Celtic-speaking Pelasgians of primitive Greece; and while ignorant of their radical signification, built up a series of fanciful explanations of them, and that much of their mythology had its origin in this way.

Few words have been subjected to a greater number of tentative explanations than that of Rome. Cormac, in his Glossary, derives it from Ruam, a burial-place; but many of his interpretations are as fanciful as those of the Greeks and Latins. *Rom* in Celtic signifies "a division," and the name may have reference to the division of the hills among the early inhabitants. We do not know the period when the name Rome originated. If it was at the date of the amalgamation of the Sabines with the original heterogeneous population of the seven-hilled city, the name admits of a curious explanation—one referring to the presence of an Indian or Sanscrit-speaking people—a tribe of the same race as the modern gypsies—in the ancient city. That some of the names of the old gods of the Romans were Indian there can be no doubt; for example, Anna Perenna, which is the Indian Anna Puranna, the Goddess of Abundance, whose festival was celebrated on the banks of rivers in harvest-time. We are all familiar with the old story of the rape of the Sabines—how, when the Sabine women saw the Roman army and that of their Sabine relatives advancing to combat, they rushed between them, and terminated the impending conflict between their fathers and brothers and their husbands. The original population of Rome before this event are stated to have been a collection of outcasts and robbers, among the former of whom there may have been some of those Indian tribes who, having lost caste, had become exiles from the eastern peninsula. Now, the Spanish gypsies call themselves "*Romani*"—a name which has an emphatic reference to "husbands." The language of some of the motley gathering who constituted the primitive inhabitants in these very remote times, may have been, or very closely allied to, the Sanscrit (it is unnecessary to say that the gypsy language is a corrupt dialect of the Sanscrit)—thus, the slang expression, my "pal," is a Sanscrit word; *pal* meaning a "tent," and hence, by its secondary signification, a "companion." Curious to think that Rome might, from the Sabine incident, have been known as the city of "husbands."

The Pelasgians* figure largely in Homer. Hippothous led the

* The Pelasgii occupied Western Asia and Greece. There is every reason to suppose that this ancient people spoke a Celtic dialect. The Greeks changed the Celtic *b* into *p*, and the word Pelasgi resolves itself into Baile-asgach—the people of "fortified habitations or towns" as distinguished from the older Celts, or the people who lived under tents. The idea corresponds with the descriptions of the Pelasgians in Homer, Herodotus, and Strabo.

warlike "nations" who inhabited the fertile Larissa—a word which comes from *lar*, a hearth—and hence, a home; and which is found in a Persian as well as a Greek region. Rawlinson, after referring to the statement of Herodotus, that the Ionians, Aeolians, and Achæans, were originally Pelasgians, is of opinion that their language resembled the Greek, as the Gothic the German. The "father of history," although he was preceded in Greece by Hecatæus, tells us that the Greeks derived the names of their gods from the Pelasgians and the Phœnicians.

It is remarkable that Troia—Troy—is an Irish word, signifying a "fight" or "place of battle." We have it still in Troyes in France, and many other places besides the famous place in Phrygia, the scene of the Iliad. The Celtic explains the original meaning of many personal and local names in Homer and other Greek writers. The influence of Celtic on the Latin, which radically resembles it most, is far more important. In fact, all the Latin words which have a relation to war, or agriculture, or policy, are Irish Celtic. Take, for example, the word "consul." The consul was the adviser—the individual elected to see after the affairs of the tribe or collection of families; and the two Irish words, *con-suil*, the "eye of kindred," in the old figurative Celtic fashion, strikingly illustrates the meaning of the name. For the present we are content to direct the attention of our Celtic scholars to such interesting analogies.

A. M.

OLD WALKS AND OLD SCENES.

BY T. C. IRWIN.

I.

With every season have we viewed this scene:—
When the soft lilac clouds, dispersed shapes,
Slept o'er the sea-line 'twixt the stretching capes,
And the spring freshes flooding o'er the dam
Edged its sleek fall with sweeling flaggers green;
When skies were full of May and blossomed balm·
Or cloudy, sultry noons of summer grey
Roofed the low mountains and the waveless bay;
Or when from sullen vapours heavily
Rayed down at times a sombrous, fan-like glow;
Thunder above the corn-fields brooded low;
And not the faintest breath was felt to flow,

Till through the lurid, curled clouds amain
Rattled the crash reverberant, and rain
Released at first in drops, heavy and slow,
Thickened to deluge on the steaming plain.

Then slumbrous days of misty heat and growth,
Scarce cooled by a wind even from the south;
Through which we hear no more the bubbling brook,
But the dry toll of reapers, as they grasp
The swathes of wheat they bind in strawy clasp,
Or double-sided clash of whetting hook:
And later, others shorter and as warm,
When in the dusty pane the dry beam glows,
And parched trailers droop, and the flies swarm
Black, thick and rank, at sleepy autumn's close.

II.

Then cooler came after some teeming night,
The cheerful sadness of September light:
Pale skies more chill, but splendrously clear,
Over the breezy morning's foliage sear;
Then as we walked in mellow calm, remote
From the town's hum, on some dry, quiet road—
When ceased the snapping bark of cottage curs—
We heard vague voices of the harvesters
On uplands heaping high each yellow load;
Nay, on the stillness, under the cart's wheel,
The husky crackle of the stubble steal;
And saw the thistle-down across us float:—

And later aspects of the year we knew
No less:—October's mornings, breezy and blue,
With scents of frost and withered fallen leaves,
By dry day roads, or misty, moony eves;
Or when clouds crisp with cold rose o'er the brown
Woodlands—till came November's dull nights soon.
Then as returned we late a-toward Town,
Cold gusts of water crossed us from the weir
On sloppy roads, where the wind, raw and drear,
Breathed from the wet, rank foggy fields anear,
Faint lit from rainy hallows round the moon,
That overhead unseen in vapours swam.
Mid-winter, too, upon whose numb, cold calm,
When footing frosted paths, beside some dead
Shrubbery, in shelter from the blue north wind,
We heard beneath the birchen thickets, lined
With fallen leaves, the blackbird's rustling tread;

And yet again, when through the white wide park,
Muffled, quick pacing, we were wont to mark
The deers' slot in the snowy sludge beside
The river; and across the pure, chill waste,
Far off by barren branches brownly laced,
Spreading into the hazy evening wide—
The great trees swaying sigh in desolate air
Ceaselessly—with an inner low despair.

THE MOORES OF MOORE'S COURT.

By Denis F. Hannigan.

Chapter IX.

In those days there stood, in one of the less-frequented quarters of the City of Cork, a large, dingy-looking-house, in one of the front windows of which appeared a green board adorned with the inscription—"Nathaniel Sharkey, Attorney and Land Agent." At that time the ambiguous word "solicitor"—which literally seems to mean nothing better than a tempter—had not come into popular use; and legal gentlemen rejoiced in the older and certainly more intelligible title. The professional gentlemen who now discard the term "attorney" as a vulgarism, seem to overlook the awkward significance of its euphonious substitute.

If there was anything peculiar in the aspect of the house referred to, it was the fact that everything about it seemed strongly suggestive of Dust. There was dust on the windows, dust on the walls, dust on the hall-door, and dust on the brass knocker; and this dusty character seemed even to attach itself to the owner of the name on the inscription above mentioned, as he sat in his private office, one burning day in the middle of June, with a handkerchief tied around his head, probably to keep off the heat. There was little in Mr. Nathaniel Sharkey's appearance to suggest the idea of a sharp practitioner. He was a short, stout, overfed-looking individual, with nothing more striking in his face than a large red pimple (said to have been congenital with the organ itself) which adorned the end of his nose. He was dressed in a light summer suit; and, with his rubicund face and air of inveterate good-humour, looked rather like a respectable version of the celebrated "Miller of the Dee." Even the

heat and the dust, which found their way into the room through the open window, seemed to enhance his aspect of radiant middle-aged cheerfulness.

Mr. Sharkey's private office was a small, ill-furnished room, its walls ornamented with shelves of musty old books, and in its centre an old-fashioned round table, littered with venerable-looking parchments and faded old letters. There was a closet in a corner of the room where Mr. Sharkey usually kept some good old wine.

Mr. Sharkey was a person who enjoyed the reputation of being rich—one of those pleasant things which always, unfortunately, has its *aliquid amari*. The bitter drop in Mr. Sharkey's cup was that some envious people suspected him of having acquired a considerable portion of his wealth by overreaching—a sinister charge, which we should be sorry to bring against any gentleman engaged in the solemn function of either expounding or administering the law. Some malicious wags loved also to assign a Quixotic reason for the fact that Mr. Sharkey did not practise at the local courts. They said that in the springtime of his legal career, he was once engaged in an insignificant case before the Recorder, and that, not yet being inured to the atmosphere of a court, the unfledged young attorney took his seat in a place not generally occupied by legal practitioners. These irreverent wags went on to say that, as Mr. Sharkey rose while the Recorder, who happened to be a very unceremonious personage, was himself asking some questions of a troublesome witness, the judicial functionary angrily exclaimed: "Who is that fellow below there with the big red carbuncle on his nose?" Since that time, according to those spiteful persons, Mr. Sharkey never practised at the local tribunals of justice.

With an apparent disrelish for all hard work, probably induced by the heat of the day, Mr. Sharkey seemed to amuse himself by occasionally glancing over some stray papers that lay on that part of the table which was close to the place where he sat. Now and then a few incoherent expressions escaped his lips, as if he were buried in deep reflection which sometimes, like the soliloquies in *Hamlet*, effervesced in broken sentences. That portion of Mr. Sharkey's self-communion which took the form of spoken language might be rendered thus:—

"Very deep scheme.—To break up such an old family.—Something at the bottom of the whole thing.—A fellow I can't read very easily.—Something mysterious about him.—Must try and find out the cause of this.—Very hard customer to deal with.—Seems to distrust everybody.—Something at the bottom of it.—Hallo, J. P.!"

J. P. was Mr. Sharkey's clerk—an individual of about thirty, with red hair and beard, and a pair of wild-looking eyes that seemed to be on fire with litigious energy. His full name was

Joseph Power White, which the curious enquirer might easily discover by reading the large printed letters that flared over the door of a small public-house in one of the smallest streets in the city—an establishment conducted by Mrs. White, a buxom lady, twenty years her husband's senior. But, as brevity is the soul of wit, Mr. Sharkey, who regarded himself as a great humorist, took the liberty of addressing his clerk as "J. P."

"What's the matter now, J. P.?" said Mr. Sharkey, as that remarkable individual entered the room.

"There's a country fellow outside there, sir, with a letter, and won't give up possession to me, though I gave him to understand that I was qualified to act as your agent. He says he does not want any agents, as his business is with yourself alone."

"Who is he?" asked the attorney quickly.

"I believe he is a letter-carrier in the employment of Sir Annesley Moore, sir."

"Sir Annesley Moore! Oh, show the man in here at once, J. P. It must be important."

"Is there any prospect of a 'set-to' in that quarter, sir?" It may be observed that by the term "set-to," J. P. meant to convey the idea of a lawsuit; his notion of justice being that litigation was a kind of faction-fighting in which the parties strove, by fair means or foul, to reduce one another to beggary, instead of trying to break one another's heads.

"I don't know how things may turn out yet, J. P.," was Mr. Sharkey's evasive reply. "But you are forgetting the letter-carrier in the meantime. Send him in to me with the letter, in all haste."

The clerk retired; and in a very short time a countryman, with a bag slung across his shoulders, shufflingly entered the room.

"That letter is for me, my good fellow?" said Mr. Sharkey, seeing that the man hesitated.

"Listen here," returned the man, approaching Mr. Sharkey, and speaking in a half whisper, "are you the 'torney himself?" In those days, it should be observed, the peasantry had little respect for that branch of the legal profession to which Mr. Sharkey belonged.

"I am the person you want evidently, my friend," answered Mr. Sharkey, a little irritated at the fellow's coolness.

"How do you know you're the person I want?" said the man doggedly. "Are you the 'torney, tell me?"

"I am," replied the lawyer, with some asperity—"give me the letter, and don't stand loitering there."

"Oh! thin, you're Misther Sharkey—an' a mighty sharp name you have by the same token, Misther Sharkey. Here's the letther, Misther Sharkey, sir. 'Tis from the masther—Sir Annisley Moore, I mane. He tould me, you see, Misther Sharkey, to

dilliver it to yerself." So saying, he handed Mr. Sharkey the letter, which that gentleman proceeded quickly to open. The attorney had just glanced over the communication when, suddenly looking up, he was rather surprised to see the postman still standing near him, evidently watching him with close scrutiny. "What are you waiting for?" asked Mr. Sharkey.

"What'd I be waitin' for but the answer?" returned the man, in his usual interrogative style of reply.

"You need not wait for that," said the attorney, after a brief pause. "I will write to Sir Annesley Moore by this evening's post."

"But I'm ready to carry it now, Mr. Sharkey."

"Carry what?"

"The letther you're goin' to write, of coorse."

"But 'tis not written yet, my good fellow—as I told you just now, you need not wait."

The countryman, who was no less a personage than Patt the Post, gazed curiously at the lawyer.

"An' would you suspect me of openin' it, Misther Sharkey?" he asked, with a cunning leer.

"Opening what?"

"Arrah, don't you know what I mane, man alive? Is that the way you are? Openin' the letther, of coorse."

Mr. Sharkey's good-humoured smirk was beginning to disappear. "Come, sir," he cried, rather impatiently; "give me none of your impudence! There's no letter for you to carry."

"Well, what'll I say, so, whin I go back, Misther Sharkey?" asked the postman, relapsing into his more conciliatory style of address.

"Say what I told you," the lawyer observed—"namely, that I'll write by the evening post; or—you need not say anything, if you like, but that you brought no letter."

"An' is there nothin' purtikler in that letther I gave you?" said the postman, slyly.

"Come, my man! You must not be trying to pry into family secrets," returned Mr. Sharkey, in a half-playful manner, which was only an attempt to mask his interior discomposure.

"Family saycrits, is it?" repeated the postman, with a stare of inquisitive surprise. "An' so there's family saycrits in that letther, is there?"

Here Mr. Sharkey, no longer able to control his impatience, sprang from his seat, and cried in a loud voice: "J. P., step in here a moment, and remove this fellow from the premises!"

The postman moved rapidly towards the door, exclaiming, with some alarm:—

"What's J. P.?—Justice o' the Paice, is it? What are you goin' to get me taken for? Is it goin' to sware informations agin me, you are, bad 'cess to you?"

"I could get you locked up, if I wished," observed the attorney, with a look of severity in his face. "But, as I am inclined to be lenient——"

Here he was interrupted by the entrance of his clerk. "Here, J. P.," he said, leaving the previous sentence unfinished, "show that fellow out. And mark me, my friend," casting a look of solemn warning at the bewildered postman; "if you conduct yourself in this fashion again, whenever you may happen to come here, it will be the worse for you."

Patt the Post shuffled out of the room, muttering as he approached the street, where his mule was awaiting him very impatiently, as though she felt inclined to rush off in a furious stampede: "May the divil take all 'torneys!"

"That's actionable!" exclaimed the litigious clerk, who had heard the words.

"What's that you're sayin'?" cried the postman, sharply, as he rapidly turned round and faced the clerk.

"I mean you could be punished by the law for speaking in such terms of a legal gentleman," said J. P., grandiloquently.

"I wasn't spakin' of any gintleman," retorted the postman; "I was only givin' my blessin' to the profession in gineral."

"Did you not say, 'May the——'?"

"Arrah, let me out o' this place, an' be hanged to you!" the postman impatiently exclaimed, interrupting J. P.'s question. "Ye're both well met. A pair o' ——." The last word, however opprobrious, did not reach J. P.'s attentive ears, for it was uttered in a low tone, just as the postman, having emerged into the street, was in the act of mounting his ill-tempered mule.

Meanwhile Mr. Sharkey sat pondering deeply over the letter he had just received.

"So the baronet wants to raise a few thousands more!" he muttered. "Let me see"—reading a portion of the letter—"'Can you procure me the loan of three thousand pounds?' That's no joke, certainly. Callanan *could* advance the money, I'm sure; but *would* he?—that's the point. I fear the baronet is on his last legs. Well! well! The thing was a long time coming round."

Here Mr. Sharkey read the letter over again carefully. Then, as he replaced it in the envelope, he said to himself: "I suppose I must see Callanan." He had just arisen from his seat when he heard a rapid knock at the street door; and immediately afterwards, J. P. again presented his red head at the door, and stared at his master with his wild-looking eyes. "Well, J. P.?"

"Mr. Callanan wishes to see you, sir—special business."

"Indeed! Speak of somebody and he'll appear," said Mr. Sharkey, euphemistically. "Show him in here, J. P., in all haste."

Mr. Callanan entered the room, looking somewhat paler and more careworn than usual.

"And how is my good friend, Mr. Callanan, to-day?" the attorney began, with sugary politeness. "I hope this exceedingly warm weather is not disagreeing with you, sir."

"Thank you, I am well," Mr. Callanan returned, with such frigidity of manner that the remark about the heat seemed strangely inappropriate.

"Will you kindly take a seat, Mr. Callanan," Mr. Sharkey went on, his manner becoming a little more grave than usual. "I presume, Mr. Callanan, you have come to speak to me concerning business?"

"Yes, Mr. Sharkey; I have come to speak to you about those mortgages."

"In—deed!" exclaimed the lawyer, chopping the word into two parts, while he closely watched the other's face.

"Now I want to know this from you, Mr. Sharkey," said Mr. Callanan, slowly: "Can a mortgagee under any circumstances become the absolute owner of the mortgaged property?"

Mr. Sharkey looked at his visitor keenly. "Your question is very well put, indeed," said he; "you are a clear-headed man, Mr. Callanan."

"But you are not answering my question," said Mr. Callanan, curtly.

"Oh! excuse my heedlessness," returned the lawyer, with a strange mixture of politeness and confusion. "I am inclined to think that, under certain circumstances, which, it is to be hoped, for the sake of our landed proprietors, may not often arise—in fact—I believe——"

"In a word, he can," said Mr. Callanan, bluntly interpreting the lawyer's meaning. "Does it come to that?"

"You follow me correctly, sir," replied Mr. Sharkey, blandly; "but you should consider the variety of circumstances that must concur in order to bring about such a result."

"I wanted to know simply how the matter stands in law," said Mr. Callanan.

"Oh! but you must remember that equity may interpose, my dear Mr. Callanan," rejoined the attorney.

"Equity! How is that?"

"You see, a transaction may be valid at law and void in equity—valid in equity and void at law."

Mr. Callanan stared at the lawyer with some surprise.

"Take the example of a mortgage, my dear sir—thing we were speaking of—case in point. A mortgage at law gives the legal estate to the mortgagee——"

"When?"

"From the date of the mortgage-deed; and a court of law would empower the mortgagee, as soon as the day of payment is passed, to eject the mortgagor for non-payment."

There was a wild light in Mr. Callanan's eyes as he listened to

these words. Mr. Sharkey, closely watching the expression in his client's face, went on :—

"In equity, however, the case is quite different. The Court of Chancery maintains that, even after the day fixed for payment, the mortgagor has still a right to redeem his estate, on payment of principal, interest and costs."

The wild light faded from Mr. Callanan's eyes, and his face gradually resumed its old impassive expression. "I did not think the law contradicted itself in this way," he observed.

"You see the matter with a layman's eye, Mr. Callanan," replied the attorney. "The fact is, the courts of common law and the Court of Chancery exercise two totally different jurisdictions."

"Can the mortgagee bring an action of ejectment, if the mortgagor does not pay up the debt on the day fixed for payment?" asked Mr. Callanan.

"He may, of course, my dear sir, bring his action of ejectment in a court of law; but the Court of Chancery will force him, even after he has got possession, to give a strict account of the rents and profits."

"So, then, I am to understand, Mr. Sharkey, that the mortgagor may, by the aid of the Court of Chancery, claim back at any time he wishes the property he has legally forfeited. This is scarcely credible."

"Oh! no," cried the attorney; "there is, of course, a certain limit to the time allowed for redemption."

"And what is that limit?" asked Mr. Callanan, quickly.

"I cannot answer you that question with mathematical accuracy," replied Mr. Sharkey. "The Court of Chancery allows the mortgagee to 'foreclose,' as the legal phrase is, the mortgagor's power of redemption, if the latter does not repay him within a reasonable time."

"Can you define what that 'reasonable time' is?" inquired Mr. Callanan, eagerly.

"Oh! you must not press me so hard, Mr. Callanan," said the lawyer. "The Court itself may name the day on which payment must necessarily be made; and after that the owner—that is to to say, the mortgagor—may be foreclosed."

"In such a case, then," Mr. Callanan observed, "the law probably gives the mortgagee the power of either selling the property or transferring it to himself?"

"In such a case, as far as I understand, the mortgagee has that power," returned Mr. Sharkey, with a little hesitation. "But do you not find this discussion rather dry, Mr. Callanan? Will you not drink something?"

"Oh! not at all," said Mr. Callanan, with a face of imperturbable gravity. "But now, Mr. Sharkey, let us apply this practically. The Moore estate is heavily encumbered."

Mr. Sharkey shook his head, and murmured in a lackadaisical tone: "Unfortunately that is the case."

"And all the original mortgages have been bought up by a single encumbrancer?"

"Don't say 'bought up,'" Mr. Sharkey mildly protested; "the term is misleading. Let us say 'tacked.'"

"Tacked!"

"Yes, let us say, this single encumbrancer or mortgagee has tacked the claims of prior mortgagees to his."

"Well, without getting lost in this legal jargon," Mr. Callanan observed, with a keen glance at the lawyer, "we may say that this single encumbrancer is virtually the sole creditor of Sir Annesley Moore?"

"Oh, really, Mr. Callanan, this is going a little too far," said the attorney. "You have, no doubt, advanced a very considerable sum of money to meet the necessities of this gentleman, but you can scarcely hold that you alone——"

"I *do* say that I have advanced it all," exclaimed Mr. Callanan, interrupting him. "The others have all forfeited their claims by transferring them to me."

"Well, let us say the greater part," returned Mr. Sharkey, with an air of mild resignation; "to avoid argument, let us say the greater part. And that reminds me, Mr. Callanan, of another thing," he added, glancing curiously at his dark-browed client; "I received a communication from Sir Annesley this very day."

"What was it about?" asked Mr. Callanan, abruptly.

"Have a little patience, my dear sir," said Mr. Sharkey, infusing, as it were, an unusual quantity of sugar into his voice. "I was about to explain when you interrupted me. It is a matter of considerable importance. As I was just observing, I received a communication to-day—from our friend, shall I say?——"

"Don't say any such thing," cried Mr. Callanan; "he is no friend of mine."

"From Sir Annesley Moore," the attorney went on, with a little confusion—"a communication to the effect that circumstances—ah!—in short—to the effect that——"

"Well, what is it he wants?" Mr. Callanan again interposed.

"The fact is, as you are probably aware, Mr. Callanan, Sir Annesley has, of late, become even more—ah!—embarrassed than before."

"Then he wants more money, I suppose?" said Mr. Callanan, with a look of rigid sternness.

"What an amazing capacity for business you have, Mr. Callanan!" exclaimed the attorney with great suavity. "Your conjecture is quite correct."

"How much does he want?" asked Mr. Callanan, coolly, with-

out appearing in the slightest degree to heed the attorney's flattery.

"Well, it is rather a considerable sum—three thousand pounds," Mr. Sharkey blandly returned.

"Oh, the proud beggars!" cried Mr. Callanan, with sudden fierceness. "They live upon our wealth, and then pretend to patronize us. They boast of their aristocratic blood, and yet they have not the independence or the energy of common men. They are very proud, but they are powerless. When they are strong, they are tyrants; but when they are weak, they are slaves."

Mr. Sharkey watched this outburst of violence with some curiosity. He was not a very imaginative man; but he was not altogether devoid of inventive power. He paused for a few moments, as if he were exercising his faculty of conception, in order to discover the secret cause of Mr. Callanan's hostility to the Moores. At length, he even ventured to express some of his thoughts aloud: "*You* have no great reason to like Sir Annesley, I believe, Mr. Callanan?"

Mr. Callanan eyed the lawyer with a rapid glance of suspicion.

"What do you mean?" he asked, sternly.

Mr. Sharkey looked askance at his strange client, like one who feels himself in close proximity to a wild animal. "Oh! don't lose your temper, my dear Mr. Callanan," he said, deprecatingly. "I only suggested that Sir Annesley and yourself do not seem to be on very intimate terms with one another."

"I don't want his intimacy," returned Mr. Callanan. "He and I stand as widely apart as two opposite poles. Nature, class, interest—all the circumstances that influence men's lives—forbid, all sympathy between him and me. His success is my failure, and my failure is his success. But we are wandering, I am afraid Mr. Sharkey. You have told me about his necessities. He asks too much. You may write to him that he can have two thousand—no more. The estate will scarcely be value for the entire mortgage-money, I should think."

"Oh, don't say that," rejoined the lawyer; "it is, no doubt, very heavily burdened; but I trust it may not be necessary to consider the question in that light. It is painful to be forced to resort to a legal process, which would be so ruinous to Sir Annesley. There is still a slight possibility—only a possibility, I say, and that a slight one——"

"There can be no chance of his paying all," Mr. Callanan exclaimed, impetuously interrupting him. "It is utterly impossible."

Mr. Sharkey rubbed his chin contemplatively.

"Well, after all," he murmured, sweetening his voice with an additional supply of sugar; "it is rather a touching picture to see an old family——"

"Come, come, Mr. Sharkey! let us have none of this false sentiment," said Mr. Callanan, with that abruptness which characterized him whenever he lost his self-restraint; "you know it is not of the slightest consequence to you what becomes of this old family. I should think, if anything, it will be rather a gain to you."

"Oh! what a hard view of life you take, my dear Mr. Callanan," the attorney muttered with a plaintive smirk. "Surely you are not so entirely devoid of feeling as your words would lead a person to think."

"This is a matter of business," returned Mr. Callanan, "and I don't pretend to feel sympathy where it would be unnatural. You may be able to love a man while you are treating him like a enemy. I can't."

"Well, I respect your feelings, Mr. Callanan," said the attorney, with his usual placid smile. "You are a man that can feel deeply, I believe."

"Have you anything more to say?" asked Mr. Callanan, who seemed to regard the lawyer's last remark as a mere effusion of professional sentimentality. "I have business to attend to, and therefore I can afford to lose no time in idle talk."

"May I make a single observation, Mr. Callanan?" said Mr. Sharkey, with mild seriousness. "A certain odium attaches to a legal process in the nature of an ejectment or an execution; and I don't wish to incur unpopularity, if it can be avoided. For example, in the case of Squire Donovan, whom you—relieved, shall I say?—by lending him money through me, as your agent."

"What about him?" inquired Mr. Callanan, impatiently shrugging his shoulders.

"He married Sir Annesley Moore's sister."

"What is that to me?" asked Mr. Callanan, evasively.

"Possibly it may not bear upon the question," rejoined the lawyer; "but this much is within the knowledge of both of us, that before the squire's marriage you had nothing to do with him. It was only when the unhappy alliance—for so I must consider it—between Squire Donovan and Miss Julia Moore took place, that you authorized me to lend money to him on your account."

"You did not give him to understand that I was his real creditor?" asked Mr. Callanan suddenly.

"Oh, no—but to return. When Squire Donovan's property—which was not very large, as you are aware—was sold to pay his debts a year ago, I incurred all the odium attaching to the affair; and the squire, who is a very troublesome person to deal with, had the audacity to send me a challenge to a duel."

"But could you not deal with him legally?" Mr. Callanan asked. "I mean could you not have him punished?"

"The remedies afforded by the law in such cases are not very effectual, Mr. Callanan. Besides, one does not like to be publicly accused—you know there is a prejudice of this kind unfortunately prevailing in society—to be publicly accused of—ah!—of cowardice."

"It was, of course, very disagreeable to be troubled by the fellow in this way," returned Mr. Callanan, growing every minute more impatient; "but lawyers should know how to get out of difficulties."

"It is easy to say that, Mr. Callanan," observed the attorney; "but there is a legal maxim that 'those who take the profit should bear the burden,' and you were an interested party in Squire Donovan's affair."

"Well, at any rate, that is all over now," said Mr. Callanan, rising from his seat. "I cannot wait any longer. You can write to Moore, and inform him of my proposal, but I need scarcely tell you not to mention my name in the matter."

"Of course, as in the case I have just referred to, that is an understanding between yourself and your humble servant, Mr. Callanan," replied the lawyer obsequiously. "I have always looked upon these little transactions between us in a confidential light. As I have informed you, I have even borne some inconvenience to accommodate you, Mr. Callanan. So, then, you are going? Will you take nothing—a glass of wine even—before you go? Nothing! Well, then, good-day, my dear Mr. Callanan."

Muttering a cold "Good-day!" with his usual sullen reserve, Mr. Callanan left the house.

When he had gone, the attorney sighed wearily, and filled out a glass of wine, which he drank off at a draught. Then, putting aside some of the papers with which the table was garnished, he hastened to write a reply to Sir Annesley Moore's letter.

"This will reach him to-morrow," he murmured softly; "it will give him time to sleep over his difficulties. He will be very glad to get the two thousand. I wonder would he like to know that the help comes from Callanan? Perhaps he would not take it if he did. However, I doubt whether he could very easily live upon family pride. A drowning man will catch at a straw, even though the straw won't save him. Sir Annesley at present is something very like a drowning man; and what's the straw? The two thousand pounds."

Mr. Sharkey laughed at his own joke, poured out another glass of wine and drank it off with as much gusto as he had drunk the first. Then taking off the handkerchief that was tied around his head, and putting on a tall white hat, he left the house and proceeded at a rapid pace towards the post-office to deposit there the letter he had written.

CHAPTER X.

THE interest which Miss Quain's character had excited in Charles Callanan's mind soon ripened into genuine admiration. There was something in her placid dignity, her deep sense of duty, and her gentle ways, that seemed, in spite of the distinctions of society, to raise her above all those who surrounded her. Charles had acknowledged in his letter to his sister that he had been deeply impressed by Miss Quain's interesting history. But he might have added that he had begun to look upon Miss Quain herself with a sense of reverence somewhat akin to the feeling with which we regard those who are far higher and nobler than ourselves. Her connection with literature, slight as it was, and unimportant as she herself seemed to consider it, gave a kind of additional interest to her career, in the eyes of one who regarded genius with the most ardent enthusiasm. He had asked her a few times to show him something she had written; but she appeared to be exceedingly diffident about these "attempts," as she always called them, "They have no ripeness or vigour of thought in them," she would say. However, yielding at length to his earnest request to be shown any of her productions, however simple, she handed him, one night as he was retiring to his room, a small manuscript, bound with a blue riband.

"It is a mere trifle," she said; "but I think it was written from the heart."

Charles, when he reached his bedchamber, untied the manuscript with impatient curiosity, spread it out with some care, and eagerly read its contents. It was a simple legend, with that supernatural halo around it which belongs distinctively to the Middle Ages.

"TWO SISTERS AND THEIR ANGELS.

"In the days when chivalry still dwelt upon the earth, and the pure simplicity of faith was still unsullied by doubt, two little sisters entered this mortal life together, in one of the loveliest regions of a lovely southern land. These twin-sisters were called Ida and Angela. Their father was a great nobleman, with many possessions in this rich southern land, while their mother was a beautiful lady, descended from a proud old English family; and they dwelt in a grand old castle that looked out upon the blue waters of the Mediterranean. In many ways these two sisters were very like one another; but they differed very much both in the hue and in the expression of their features. Angela was more soft-eyed, more gentle, and more delicately framed. Ida had dark skin, and glittering black eyes, and was very passionate, both in her joys and in her sorrows. As the golden years rolled on, the hearts of these two little sisters became, as it were, knit into

one heart by love. They could not bear to be separated from one another for one short hour. They played and laughed, and wept together, by day; and at night they slept together with their little arms clasped tenderly around each others' necks. Together they wandered through the fields, and gathered fresh garlands of flowers. Together they gazed with mingled awe and rapture upon the restless waves of the sea as they broke in silver ripples upon the shore.

"One beautiful day in summer, when the clustering vines were bending beneath their fruitful burden, and the air was fragrant with the odour of a thousand blossoms, these two children—then only six years old—walked along together, arm-in-arm, under the azure sky unflecked by even the shadow of a cloud.

"'How lovely is this earth!' cried Ida, her young heart swelling with joy. 'Is it not sad, Angela, that we cannot live for ever on this beautiful earth?'

"Angela gazed at her sister with her soft blue eyes; and a shadow seemed to darken her fair young face.

"'But could we be truly happy, dear sister,' she asked, 'if we were never to die?'

"'Oh! surely, Angela,' cried Ida, her dark eyes glowing with emotion, 'we could never be happier than we are now.'

"'But is there not a fairer land than this beyond the clouds?' asked Angela.

"'We have heard of such a land, indeed,' replied Ida, glancing for a moment at the azure sky above them; 'but we have never seen that beautiful land, dear Angela.'

"Angela listened with a strange feeling of sadness to her sister's words of doubt, and the shadow on her fair young face seemed to grow darker.

"'But is there not sorrow on this earth, Ida?' she said, at length, looking mildly into her sister's flashing eyes. 'Are there not people who utter many bitter sighs, and shed many vain tears, and cry out in their misery that they are weary of the world?'

"'But these must be very wicked people,' cried her sister, 'and they do not deserve to be happy, for their wickedness brings them sorrow. We shall never be like them, dear Angela. We can never grow weary of the world while we are together, for we love one another too dearly to feel what sorrow is.'

"'And does love, then, banish sorrow from the world?' asked Angela, with the shadow still on her face.

"'Yes, surely, Angela; where love is, sorrow can never come,' said Ida.

"Angela said no more, but walked by her sister's side in dreamy silence.

"That night, while the sisters lay sleeping side by side, Angela had a vision of a wondrous land, where the air seemed to be

trembling with strains of most delicious music that filled her very soul with ecstasy, and where, though there was no sun, no moon, no stars, no night, no day, there was spread over everything a golden glory that seemed to dispel every shade of darkness, and every breath of sorrow. And this land did not appear to derive its beauty from azure skies, or clustering vines, or odorous flowers. It seemed only to be filled with one harmonious life, and one transcendent joy, and the loveliest things ever seen by mortal eyes seemed here to be absorbed in a higher and purer loveliness, as if they had been only the body, and were now transfigured into the living soul of beauty. But it was neither the songs of the angels, nor the unearthly beauty of their shining faces, that seemed sweetest to the child's enraptured soul: it was the air of unspeakable holiness that surrounded her on every side, and made her whole being tremble into adoration.

"When Angela awoke from her dream, she saw her sister lying awake, gazing at the sunshine that poured its radiance through their chamber window.

"'O, Ida!' she cried, her young heart still throbbing with the rapture of the vision, 'speak to me no more about the loveliness of this earth, for I have seen a far more beautiful world.'

"'What was it like?' asked Ida, turning round, and looking at her sister with some surprise.

"'I could not tell you, indeed, dear sister,' replied Angela; 'but I know it was a place where sorrow can never come, and where there is no death.'

"'But this is only a dream,' said Ida, incredulously.

"'It was only a dream, perhaps, Ida; and yet I am sure I shall soon really behold the beautiful land that I saw in my dream.' As the child uttered these words, the shadow on her face deepened.

"In the days that followed, a great change came over Angela. She grew paler and sadder, and the shadow on her face seemed to grow darker and darker. She cared no longer for play. She seemed to have lost all the pleasure she once experienced in gathering the fairest flowers, and weaving them into tiny chaplets. She still loved, indeed, to gaze upon the rippling waves; but the sight of them seemed only to make her pensive and restless.

"One tranquil day in autumn, she and Ida were walking quietly together along the beach. Ida talked and laughed with all the wild freedom of childhood; but her sister seemed strangely silent and thoughtful.

"'Why are you so silent, sister?' asked Ida. 'You seem to be growing weary of the world, like the people you spoke to me about not long since.'

"'Strange things have come into my mind of late,' replied Angela, with a quiet smile. 'When I listen to the waves. I think I hear them murmur, "for ever."'

"'But that is a mere fancy,' said Ida.

"'It may be a fancy,' said Angela, dreamily; 'and yet I know it tells me I am going to the beautiful land where sorrow can never come, and where there is no death.'

"'And how shall you go there?' asked Ida, curiously.

"'I shall die,' said Angela, quietly; 'and then I shall go to the beautiful land for ever.'

"'Oh, it is a dreadful thing to die!' Ida exclaimed, with a shudder.

"'I am not afraid of death,' replied Angela; 'for I know I cannot see that lovely land unless I die.'

"Ida gazed at her sister, and saw that the shadow on her face had grown even darker than before.

"'And shall we never see one another again, Angela?' she cried, with tears in her eyes.

"'We shall, indeed, dear Ida; and when I die shall love you more than ever,' said Angela; and there was a tender light in her soft blue eyes as she spoke.

"'And who has told you that you are going there so soon?' asked Ida.

"'Shall I tell you, dear sister?' cried Angela, flinging her arms around Ida's neck and kissing her: 'it is my angel.'

"So Angela pined away like a fair but fragile blossom that withers in the spring-time; and ere another summer had come, her spirit had left the earth. Ida wept over her dead sister with passionate grief, and in the wildness of her young sorrow, she said that all her happiness was buried in the grave with Angela.

"But time changes our hearts, and sorrow loses its power, when the revolving years have brought us strange faces and new emotions. Ida grew up tall and beautiful, and proud; and amid the enjoyments and distractions of her girlhood, she rarely thought of her fair little sister who had died long ago. Yes, strange as it may appear, her early companion seemed almost as unreal as the vain phantom of a dream. Ida loved life and its pleasures with all the strength of her passionate nature, and she strove to banish every trace of sorrow from her heart, believing that joy and hope were far better than despondency and regret.

"But ere many years had passed, another great sorrow came to overshadow her happiness. A terrible war invaded the fair land of her birth; and her father, who loved his country better than his life, went forth to meet the advancing foe. Day after day, her mother silently watched and waited for her lord's return; night after night, she and her only child prayed that he might not fall in the deadly fight. At length, almost a year after the time when this terrible war had begun, a messenger arrived one night with the dreadful tidings that this noble lord had been slain in battle. Then, for the first time since she had lost her little sister, Ida felt her heart overflowing with grief. But an unseen spirit

seemed to chide her for her selfish sorrow, and point reproachfully towards her weeping mother; and Ida, filled with remorse, felt that, absorbed as she had been in her own grief, she had cruelly disregarded the anguish of other hearts. So she dried her own fruitless tears, and strove to soothe her mother's deeper sorrow.

"Time teaches us forgetfulness, even when it fails to heal our hearts' sorest wounds; and so it was with Ida's mother. A quiet melancholy settled upon her spirit. She lived as if but one link connected her with this earth—her only child. Thus, with all the patient care that springs from sorrow, and with all the intense energy that springs from love, she devoted what remained of her life to her daughter's happiness. And Ida now found her mother more gentle, more thoughtful, more tenderly affectionate than she ever found her before. But the girl's heart was wayward, and she often sighed when she thought of the beautiful world that lay around her. She grew weary of the monotony of love, and longed for the wild ecstasy of freedom. And one day she said to her mother:—

"'Oh, how I long, dear mother, to see all the lovely things of this earth! for when I leave it, I suppose, I shall see it no more.' And her mother, who found a delight in gratifying every whim of the girl's idle fancy, resolved to show her all that was marvellous and beautiful in this world. So, for a whole year they travelled, visiting many strange climes, and seeing the manners of various nations. Sometimes they found themselves amid regions of eternal snow, where the lofty mountains seemed to pierce the clouds with their stern white crests; sometimes in the midst of the multitudinous life of some great Continental city. At last they reached England, where Ida's mother had first seen the light—the England of those olden days when the Virgin Mother was honoured in every household, and her praises sung in every cathedral choir. And a change came over the lady's heart when she reached the home of her childhood. She wept as she gazed upon the white cliffs of England, that seem to repel the surging waves with proud defiance. As they touched the shore, she said, with a fresh outburst of tears, 'I have come to see my native land once more before I die.' And Ida was startled by these words, and kissing her mother affectionately, tried to dispel these gloomy forebodings. They spent a few months in England, and then they sailed away. As her mother gazed upon the receding land, she wept once more, and exclaimed, 'Farewell, dear England! I shall never see you again.' And Ida's eyes were filled with tears, as she listened to her mother's ominous words.

"Was it the unseen Spirit that whispered to the girl's undisciplined heart: 'Be patient! for you must bear it all?' Perhaps Ida did not perceive the warning; perhaps she did not hearken

to the mysterious words. But those faint whispers from the spirit-world come sometimes to us all; and we heed them not, as though they were the vainest dreams.

"They returned to the lovely southern land where Ida was born; and once more they entered the grand old castle that looked out upon the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Ida's mother had not grown stronger after the year of travel. She was paler than before, and a deep shadow lay upon her quiet face. And now a strange sensation took possession of the girl's heart; for she remembered how the same shadow had fallen upon her little sister's face, long ago, before she died. On the night after their return, Ida, filled with a passionate longing to save her dear mother from death, knelt down in the silence of her chamber, and prayed long and fervently. And while she prayed, the unseen Spirit seemed to whisper once more: 'Be patient! for you must bear it all.' Then Ida, with passionate eagerness, as if she wished to drown this whispering voice, cried out:—

"'Oh, I am very unhappy!—I wish not to be left alone. Surely, the merciful God will not leave me alone in this world!'

"Suddenly the room seemed to be filled with some delicious perfume, and Ida thought she heard a sound like the rustling of soft garments. Glancing quickly around, she beheld by her side a beautiful child—not, indeed, like an earthly child, but wearing a golden aureola around her head, and shining wings upon her shoulders. Ida gazed at the Angel with speechless wonder. That form, beatified and immortal as it was, seemed not to be entirely strange to her. Those soft blue eyes—that fair young face—those sweet little golden tresses—seemed to link themselves strangely with her mortal life. Oh, marvellous transformation! Was this the little sister who had played with her in bygone years, and gathered with her fresh garlands of flowers, and gazed with her upon the restless waves of the sea? Speechless with amazement, Ida remained motionless upon her knees, still gazing at this celestial form.

"The Angel seemed to lay a shining hand on Ida's head; and those words reached the ears of the kneeling girl:—

"'Have I not kept my promise, dearest sister? Do you remember how I told you long ago that I would love you more than ever when I reached the beautiful land? And oh, how I have loved you, dearest Ida! How often have I watched over you when your heart was growing wild and restless, and when you had forgotten the days of our happy childhood! How often have I stood between you and the dark shadow of sin—far darker and deadlier than the shadow that hung over me in the days gone by, and that now hangs over our dearest mother!——'

"'And what shadow is that?' asked Ida, with a look of terror.

"'THE SHADOW OF DEATH,' replied the Angel.

"'Oh, save her, dearest Angela!—sweet angel-sister, save her!' cried Ida, wildly. 'You must love her as dearly as I do; and now you know I have nobody left to love but her. Oh! how can I live alone on earth?'

"'Ah, sister; dear, dear sister!' said the Angel, 'surely you have loved this earth too much! How often have I heard you praise its loveliness! How often have I heard you doubt whether a lovelier world exists! How often have you said that you hated the very thought of death, and would gladly endure your mortal life for ever! Ah, sister, believe me, death is not so very terrible as you imagine. Sometimes it comes to us like an angel of light, and brings before us the blessed vision of eternal joy. You remember how, when you saw me growing cold to all that seemed to you lovely on this earth—when you saw the shadow gathering around me—you pitied me very much, thinking that my fate was a very sad one? You did not know, dearest Ida, that the Angel of Death had only come to lead me away to the beautiful land.'

"'And is it the Angel of Death that comes for our dear mother now?' asked the kneeling girl, who had listened to these words with bated breath. While Ida was speaking, the spirit seemed to fade away from her sight; but through the perfumed air was breathed this soft reply:—'I am the angel that comes to bear her away to the beautiful land.'

"Next morning, Ida arose with a changed heart. When she had finished her matin prayers, she left her room and inquired about her mother. The servants spoke evasively, as though they wished not to excite her emotions; but it was impossible to hide the truth. The awful calmness on every face, the force of her own consciousness, and the strange vision of the previous night—all seemed to point towards one conclusion: her mother was dead!

"Ida could not restrain her tears when she gazed upon her mother's pallid features—those eyes which in this world, at least, should never again shed upon her their kindly light—those lips which were for ever sealed with the terrible seal of death. 'O darling, darling mother!' she exclaimed, passionately kissing the poor pale face, 'how shall I live without you? The world is to me now a mere wilderness.' Scarcely had she uttered these words when the child-angel—her dead sister's spirit—whispered softly in her ear:—

"'Abandon the world, then. You loved it too well: you have found it a wilderness. Forsake it, and devote your life to God!'

"Ida felt her soul suddenly moved by an irresistible impulse. Casting herself on her knees beside the dead body of her mother, she clasped her hands together, and cried:—

"'Kneeling here by the ruin of my last earthly hope, I devote my life for evermore to the GOD who has preserved me in my

weakness, sustained me in my sorrow, and sent His angel to chasten me in the hour of my sinful pride.'

* * * * *

"Many years after, in a peaceful convent, hidden from the outer world by a dense and flowering wood, an aged nun lay dying. So rigidly austere, so full of noble self-sacrifice, had been her religious life, that the sisters, who knelt around her, instead of praying for her soul, only besought her intercession when she should reach her radiant home in the skies. Sister Angela—such was her name in religion—smiled sweetly as they came, one by one, to clasp her dying hand, and blest them with pious tenderness.

"'Oh, how unworthy I am!' she cried—'I who was so selfish and so vain, that I would surely have been lost in the miserable world I loved so well, had not an angel saved me.'

"The nuns gazed at her with wondering faces. 'Dear Sisters,' she continued, 'that angel once lived with me upon this earth. We played as children together. We were one in heart and soul while she lived. She was a mortal then: she is an angel now. Farewell!—I go to join my angel.'

"'As her spirit fled, a beautiful child with a golden aureola around her head, and shining wings upon her shoulders, appeared by her side, and softly whispered: 'Come away, dearest sister! Come away to the beautiful land!'

"And her spirit rushed out to meet the Angel, and together they soared up to the throne of God."

When Charles had read the tale, he looked curiously at the simple autograph on the last page—"Mary Quain."

"Surely," he thought, as he refolded the manuscript, and tied the blue riband around it again, "this is the outpouring of a virgin heart! May not a poem, or a picture, or a tale, contain within itself the essence of the soul from whose depths it was evolved? And do I not find in this simple story high conceptions, warm sympathies, and delicate fancies that must have had their source in the fountain of purity itself?"

That night, when the chain of consciousness that bound his spirit down to the small details of life was snapped asunder, Charles found himself in many terrible perils by sea and land—now toppling over some dizzy precipice—now dying of some loathsome disease—now lying wounded in furious battle—now plunged into the depths of the ocean—now starving on some lonely island; but always rescued from death by one brave, self-devoted woman, who dragged him back from the fatal gulf, healed his wretched distemper, drew him forth uninjured from the bottom of the sea, and brought him food in his famished solitude. How strange it was that this ministering angel should be—Mary Quain!

(To be continued.)

A COURT WIT OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

IN the historic fane where the bones of the sainted confessor-king (and of some of his successors who were neither saints nor confessors) are reverently enshrined—where storied urns, sculptured trophies, and heraldic devices perpetuate the memory of achievements that heightened the lustre of noble birth, and of others, nobler by their deeds than birth or blood could make them—in this "God's acre," where, despite incongruous surroundings, the Catholic genius of the spot still seems to "breathe a benison o'er the sleeping dust," and the solemn stillness is only broken at intervals by the sounds that float through Gothic windows and open doors—sounds of the busy life of the busiest city in the world, for the full tide of metropolitan traffic sweeps past the Abbey—the loiterer among the tombs, as he paces the cloister side of the nave, may notice among the mortuary slabs a mural tablet, informing him that here lies Charles de Saint Denis, Seigneur de Saint Evremond, who, when in the flesh, boasted of noble Norman blood; in early life joined the armies of France under Condé, Turenne, and other illustrious captains, and, giving proof of his loyalty and valour, rose to the grade of maréchal-de-camp; cultivated philosophy and literature, polishing, adorning, and enriching the French language; and, having gained the praise and applause of everybody, died on the 9th of September, 1703, at the patriarchal age of ninety. In the estimation of his mourning friends, who erected this tablet, he was the most distinguished of contemporary writers; but their immediate posterity have long since reversed this too partial verdict, and he whom they styled "*vir clarissimus inter præstantiores ævi sui scriptores*," is now rarely quoted.

Of an old Norman stock, tracing its descent from Sanctus Evermundus, Abbot of Fontenay-sur-Orne, in the Bessin, who lived in the seventh or eighth century, and whose relics are preserved at Creil, near Paris, he belonged to the old French *noblesse*. His long span of life takes in one of the most eventful periods in the history of Europe. Born on the 1st of April, 1613, at Saint-Denis-le-Guast, near Coutances, and sent to Paris in 1622 to commence his education, he entered early in life that great centre of intellectual and political activity—that great arena upon which the eyes of Europe have been so often riveted with absorbing interest. After four years at the Jesuits' College of Clermont, under the Père Cannaye, and one year at the University of Caen, he returned to Paris in 1627, and, having completed his course of philosophy at the College of Harcourt,

was deep in the study of law when the taking of Rochelle broke the political power of the Calvinist party, and crowned with success one of Richelieu's life-labours. It was a warlike age, and the young Norman noble quickly caught the spirit of the time. With the characteristic ardour of a Frenchman, he threw himself into the ranks that then constituted the most victorious army in Europe; was present at the sieges of Landrecies and Arras, and the taking of Dunkirk, and took part in the battles of Fribourg and Nortlingen, where he was wounded, and his troop almost entirely cut to pieces. Shortly after came the Fronde, that dance of death, in which Frenchmen, after fighting the foreigner, turned their swords against each other—an episode in history destined to repeat itself more than two centuries later. But St. Evremond, although something of a scoffer, was no *frondeur*. He refused the command of the artillery, offered him by the Duc de Longueville, who, in the outbreak of the civil war, had returned to his government of Normandy, whither St. Evremond repaired in 1649. The event showed his sagacity. The following year the princes were arrested and imprisoned at Vincennes, and, for his adherence to the court party, St. Evremond was rewarded with the commission of maréchal-de-camp, and a pension of 3,000 livres. But St. Evremond soon after had the misfortune to offend Mazarin by his caustic wit, which procured him the *entrée* of the Bastille, a distinction he would no doubt have gladly declined. After two or three months' detention in that gloomy prison-fortress, he crossed over to Flanders, where he served until an armistice between France and Spain was signed; and then returned to Paris, to mingle in the frivolities of the gayest and most brilliant court in Europe. Having again fallen under the displeasure of the first minister, speedy flight barely saved him from pining out the remainder of his days in the dreaded Bastille. He sought and found a safe asylum in London, whither he had previously accompanied the embassy sent by the French king to congratulate Charles II. on his restoration. His reputation as a wit and cavalier, and one of the *beaux esprits* of the French court, had preceded him, and readily procured him access to what was euphemistically termed "good society." English society was then beginning to throw off the rigid restraints imposed by sad-visaged Puritans during the Commonwealth, and to adopt the ease and freedom of living introduced by the merry monarch and his dissolute court. Among the court wits of the Restoration period with whom he renewed acquaintance were, the variously-gifted, but ill-fated Duke of Buckingham—

> "A man so various that he seem'd to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome;"

Lord D'Aubigny, son of the Earl of March, a Canon of Notre

Dame, who was subsequently raised to the cardinalate, but died a few hours after the Papal courier arrived with the *biretta;* that staunch loyalist and *chevalier, sans peur et sans reproche,* the Duke of Ormond ; Lord Arlington, one of the famous (or infamous) Cabal ministry ; and the Earl of St. Albans, Lord Chancellor to Queen Henrietta. He seems also to have mixed much in the society of the professional *litterateurs* and *savants* of that epoch ; the poets Cowley and Waller, and the speculative writers, Sir Kenelm Digby and Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher of Malmesbury. At this time Hobbes was writing his "History of the Causes of the Civil Wars in England," and Waller, like a modern Tityrus, making the woods of Penshurst resound with the praises of Sacharissa, and celebrating the "happy restoration of King Charles" in that melodious verse which so pleased Clarendon's critical ear, and in which he showed his versatility as a courtier no less than as a poet. The rollicking Rochester, following the bad example of his sovereign—that "merry monarch, scandalous and poor"—was "blazing out his youth and his wealth in lavish voluptuousness;" and that sweet songster, Sedley—who

> "Bloomed in the winter of his days
> Like Glastonbury thorn,"

and helped to make King James's daughter a queen, as the king had made his daughter a countess—was ravishing all ears with his enchanting lyrics. Milton was composing his great epic, to be given to the world five years later by Simmons, the bookseller ; while Dryden was aiding Sir William Davenant in raising the character of the British stage—*quantum mutatus ab illo!*—before he set about improving the poetical diction of his native language in those trenchant satires that for *verve* and vigour have never been surpassed. Cowley was attracting readers by his pointed wit and Pindaric art ; Wycherley's popular plays were superseding those of Beaumont and Fletcher ; Bunyan, in a cell in Bedford jail, was evolving, from the depths of his inner consciousness, that strange allegory that was to preserve from oblivion the still stranger story of its author's life ; Butler was carefully revising his inimitable burlesque until, finished to the pruned nail, it was all that grotesque fancy, keen wit, and quaint diction could make it ; Andrew Marvel, the patriotic member for Hull, was acquiring more distinction by his sturdy refusal of a place at court and the gift of a thousand pounds, offered him by Charles II., than by his poetry ; Locke's leisure from public duties was devoted to the slow moulding and maturing of his work on the human understanding ; while the diarists, Evelyn and Pepys, shrewdly observant of the men and manners around them, were jotting down their quaint gossiping chronicles in which are preserved "the very age and body of the time," its

form and pressure. St. Evremond, amid these congenial surroundings, whiled away his days of exile in cultivating a reputation as a fashionable *litterateur*—a court wit, who occasionally condescended to dabble in literature at a time when wit-writing was much in vogue, throwing off, *currente calamo*, essays "for private circulation only," until compelled to exchange for a time this agreeable lettered ease for a sojourn in a country not quite so well adapted to his French tastes—the dull, watery waste of the land of Cuyp. The atmosphere of London, at all times more or less murky, had become surcharged with those noxious vapours that heralded the great plague, the horrors of which are so graphically described in Defoe's thrilling narrative. St. Evremond hastened to the Hague, where he remained while the pestilence decimated London, turning the city into a vast charnel-house, returning four years after the great fire had swept away four hundred streets and thirteen thousand houses.

St. Evremond was much struck with the simplicity of manners and comparative purity of morals in Holland, where, according to his showing, there was much democratic freedom but little democratic licence. They were not all like the heavy boors who glance at us with Bacchanalian leer from the canvas of Brauwer and Teniers, smoking huge clay pipes, and quaffing deep draughts of sluggish lager-beer, but sturdy, home-bred burghers, who,

"When the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote,"

held their ground for thirty-seven years against the ablest general of his age. Old courtier as he was, and at a time when courts were not the purest places in the world, and "the fierce light that beats upon a throne," whenever its rays penetrated beyond the outer precincts, must have revealed many ugly blots on royal escutcheons, he still notes as a healthy feature in Dutch society, "a certain reservedness, and a tradition of chastity handed down from mother to daughter like an article of faith"—a social virtue conspicuous by its absence in the higher grades of society both in England and France at that period.

For change of scene he moves into Flanders, stopping at Breda, where the peace between England and Holland was being negotiated; and, having visited Brussels, Liége, and Spa, returns to the Hague, content to live "in a nation where pleasures are scarce," and "finding a languishing amusement in the contemplation of the grave Dutch virtues," until the English king, having settled a pension upon him, he returned to London in 1670, to pay court to Hortensia Mancini at her villa in Chelsea, the rendezvous of all the wits and witlings of both sexes. Chelsea was then a suburban village, remarkable for the salubrity of its atmosphere; for, as yet, town had not extended its fashionable frontiers so far westward; and some miles of fresh

green verdure and umbrageous trees, vocal with the songs of birds and redolent of the country odours of milky kine and new-mown hay, separated Madame de Mazarin from the crowded streets of the busy city. "The fine air of Chelsea and the repose of solitude," he says in one of his notes to her, "leave no room to doubt either of your health or of the tranquillity of your mind." Madame, however, was no lover of solitude, and varied "the innocent diversions of the country" with town gossip and town amusements. The *femmes savantes* who formed the duchess's coterie, occasionally resolved themselves into a "school for scandal," and talked of the sayings and doings at Charles's masquerading Court, which reached them in this *rus-in-urbe* retreat without the emendations of the Court-newsman's abstract and brief chronicle; for, as yet, that functionary did not form part of the appanage of royalty, his office being filled, with more advantage to history if less to the edification of posterity, by Pepys, Evelyn, Clarendon, and Grammont. "Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite beyond it," like Tennyson's garden, many-tongued Rumour must have borne to their ears what was being said at Whitehall on the marriage of the Prince of Orange to Lady Mary, the heiress-apparent to the crown of England (for the Duke of York had no male issue), and of the Prince's "sullenness and clownishness;" of the dangerous counsels of the Cabal ministry, then indulging in dreams of an impossible absolutism; of the bribery resorted to by Louis XIV. to further his ambitious schemes; of the quarrel between the two Houses of Parliament and between the Court and the city; the violent discontents prevailing throughout the nation; the efforts of Lauderdale to extinguish the embers of the late insurrection of the Covenanters in the north, and of plots and counter-plots brewing in the south—meal-tub plots and Rye-house plots, and plots with still more daring designs in embryo, and which brought the heads of peers and plebeians to the block. Nor were topics of lesser moment to the world at large, but of greater interest to female ears, quite forgotten, such as the opera and the latest fashions in patches and perukes. Conversation generally gave place to *paille-maille* on the lawn or basset in the boudoir; for the duchess was passionately addicted to gambling, then one of the dominant vices of a society that had few virtues to boast of. Play was followed by "the best repasts in the world," where one might see "everything that came from France for the delicate, and all that came from the Indies for the curious." In this way the aged Sybarite—for the football of Time had by this measured many paces in his journey towards that bourne whence no traveller returns—dissipated the *ennui* of exile, and enjoyed, or persuaded himself he enjoyed, life with Epicurean relish; spending the summer season at Windsor when the Court was there, or at some country seat; sometimes wishing himself back in France, and at

others felicitating himself at finding so much pleasure and enjoyment in England; moralizing in his serious, and trifling in his joyous moods—passing rapidly "from grave to gay, from lively to severe;" writing of what he calls love and gallantry to his younger friends, and entertaining their elders with sententious discourses on philosophy—a philosophy which has an *avant gout* of eighteenth century philosophism—stopping occasionally to register some moral reflection which looks as much out of place as a rare exotic would among docks and darnels; writing to Count d'Olonné, who had been banished from the French Court like himself for some political escape, about the pleasures of the table, in a strain that Brillat Savarin might have copied, and to the Duchess of Mazarin billets in which all the superlatives in the dictionary are exhausted in extolling her beauty; or, on more serious thoughts intent, inditing criticisms on ancient and modern authors, from the "morals" of Epicurus to the tragedies of Racine. Of his *modus vivendi* he gives a metrical sketch in a sonnet thus Englished:—

"Far from France my life I lead,
Far from plenty, far from need;
With my vulgar fate content,
And the little heav'n has lent."

The "little heav'n had lent" was reduced to less in 1685, when Charles II. died, and he lost his patron and his pension. Having declined the post of secretary to the Cabinet, tendered him by James II., and James's short but feverish reign having become matter of history, and the revolution of 1688 having converted the young princeling, whose acquaintance St. Evremond had casually made in Holland, into a king, the old courtier and essayist, over whose whitening hairs eighty-five winters had passed, still continued to "go into society." But the narrow social orbit in which Dutch William moved, was not the gay, frivolous, pleasure-loving society that crowded Charles's *levées*, and threw the thin gauzy veil of wit and gallantry over vice and villainy, while it secretly laughed at public or private virtue. The dull decorum of the Stadtholder's lugubrious court, although its stiff funereal etiquette savoured somewhat of *parvenu* royalty, had the negative merit of inducing an apparently stricter regard for the externals of propriety, albeit it was at best but the equivocal homage that vice pays to virtue. But the new sovereign was a stranger to English manners and customs, and spoke the language "inelegantly and with effort;" his life and throne were assailed by conspiracies at home and abroad; and, distrustful of those around him, he sought relief from the cares and dangers of a sovereignty perilously insecure, in a small social circle "where hardly an English face was to be seen." Into this inner circle St. Evremond, being a foreigner, was admitted, and here he figured until, in 1689, he was

sent word that he might return and would be well received at Versailles. The permission came too late ; for a greater ruler of men than the Grand Monarque—more absolute than the most absolute of kings, and a greater leveller than the most democratic of democrats—was about to terminate his exile. In September, 1703, at the age of ninety years five months and twenty days, as Des Maizeaux with conscientious accuracy informs us, the old Court-wit who had passed so many years in courts and camps, and seen princes and lords by the score flourish and fade—who had seen, with perhaps something of regret and a touch of fellow-feeling, James II. pass into exile, and the successful adventurer who succeeded him, after a scarcely less troubled reign, laid beside his queen in the chapel reared by a Tudor monarch, while the sceptre again passed into the hands of a Stuart princess—who had nothing to bequeath the nation but his aged bones, was borne to his last resting-place amid the motley gathering of wits and warriors who cumber the hallowed ground once trodden by saints.

A minnow among the tritons of the Augustan age of French literature, St. Evremond may be ranked among the minor wits, the *dii minorum gentium* of a period singularly prolific in men of the first order of genius. As an essayist he appears to have modelled his style somewhat on that of Montaigne, as a satirist on that of Rochefoucault, and, *longo intervallo*, to have followed the inimitable De Sévigné in cultivating letter-writing as one of the fine arts. But he never concentrated his faculties, too much wasted upon trivialities, upon what could be called a sustained effort, unless his historical treatises, which Roux-Ferrand* classes with those of Saint Réal and Vertot, who profited by the materials collected by Lipsius, Scaliger, Ducagne, Duchesne, Baluze, and Mabillon could be counted as such, and apparently with no more ambitious aim than to preserve an ephemeral reputation as a wit—then indispensable to the cultured man of fashion—varied the gay life of a courtier and *bon vivant* in writing essays and other detached pieces, in which, to please his own or his friends' fancies, he threw together his thoughts on various subjects. His best essays are those on the genius of the Romans under the Republic; his critical comparisons of Cæsar and Alexander, of Seneca, Plutarch and Petronius, of Sallust and Tacitus ; and his observations on the French historians, and on French, English, and Italian comedy. He wrote three comedies himself, one to satirize the French Academy, another to ridicule the French opera—although he was a great lover of music, having composed idyls, prologues, and other pieces sung at the Duchess of Mazarin's—and another in imitation of Ben Johnson's "Sir Politic-would-be," in which he depicts certain types of different

* "Hist des Progres de la Civilisation in Europe," tome vi. p. 265.

nationalities; but the slight estimation in which they were held is sufficiently indicated by their omission from the English edition of his works published in 1725. Des Maizeaux, who says he preserved to the last a lively imagination, solid judgment, and happy memory, has given us his portrait from the life in the dual character of a social philosopher condensing much worldly wisdom in terse epigrams and a Court-wit frittering much of his time away in frivolity and amusement, evolving from a brain in which healthier and better thoughts might have found a place, forced conceits and counterfeited passion. His writings are often marred by a too obvious leaning to the hideous epicurism of his age; yet, underneath this superficial stratum of opinions, the reflex of those stirring in the minds and exemplified in the conduct of the men around him, one comes occasionally upon a vein of pure ore, which shows that the mind that could grasp such things, and formulate them in appropriate language, had something better and purer at bottom than the dross that lay upon the surface. "The ridicule he observed in mankind," says his biographer, "made him merry, and he loved to expose it by a fine pregnant raillery or by an ingenious irony." It was this that gave point and piquancy to his letters, which are, in the opinion of some critics—an opinion I do not at all share—among the best specimens of the epistolary style in French literature. We have his character also drawn by his own hand, in a letter to the Count de Grammont, in 1696; and his position in the world of letters has been defined by his contemporary, Dryden, who gives him credit for "not only a justness in his conceptions, which is the foundation of good writing, but also a purity of language and a beautiful turn of words so little understood by modern writers," besides a penetration which "generally dives into the very bottom of his authors, searches into the inmost recesses of their souls, and brings up with him those hidden treasures which had escaped the diligence of others." He pronounces his analysis of the character and actions of Alexander the Great "an admirable piece of criticism," and awards a qualified commendation to his observations on contemporary dramatists, which were marred by his using other men's eyes instead of his own, in determining the position of certain playwrights, "giving to some of our coarsest poets a reputation which they never had at home," and "transmitting those names into his own country," which Dryden says "will be forgotten by posterity in ours."

Parmentier and Kneller, by their enduring art, have preserved his strongly-marked features, so that those learned in the science of Lavater, who see, or fancy they can see, "the mind's construction in the face," can supply traits that may have been obliterated or overlooked in Des Maizeaux' pen-and-ink sketch of the old Court-wit's self-drawn portrait. Kneller, with a touch of the Court-painter's flattering pencil, has all but improved away the

ugly protuberance between the eyes,* and rendered the satirical smile almost imperceptible; while Parmentier represents him as he appeared in 1701, when age had ploughed deep furrows in his visage, and there was little left for flattery.

R. F. O'CONNOR.

THE IRISH ANTIQUARY.

Where forests waved by lonely lakes,
In days long since gone by;
Where heather decks the peat-moss now,
My buried treasures lie.

Turned over by the labourer's spade,
They tell no tale to him.
The dinted helm, the golden torque;
The spear-head, worn and dim;

The cup of stone; the brooch of bronze;
The leathern coat are here;
And silent lies the battle trump
Beside the broken spear.

To me they have a magic voice;
In them the past speaks low,
Of well-fought fields, and hopes forlorn,
And by-gone beauty's glow.

Did Essex prize this coin that bore
His royal lady's face?
Brought it to Spenser's poet-mind
Great Gloriana's grace?

How came to wild Hibernia's shores
This clear-cut coin of Rome?
Did warriors link with it proud thoughts
Of their imperial home?

The rudely-fashioned, broken urn,
Holds ashes of the dead;
Honoured by some wild, warlike tribe,
Whose very name has fled.

* Twenty years before his death, a wen grew between his eyebrows; but he was not otherwise ill-favoured, having "blue, sparkling eyes, a large forehead, handsome mouth, and an agreeable and ingenuous physiognomy."

I love to trace the mystic round,
  Circling the cromlech stone;
Where after war, and chase, and toil,
  They laid the chief alone.

His faithful wolf-hound here they laid;
  Arrows of flint, and arms;
A tress of bright Milesian hair;
  A string of amber charms.

And opened towards the eastern skies,
  For that dark soul, a way
To unknown regions, far beyond
  The golden gates of day.

Thus lives the voiceless past for me—
  Old loves, old wars, old woes—
Whole centuries waken at a touch
  From buried dull repose!

No marvel, then, that relics rude
  Should hold me by their spell,
If such the dreams they conjure up,
  And these the tales they tell.

M. W.

HIGH TREASON.

A TALE OF THE JESUITS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY C. W. CHRISTALL.

CHAPTER VII.—"NO MAN ESCAPETH WHO IS ONCE IN CHASE."

FOR the intrepid missioner who put his hand to the plough in those perilous days, there was no looking back. Once entered upon the well-nigh hopeless task, not alone of winning back England to the faith, but also, and chiefly, of ministering to those who yet retained it, he found every avenue of retreat fast closed; while before him loomed the prison and the scaffold, the almost inevitable goal to which he tended.

The abortive Gunpowder Plot had given a fresh impulse to the persecution. Magistrates were urged by proclamations and letters from the Privy Council to put the penal laws in execution with

unbending strictness; and as a stimulant, liberal rewards, out of the property of convicted Papists, were held out to them. So fierce and unrelenting had the persecution become, that a London Jesuit, whose letter, intercepted by the agents of the Council, still exists, wrote that "the times of Elizabeth, although most cruel, were the mildest and happiest in comparison of those of James."

The boldness and exceptional abilities of the Jesuits had long since rendered them objects of suspicion and dread: and from the first they had been singled out from among the rest of the Catholic missioners as the most ardent and fearless champions of the ancient creed. They were specially mentioned in every proclamation, and in every Act of Parliament concerning their cause. Driven by persecution to seek their necessary training and their orders abroad, they were straightway charged with instigating or leaguing with those Catholic sovereigns who befriended them, to compass the downfall of England; every rancorous epithet that the language possessed was hurled at them, and their very name, which at least might have been respected, became a by-word and a reproach.

That the name of a certain Paul Gower has not been handed down to us in the meagre and imperfect records which have escaped destruction, is not singular; but that the man lived and laboured in the early part of the seventeeth century is indubitable. His name, like that of every priest of the English mission, was assumed: disguise was indispensable, when the English students at Rome, Douai, and elsewhere, their age, appearance, and the like, were known with perfect accuracy to the Government; and when Catholic recusants, and every scrap of intelligence that could be gleaned respecting them, were carefully noted in the reports furnished to the Council by vigilant and trustworthy spies.

Father Gower was driven by stress of circumstances to embrace the shelter accorded him by Ralph Shefford. So many ineffectual searches had been made for him in the city, in the country, in the mansions of the rich and in the hovels of the poor, that Rookesby, who had several times been most unaccountably foiled in his attempts to seize his prey, began to think that the Jesuit was in league with some of the wizards or witches who then attracted so much attention, and consequently bore a charmed life.

But, in fact, the priest owed his present security in great part to the circumstance to which Cuffe had alluded to his conversation with the spy. Shefford had in his early days been a determined recusant, and was more than suspected of frequently harbouring priests. He had incautiously boasted that no priest had ever been taken from his house, adding too, with a very meaning look, that none ever should be. At the time of his child's birth, a priest was residing there, and the intelligence reached one of the agents of

the Council. A pursuivant, with a body of men, was forthwith despatched to the saddler's; but Shefford had made good his boast, and the bird had flown. Enraged by their failure, the men behaved with reckless cruelty; not sparing even the room wherein Mistress Shefford lay seriously ill. Encouraged by his companions and inflamed with drink, Cuffe, who formed one of the party, rudely turned out the contents of chests and closets, and at last, with great violence, thrust his sword several times into the bed upon which the sick woman lay, under the pretence that she was concealing books or altar furniture, or some other prohibited articles. His brutality had a most unexpected result; for, with a sudden access of strength, Mistress Shefford, who had until then been lying half-dead with terror, rose from the couch in a state of ungovernable delirium; and the awe-stricken pursuivant fled the place in nervous horror, and filled with apprehension that the wild denunciations of the frenzied woman would instantly fall upon his devoted head.

It was long before she was entirely restored to bodily health; but her brain had been affected by the shock, and from that time forth she had been a silent, helpless creature, devoid of almost the faintest glimmer of reason. Chiefly for that reason, and, perhaps, from a feeling that they had gone beyond their warrant, the agents of the Council forbore to persecute the unfortunate saddler any farther, and directed their pursuit to other quarters.

In a small, plainly-furnished room, in the uppermost story of the house, Master Shefford was closeted with his guest. Upon the table between them lay a letter that the Jesuit had just finished, addressed to some one at Milan. It was one of the numerous communications made by him to the General of his Order: and which, escaping the fate of many productions of a similar nature, may have reached its destination, although it ran the usual imminent risk of being intercepted by the agents of the Privy Council. Cecil had no presentiment when he docketed these letters himself, and consigned them to the state archives, that he was hoarding up testimony against himself; still less could he foresee that this pernicious Order, that he was bent upon stamping out, would vindicate itself from the odium with which he sought to cover it, and give to the world, in days to come, these very documents, in proof of its own integrity, and of the nefarious means by which the new religion, "as by law established," achieved its bloodstained victory.

The Jesuit rarely ventured abroad in daylight; but once or twice the neighbours, catching a glimpse of the stranger, had grown inquisitive, but affected to be satisfied with the account that Shefford gave of his guest: although among themselves they winked and nodded mysteriously, hinting that merchant adventurers did not need to hide themselves so close within doors; and remarking further, that cloth was not the only merchandise im-

ported from the Netherlands and France, to which countries Master Paul Gower ostensibly traded.

At this moment Father Gower was looking somewhat troubled and anxious, as well he might be; for the Puritan, grateful to the man who had befriended him, had called that evening to warn Shefford of the appearance of the pursuivant, and to tell him of the hints that Rookesby and his friend had incautiously allowed to escape them.

"I trust you do not intend to go out again this evening?" said Shefford.

"I must," said the priest, shrugging his shoulders. "And to tell you the truth, these frequent alarms render me somewhat callous. Time enough for me to take wing when we have learned something certain of the intentions of these men."

"They are not here for nothing," pursued Shefford; "and from what I observed of their movements this afternoon, I feel certain that some one within this house is the object of their quest."

"I must not expose you to risk, dear friend," said the Jesuit. "Were I to be taken here, your punishment would be but little less than mine."

"Nay, do not think I would have you go on my account," said Shefford, with an injured look. "To have a priest in one's house is not a privilege often granted to a poor recusant; and if you prize your safety but little, it is of moment to your flock. We have not so many priests left, that we can afford to lose one."

"You are right, Shefford," said the priest, after a moment's consideration. "Yes; I will see about another shelter this very night. Possibly the appearance of these men is due to the new proclamation. It surprises me that I have not been discovered earlier."

"They have not interfered with me since they drove my poor wife mad," replied Shefford. "They seem content if I do but show myself at church now and then. I know you think it wrong," he added; "but the archpriest, and many of the secular clergy hold that we may safely take the oath with a protestation; and it is surely little worse to go to church with a protestation likewise."

"And the unfortunate archpriest is in prison!" replied the Jesuit. "That is the reward of his subserviency. The oath has been condemned by the Pope; and that should satisfy a Catholic of its unlawfulness. Going to church and sharing their false worship for form's sake, and to make a show of obeying the law, are acts that breed indifference to the authority of the Catholic Church. It is paltering with sin; and can only end in loss of souls."

"But I take no part in their worship," said Shefford; "and if I proved obstinate, my wife and child might rot in a dungeon. I care little for myself but much for them."

"You have not heard then of the new Act?" said the priest, enquiringly. "It orders, under penalty of premunire—that is, as you well know, loss of all worldly goods and imprisonment at the king's pleasure—that all persons under eighteen years of age shall take the new oath, which is drawn in far more stringent terms than the old one. By the former laws, persons of tender age were held exempt; but now, it seems, children will not be spared."

"Children cannot possibly know aught of such matters," said Shefford; "why, my little Davy might take any oath with a pure conscience."

"The Act contains something far worse," replied the Jesuit, "which will try you severely, I fear. For the reformation of married women, Popish recusants—so the Act runs—it is provided that they shall be committed to prison, and remain there until they shall receive the sacrament in a church; unless they be redeemed by their husbands, with the payment of ten pounds a month."

"Ten pounds a month!" repeated Shefford, with dismay. "I do not earn much more than that. But why this eagerness to force down our unwilling throats the piece of bread—they do not pretend themselves that it is anything more—that they call the sacrament? Can they believe that it has any virtue? If it be in very truth the sacrament instituted by our Lord, they treat it with scant courtesy!"

"Times are altered," remarked the Jesuit; "and for the worse. The ancient Church punished its erring members by exclusion from the company of believers and denial of the sacraments. The modern Church of England must have sadly departed from the faith and practice of the early Christians, when she thrusts creeds and sacraments upon us at the sword's point!"

Father Gower had concealed his few books and papers in a small cavity behind the window-seat, as he spoke; and putting on a capacious cloak, and a broad slouch hat, that nearly concealed his face, signified to his companion to lead the way.

Shefford took up the candle, and the two silently descended the creaking stairs with wary steps. He extinguished the light when they reached the ground floor, and whispering the other not to forget the key, the saddler groped his way in the darkness, and softly opened the door.

Looking out upon the street, all seemed perfectly quiet: a light here and there was visible from the adjacent windows, but the place seemed deserted. Much relieved, he stood aside while Father Gower passed out, and then reclosed the door with the same caution.

Had he waited a few moments longer, he would have seen a figure emerge from the mouth of a narrow alley close by, and follow the steps of the priest with rapid, noiseless stride;

halting when he halted, and darting forward when he quickened his pace; now hiding in doorways, or pausing at street corners; but ever close upon the victim's heels, and dogging him with eager pertinacity like a dark, ill-omened shadow.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE ORPHAN.

ALTHOUGH no Court journal existed in those benighted times to record the doings of the narrow circle comprising the world of Fashion, it is still probable that some of the industrious scribes, terming themselves "news-letter writers," may have thought the arrival of Lord Aston at his town house in London, hard by the remains of the ancient monastery of Leaden-hall, a circumstance of sufficient importance to be noted in the weekly sheets of manuscript containing the current news and gossip of the day, which they were willing to send to anyone who felt disposed to pay for them.

Parliament had not met for the space of two years; but the king scattered so prodigally the money of his new subjects, that it had become absolutely necessary that some measures should be taken to furnish him with the means that he considered indispensable for the due maintenance of his dignity. Much as he disliked Parliament, as an institution interfering greatly with his lofty ideas of the royal prerogative—a prejudice shared, by the way, by the subsequent monarchs of his line—he found himself unable to get on without it. It was his business to spend money, and right royally he went about that business; and it was the bounden duty of Parliament to vote the supplies, which they ultimately did, with a very bad grace, and, in his opinion, with a very niggard hand.

Lord Aston, feeling very little interest in the dispute between king and commons, arrived only just in time to take his seat during the last weeks of the stormy and protracted session; and having made a speech, short, but much to the purpose, on behalf of the vote, was summoned to Court to receive the thanks of his sovereign.

But the amusements that found favour in the eyes of James did not greatly please the country peer, who, although accustomed to the hard drinking habits of the age, felt shocked and disgusted with the coarse indecency that the Court exhibited.

"'Tis no place for women," said the peer, to Lady Aston; "nor for homely men like me. It is the fashion now-a-days to decry old Queen Bess, and make the most of her faults; yet, unwomanly as she was, her Court, at least, was sober and decorous. We saw there no ladies, well-born and of high estate, flushed with liquor, and all but speechless. And it shames me to recall how the king himself was so overcome with his potations that, essaying to

dance with one of the ladies, in no better state than he, he staggered and fell at her feet, and so was carried off to bed. I would he had left such fashions behind him when he crossed the border."

Lady Aston affected to share the very correct opinion of her lord; but did she, therefore, resign the prospect of seeing her daughters emerge from their seclusion to become the stars of a resplendent Court? Not at all; she simply bided her time, and forebore, with womanly tact, to press a request that she saw was, for the moment, distasteful to her husband.

"Children are a great blessing, doubtless," she said, thoughtfully; "but it must be allowed that they ofttimes give their parents sore trouble. I would they were happily wedded, but bridegrooms grow scarce in our county now; and where should they find suitable husbands but at Court? And you, too, are wasting your youth and beauty in our dull country home," she added to Hilda, who was sitting on a low stool at her feet; "and you are beautiful, child. How greatly you resemble your mother!"

"Did you know her?" asked Hilda, looking up at the comely face of Lady Aston.

"She came with your father to visit us when they returned from the Low Countries, shortly after their marriage. He was a very dear friend of my lord's."

"And what became of him, and of my mother?" said Hilda, eagerly. "It is strange; I never heard you mention them before."

"They are dead, my dear Hilda," said Lady Aston. "Died when you were a little thing, scarcely more than three or four years old. Poor Frank Vaughan! I remember how sanguine he was that the laws would soon be altered, and Catholics be allowed to practise their religion without hindrance. It was about the time of the Spanish invasion that he came to Aston, and talked so hopefully of the aid that Catholics would render to drive back the foreigner from our shores. He was going to arm all his tenants at his own cost, which we heard later that he actually did; and would have taken the field at their head had it been necessary. But when the Armada was dispersed by storms, and the scattered vessels had been captured or destroyed by our fleet, the poor Catholics found themselves not a whit better off, and were persecuted quite as harshly as before."

"Was he a Catholic?" asked Hilda, slowly, as a serious look overspread her countenance. "Did he suffer, too, as they do now?"

"He came of a very ancient Yorkshire family, of prouder lineage than even my lord's, whose title is but of yesterday. We heard the story only in part, and that from one of his tenants, George Reynolds, I remember his name was; he brought you to us. He could tell us only that your mother had died, and that poor Frank was lodged in jail. He escaped afterwards, and the

last news that reached us was that he had died in Flanders, whither so many of his creed escaped during the last reign."

"And all these years I have never thought of my parents—have abandoned the faith for which they died!" said the girl bitterly, while the tears coursed down her cheek. "Lived contentedly among strangers; the object of their bounty, the child of charity!"

"Hilda!" said Lady Aston, in stern surprise at this unexpected outburst.

"Forgive me, dear Lady Aston," said Hilda, her better nature abashed by the other's reproving tone. "But this is all so new to me, I feel bewildered. Yet you have taught me to regard you as my kinswoman, to call you aunt, and treated me as though I had an equal claim to your love as Philippa or Grace, that the knowledge or my abject, dependent condition comes upon me with a sense of reproach."

"I have given you, my child, a mother's love," said Lady Aston, with feeling. "I pitied and loved you for your own sake quite as much as for the memory of your unfortunate parents. But you are no poor dependant. The money that your father was able to save from his wrecked fortune he sent to us by the messenger who brought you to Aston. It was a large sum, and my lord has kept it for your marriage portion. If you would leave us you will still be rich. But never, Hilda, as you value my affection, utter such unkindly words again."

"My dear aunt," said the girl, clasping Lady Aston's neck, "let me call you so always; pardon my idle speech. I have known no parents save you and my lord; may I prove myself worthy of the love you have shown a friendless orphan who cannot always subdue the rebellious thoughts that her tongue utters, but that come not from her heart."

"I know it," said Lady Aston, kissing her tenderly; "I know it, dear Hilda. But there is an end of our quarrel. Dry your eyes and fetch your hood and cloak. We are bidden to Master Cecil's to-day, and it is high time we were on the road."

The conversation brought to Hilda's mind the recollection of Captain Burnet, but she had been too full of her own troubles to ask any question about him. He was a Jesuit, a priest of her own parents' proscribed faith, and the knowledge seemed to connect him with her history. Where was he now? Lost utterly to them, to all appearance. He had effected his escape from Ipsley. Sir John Coniers and the Sheriff had brought that news, and mightily pleasing it was to her. And with all her woman's soul glowing with pity for the unfortunate creatures that the Sheriff hunted and tortured, seeming to derive something very like real enjoyment from his occupation, she had been insensibly led to ponder upon this strangely-hated religion, wondering why it was so obnoxious to English people, and what were the doctrines that rendered it

so peculiar. It was her father's creed—that father whom she had never known; whose memory had now been so keenly revived.

But the voice of Philippa roused her from her reverie, and hastily fastening at her throat a curious-looking ornament that bore a suspicious resemblance to a reliquary, she descended to join the party below.

There was a little crowd in the street, and when she had been lifted on to the pillion—for Lord Aston was still too old-fashioned to indulge himself in the luxury of a new-fangled, cumbrous caroche—she noticed that one of the bystanders was regarding her with a look in which astonishment and fear seemed mingled. It was only for a moment that their eyes met, and when she turned to look again at the man, he was still standing in the same attitude, with his eyes fixed upon her.

The little cavalcade speedily disappeared, and the man looked about him as if in a dream; and seeing that the porter lingered at the gate, he enquired the name of the person whom he had just seen. The porter told him, upon which the stranger said:—

"But the young lady—she with the dark hair and flashing eyes—she is not Lord Aston's daughter?"

"No; that is a relative of my lord—Mistress Vaughan."

The stranger looked so agitated and confused that the porter, imagining that he was deaf, repeated in a louder tone:—

"Vaughan—Mistress Hilda Vaughan."

The stranger seemed to collect his thoughts, yet with apparent effort; and bending his head in acknowledgment of the porter's courtesy, slowly moved away, with face of deadly paleness, and limbs that seemed to quiver beneath him as though he had received a sharp and sudden blow.

CHAPTER IX.—SAINT PAUL'S CROSS.

FATHER PAUL GOWER found it impossible to quit the saddler's roof as he had intended; a sudden and unlooked-for obstacle to his so doing having arisen. The house to which he was to have transferred himself was surrounded and searched by the pursuivants, and a priest who was lodging there narrowly escaped capture. And although a keen watch had been constantly maintained both by himself and his host, no further sign had been observed of the pursuivant and his companion. The Jesuit, therefore, determined to remain in his present quarters for a few days longer—keeping closely within doors the while, or fulfilling his perilous mission only at night-time, according to his almost invariable custom.

But Master Cuffe, although invisible, was close at hand, having taken a lodging directly facing the Golden Fleece. He was in hiding from his creditors, who had taken out a warrant for his

arrest, so he pathetically informed his host, who fully shared his virtuous indignation at the relentless sharks who, having emptied a gentleman's pockets, yet evinced a settled determination to take the balance of the debt out of his poor carcase. Master Cuffe's landlord had been in trouble himself, and entered into the plot to defy and evade the law with as much zest as if his tenant had been employed in the perfectly legitimate pursuit of cheating the revenue by smuggling or working an illicit still—things quite unknown in our orderly, pious day.

Cuffe's sole visitor was the renegade Rookesby; and the two men sat on this September evening, their evil heads close together, watching the saddler's house. At their feet was a bottle of liquor, in frequent request; for what little talk passed between them rendered their throats dry and husky; but neither the drink nor the scarcely enlivening society of his friend brought much relief to the pursuivant, who found his novel occupation exceedingly irksome and monotonous.

"If this goes on much longer," said Cuffe, yawning, "I shall hang myself to yonder beam in sheer despair. I begin to have great doubts, my worthy Jasper, that your friend over the way is a priest at all. For nearly a week I have dogged him like a second shadow, and am still as wide of the mark as ever."

"Then why, in the name of the arch-scoundrel, whose sworn henchman you are, do you not shun the liquor? Each night I have found you in your cups, blinking like an overfed owl. Your work needs a clear head and a keen eye."

"Look you, Master Jasper Rookesby, renegade Papist and betrayer of your fellows!" said Cuffe, with a threatening growl; "this spying and dodging about may suit creatures of your kidney, but, by the rood, 'tis beneath a gentleman; and but for the fear of being choused of the reward—they have played me that scurvy trick more than once—I would have denounced this Papist to the Council before now, and so ended the matter."

"Well, why not arrest him at once on suspicion?" asked Jasper, writhing at the other's rude taunts.

"Why not?" repeated Cuffe, sneeringly. "Why, because I have but your word for it that this Gower, as you call him, is a priest at all. He gives out that he is a merchant, and in good sooth I half believe him—his word is as good as yours."

Rookesby made no reply. Bitterly as he felt the insults of the brawny ruffian, whom he utterly despised, self-interest overcame his resentment. He was but an underling—a wretched tool of the officer of the Privy Council. A reward of fifty pounds was attached to the capture of a priest; and although his suspicions seemed perfectly well-grounded, they failed to satisfy Cuffe, who by this time had repented of his bargain to share with his meaner associate the promised booty.

The silence was broken by Rookesby, who had not removed his

eyes from the saddler's door, and clutching his companion's arm, he uttered a sudden cry. The priest emerged from the house, and closing the door, glanced cautiously from side to side, and then walked briskly away.

The two men started up, and were in the lane before the priest was out of sight; and taking opposite sides of the street, to keep him always in view of one of them, they stealthily followed in his wake, keeping close to the houses the while.

Unconscious of being watched, the priest leisurely proceeded in the direction of Watling-street, and crossing the broad moonlit space that extended along the western front of the metropolitan cathedral, now silent and deserted, he was about to turn off towards the Cross, when a placard, affixed to the great door, attracted his notice, and supposing it to be a copy of the proclamation recently made against Popish priests, he stopped to read it.

The honours so lavishly showered by King James had raised a storm of indignation in his new kingdom, and became a fruitful theme of ridicule. It is related that in the course of three months the dignity of knighthood was conferred upon seven hundred individuals, and more recently the new title of baronet had been created, chiefly for the purpose, with characteristic Scottish thrift, of adding to his revenue, which cost its recipients the sum of £1,095 a-piece.

The paper that the priest read with a smile of amusement was a lampoon offering to teach weak memories the art of recollecting the titles of the new nobility.

While so engaged, he was startled by the sudden appearance of a stranger, who, walking rapidly towards him, cast a hasty glace at the placard, and then turning, fixed his eyes enquiringly on the priest's face. Gower confronted him in surprise, and the man—no other than our friend Cuffe—left him without a word, and disappeared down Ludgate-hill. As the priest still stood wondering at the man's strange behaviour, a head unseen by him was slowly protruded from the corner of the building and was suddenly drawn back.

St. Paul's Cross, so memorable in the history of London, stood on the north-eastern side of the cathedral, within the angle formed by the choir and northern transept. It was a substantial edifice, of extreme ugliness, resembling a huge pulpit, surmounted by a semicircular roof, at the summit of which a large gilded cross appeared. In front, on three sides of the cross, ran a brick wall enclosing benches for the more favoured hearers; and against the side of the church were erected wooden galleries for the accommodation of ladies of fashion, who adorned the scene when any preacher of note was expected to deliver a sermon.

The priest was earlier than he had anticipated, and drawing his cloak around him, with his back to the cross, he patiently waited.

Casting his eyes upward at the tall, soaring spire, rebuilt only a short time previously, and gazing at the massive proportions of the church, at that time the most extensive in the kingdom, its past history rushed unbidden to his mind. Back to the very foundation of English Christianity he was carried by the silent eloquence of the majestic fane. Founded in the time of England's Apostle, St. Augustine, upon the site of the still more ancient Roman Temple of Diana, the successive races that have been blended into one nationality—Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman—seemed to pass before him; the children of one common Mother; the willing adherents of that Faith which Pope Gregory the Great sent to our fathers so many centuries ago. And of all this great work, what remained? Many churches, still more monastic ruins, and a people who had stood by with sullen indifference while the ancient religion was being blotted out, and who now turned, like the adder in the fable, only to sting the hand that rescued it from death.

Within the cathedral the worshippers had shrunk into the choir, all too large for the few who resorted thither—the immense nave and glorious transepts, their purpose unheeded or forgotten, were the resort of idlers and of merchants, who chaffered and bargained amid its slender columns, while the vaulted roof echoed back the cries of itinerant vendors and chapmen, who, regardless of the sanctity of the place, added to the Babel of confusion that reigned within its consecrated walls from day to day.

Almost involuntary there rose to the mind of the solitary Jesuit—one of the little band of fearless missionaries whose name will be evermore in benediction—the reproof administered to the money-changers of the Jewish Temple. The cathedral had ceased to be a house of prayer—it might not be long ere the doom of the former den of thieves should overtake it, and sweep its every stone from the face of the city that had scornfully rejected the Faith of Him in whose honour it was built.

He was roused from his meditations by the appearance of two men closely muffled in their cloaks, who, seeing him waiting there, came towards him.

"The friend I expected to meet, I think?" said one of them, with a keen glance of inquiry at the Jesuit's face. "I trust we have not tried your patience severely; but we are both strangers to the city, and had the ill-luck to miss our way more than once."

"Foster, from the north?" replied Gower. "I see I am right. But something has occurred to disturb the arrangements of which I sent you word. I go to St. Giles' myself on this occasion, and our friend Reynolds will guide you to a place of safety. You may trust yourself to his charge."

"Father Foster and I are well acquainted, seeing we have travelled together for the past two days; and we were already acquainted before, but under different names."

"Aye, indeed," said Gower.

"Yes; down in Warwickshire," replied Reynolds. "We were both captains there—he, Burnet, and I, Pouch."

"What! the unfortunate leader of the rebels? We heard a rumour that you had been executed. I am glad to welcome you in the body."

"Rumour is ever a false jade," said Pouch, smiling. "I left my rebels only in time to save my neck, for they were dispersed within a week after my escape, and was glad to come hither to London with Captain Burnet in my charge. The poor fellow who was executed was my successor in office."

"What was that!" exclaimed Burnet, as a slight scuffling noise attracted his attention.

They turned suddenly and listened; and Pouch mounted the wall and looked eagerly among the rows of benches that faced the cross, but all seemed still as death within the enclosure.

"Walk this way," said Gower. "Even these solid walls may have ears. I have a few directions to give which will not detain us long."

"I will take a look round here," said Pouch, in a whisper. "If there be anyone desirous of an interview with either of us, it would be a sore pity to baulk his inclination."

The conference of the two Jesuits was short, and, returning to their companion, who had carefully searched the spot in the meantime, without finding anything to confirm his suspicions, Gower said:—

"Now, George, do not lose your way again: show our friend the place agreed upon. Go with him, my brother; may God's protecting hand be upon you."

He watched the retreating forms of the two as they proceeded along the Chepe, past the great cross that the citizens would have demolished only a few years before but for the interference of Queen Elizabeth, who had the ancient relic carefully restored; and when they were lost to view, he crossed the road, looked anxiously round, and then started off in a westerly direction along what is now Newgate-street, walking rapidly as if behind time.

A few minutes later the ungainly form of Cuffe emerged from beneath one of the seats, and reaching the lane, he gave a low whistle, which was immediately answered by Rookesby, who cautiously approached.

"Two!" said Cuffe, holding up his fingers. "Two of them, Jasper. I could not hear all they said, but Gower has gone to St. Giles' again."

"And the other?" asked Rookesby. "We can take Gower at any time. Where has the other gone?"

"That way," said Cuffe, motioning with his hand; "and in company with a pestilent traitor who has been concerned in the risings in the north."

"Well, lose no time; let us follow at once," said Rookesby. "Two, or perhaps three, such prizes will not fall to our lot again."

"Now, look you, Master Rookesby," said Cuffe, sullenly, folding his arms; "you have kept me dancing attendance upon your man, Gower, for days past; and I mean to have him first. You know nothing of the others, and I am not sure, from the little I could overhear, that either of them is a priest, as you know Gower to be. My game is Gower; and you can do as you list."

"Cursed pigheaded dolt!" muttered Rookesby, between his teeth; "while you have loitered chattering here, we have lost both. Better go home and get to bed, good Master Cuffe, thanking yourself for another lost opportunity of bagging fifty pounds."

"Body o' me!" ejaculated Cuffe. "None of your insolence, Popish Massmonger! I tell you I am for St. Giles' in quest of my Jesuit; and, if you are too great a coward to accompany me thither, I will go alone."

"And much good can you do there!" said Rookesby. "Do you think you will be able to drag the priest from the midst of his followers, who will gladly treat a pursuivant to a few inches of cold steel."

"I mean to try it, nevertheless," said Cuffe, stubbornly; "and if you will not help me, by heaven, you shall not finger a penny of the reward."

He walked resolutely away; and Rookesby, after a little consideration, followed, vainly trying to dissuade him from the mad folly of venturing alone into the Catholic chapel.

But Cuffe was not to be turned from his purpose. He was weary of the pursuit, and, should he fail to secure his prey, he could, at least with the aid of the spy, gain admittance, and so be able to testify afterwards that he had seen Gower officiating as a priest, which would be quite sufficient, without any further evidence, to convict the Jesuit of high treason.

Rookesby had very especial reasons for wishing to avoid the place, but, afraid of giving further offence by a useless display of opposition, he trudged along reluctantly by the side of his companion.

Passing the ancient monastery of the Grey Friars, of which a great portion was yet standing, but devoted to the purposes of the institution founded by Edward VI., since known as Christ's Hospital or the Bluecoat School, they quitted the city by Newgate, where the forbidding pile of the new prison frowned grimly upon them. As they gained the open space of Smithfield, Cuffe could not forbear another sneer at his exasperated companion as he pointed to the spot that had witnessed some of the hideous burnings of Protestants in the reign of Queen Mary. Rookesby took no notice of the allusion, and maintaining an angry silence, the bridge of Old-Bourne, with the adjacent palace of the Bishop

of Ely, were speedily reached, and they found themselves in a broad country road, with houses thinly scattered on either side.

It was considerably past midnight when they quitted St. Laurence-lane, and they paused to count the strokes as the distant church of St. Giles' slowly boomed the hour of three.

By a strange fatality the meeting of this night, or morning rather, was held in the very place wherein two priests had been arrested only a few months before. Father Gower had hired another house in the same locality, with a spacious barn attached, which he intended should serve as a chapel for some time to come, but at the last moment the owner had become suspicious of the use to which his premises were to be put, and declined to ratify the contract.

This had been known to the priest only a few hours before the time of meeting, and, unwilling to disappoint his little flock of their well-earned privilege of hearing Mass, he had determined to return to his old quarters for this occasion, leaving two or three of his trusty followers to inform the others of the altered arrangement.

Rookesby was, however, unaware of the proposed change ; and naturally concluding that when the priest mentioned St. Giles' he had referred to the original place of resort, he took the path in that direction.

The house stood alone in the midst of fields, and as they reached the lane by which it was approached, they found their progress barred by a tall, sturdy-looking fellow, armed with a great club, who sternly demanded their business.

Jasper briefly explained that he was a Catholic, and had come to hear Mass, adding that his companion's conscience was sorely troubled, and that he was seeking spiritual consolation from a priest.

As the man regarded the pair with some suspicion, Cuffe sought to improve the occasion by turning up the whites of his eyes, and giving vent to a long-drawn groan, by which he meant to express deep contrition for his sins—a device probably suggested by his former intercourse with the Puritans. Jasper, who who was fully conscious that it was the habit of Catholics to repress rather than to display their emotions, became alarmed, and addressing himself again to the sentinel, earnestly begged to be allowed to pass.

The watchword was demanded, and knowing no other, he gave "Gloria in excelsis Deo." That, however, was altogether wrong ; but as it had been the recognised sign at their last meeting, the man told them as much ; and, with evident unwillingness, finally permitted them to proceed.

The house was shrouded in darkness ; not a gleam of light being visible ; but Jasper, accustomed to the place, walked straight to the door, and giving a slight, peculiar knock, the two were instantly admitted, and the door was locked and barred again.

CHAPTER X.—A WOLF IN THE FOLD.

IN the heart of the city, near the corner of a small street in Cheapside, there yet stands a solitary tree; an object of curious interest to the spectator. It may be passed by unheeded during the long winter; but when cheery summer covers it with foliage, and birds twitter joyously, and build their nests amid its branches, it evokes pleasant visions of peaceful country places, purling brooks, and smiling hedgerows, and recalls dim, far-off memories of the time when London was not the arid, stony desert, the dismal brick wilderness of to-day: a time when a square foot of its surface was worth something less than a small fortune; and men had not found it necessary to turn its disused graveyards into places of recreation.

From the window of the apartment which Hilda called her own, could be seen beyond the trim, pleasant garden that environed the house, a succession of smaller enclosures beside the dwellings of the more opulent citizens, dotted here and there with refreshing patches of green sward, and shady arbours wherein the citizen, weary of the toils of the day, could, if he were so minded, peacefully enjoy the comfort of the detestable weed, regardless of the disapprobation of King James, whose "Counterblast to Tobacco," would seem to have resulted in no other effect than to advertise his subjects of its placid, soothing qualities.

The ornament that she had worn when she visited the all-powerful Cecil, a few days previously, was in her hand; and Mary, whose slight acquaintance with such objects enabled her to identify it as a reliquary, had described its purpose. On one side was depicted, in curious mosaic, a bird pecking at its own breast, surrounded by a little brood, who held up their beaks to catch the drops of blood that seemed to be welling from its snowy plumage. If Hilda felt surprised when Mary explained the meaning of the pelican feeding its offspring with its own blood, her astonishment was greater when her notice was drawn to the five circular pieces of crystal, arranged in the form of a cross, on the reverse side of the medallion. Beneath the centre one could be dimly seen a minute fragment of wood, with the almost effaced legend of "*Ave, bone crux;*" the others contained little pieces of linen or woollen fabric; and Mary, devoutly kissing the reliquary, returned it to her companion, with the intimation that it held relics that Catholics esteemed as priceless, and were all but unattainable.

"How very strange that it should fall into my hands!" said Hilda. "I have always regarded it as a very singular trinket, but never till now knew its value. It must have belonged to my father; I think I have heard Lady Aston say so. You did not know that he was a Papist, Mary?"

The girl opened her blue eyes in astonishment.

"Yes;" continued Hilda, "like your father, my poor Mary, he suffered for his faith; was imprisoned, too, but escaped, and died

at last in exile. But I am in hope that your father will regain his liberty before long. Do not weep: I made bold to speak to Master Cecil when we went to his house, and if Lord Aston will petition the king, Master Cecil has promised to aid us on your father's behalf. Be patient for a little while yet; and who knows but that when we return to our dear old home in Warwickshire, we shall carry his pardon with us."

Mary was full of gratitude; and drying her tears, enquired hesitatingly:—

"But if your father was a Catholic, dear mistress, why are you of a different faith?"

"I cannot tell. I know but what I have been taught. Tell me, Mary, and do not call me mistress again, but Hilda; only Hilda: tell me, what is this Popish religion that everyone seems so to hate, and why its adherents are persecuted?"

"Alack, dear mistress, I mean Hilda," she faltered; "I could not make you understand it, I fear. I am so ignorant; but I know that all English people believed it once, until our kings seized upon the Church property, and abolished the Mass. Your religion is scarcely fifty years old, and there were no Protestants to be met with anywhere until our own times. But we believe that our Lord taught the doctrines that people now call Popish; and the world had no other belief until the first Protestant came; he was called Luther, if I mistake not. But I have a book that Captain Burnet left with me, that will tell you all you seek to know."

"Oh, let me read it, dear Mary," said Hilda eagerly. "It is a strange creed, indeed, that gives its followers strength to face imprisonment and death, rather than abandon it! Where is Captain Burnet now? Lady Aston tells me that he is a priest—a Jesuit."

"Yes; it is true," said Mary sighing. "But I know not where he is to be found."

"And you knew this all the while; and yet would not tell me!" said Hilda, reproachfully. "And I suppose you have seen him saying Mass, too? What is a Mass?" she asked impulsively.

"You must ask the book," said Mary, smiling. "But we call it hearing, not seeing Mass. It is a solemn sacrifice, not a mere display."

Hilda was thoughtful for some moments, and then enquired:—

"Can you hear Mass anywhere in London, now?"

"But seldom," said Mary. "We are watched so closely by our enemies, that our priests are obliged to be very cautious: and only those known to be Catholics are admitted to the service."

"I should like to go with you, Mary, if you will let me, when an opportunity occurs. You cannot think that I would betray you!" she added, as Mary shrank back alarmed.

"It would be too dangerous," replied Mary. "I had a very

narrow escape, a little while since, at the Spanish Ambassador's chapel. A number of our people went there to hear Mass, and at its conclusion more than twenty persons were arrested as they left. The pursuivants had found us out, and set a guard round the chapel; but when the ambassador heard what was going on, he closed the door, taking all who remained into his house, and made us all sit down to dinner, waiting upon us himself with all his servants, most humbly; apologizing the while for the harsh treatment to which we were subjected. Afterwards he sent to the Lord Mayor, complaining that his house was beset; and when the men had been withdrawn, we slipped out one by one."

"What could they do if they caught me?" said Hilda. "I am known as Lord Aston's niece, and Master Cecil would, I am sure, protect me; for I am no Papist—at least, as yet. Now, Mary, dear Mary," she said, clasping the girl in her embrace, "there can be no danger to me: do not deny me this. It is not woman's curiosity that prompts the request, but a sincere desire to know somewhat of the religion that cost my parents their lives. You look upon them as martyrs; they died for what you hold to be the truth; will you then refuse to help a martyr's child to regain her lost inheritance?"

Mary was sadly perplexed, and her mind was also full of the intelligence that had somehow reached her, that one of the Jesuits, then on London mission, had appointed a meeting for the next morning at a very early hour, at a place some distance from the city, where he would hear confessions and say Mass; and that a lady, whose acquaintance she had recently made, had promised to guide her to the exact spot.

Hilda's importunity at length bore down her companion's reluctance to expose to the gaze of an unbeliever the most sacred mysteries of her creed: and so it fell out, that in the evening, a short while after dusk, the two, under an escort of some stout, trusty servitors, safely reached the widow's house at Holborn, a little distance from the Oxford-road.

The house formed a rendezvous for the scattered members of the proscribed religion, where they could always gain accurate information as to the movements and intentions of the priests, who were compelled to adopt the utmost caution and secrecy, in order to discharge their duties: so constant and zealous was the watch maintained by the emissaries of the Privy Council.

The recent proclamation, and the new measures of repression enacted by the Parliament, had rendered the Catholics more than ever desirous to avoid a conflict with the authorities; and the service about to be held was therefore to commence at an early hour—some time before dawn.

The temporary chapel was a disused loft, without door or windows, at the rear of a lonely cottage. Its sole mode of ingress

or egress was by means of a trap-door in the floor: which was only to be reached with the aid of a ladder, which, for further security, was drawn up into the apartment after the congregation had assembled.

At the further end stood a very humble altar, covered with plain white linen, without ornament; and upon it were placed a crucifix, two candles, and a book. Beside the altar sat the priest, and from time to time the people approached him, knelt by his side for a few minutes, and then returned again to their places. Seats for the congregation there were none; and Hilda, imitating the movements of the rest, found her kneeling position rather trying. But what seemed to strike her most was the absorbed, rapt expression of her neighbours, who, apparently unconscious of the presence of others, appeared to be engaged in prayer so earnest, yet so noiseless, as if the present moment were their last, and that another such opportunity might be denied them. In place of books, many held in their hands a chaplet of beads, that Hilda mistook for a necklace, with a little cross attached: and slowly as the minutes passed, they evinced no sign of weariness, but remained in the same patient, watchful attitude; their sufferings, and their weary, jaded lives, beset with peril, forgotten in the overpowering sense of their brief happiness.

And if that little band dismissed from their minds the reflection that their liberty, and possibly their lives, were endangered by their presence at that secret rite, it was that they held worldly things as naught, compared with those that affected their immortal souls: and that they held that eternal happiness was cheaply purchased with temporal affliction and loss.

A slight stir among the congregation, and their redoubled earnest attention, would have warned Hilda without the whispered hint of her friend, that the Mass was about to commence; and as the priest, habited in a white vestment, stood before the altar, the people crossed themselves: and Hilda, in a glow of excitement, almost unconsciously followed their example.

In the solemn stillness that pervaded the chapel, the priest's voice, as he recited the office, was distinctly audible. Once or twice he turned towards the people, and for a moment Hilda caught a glimpse of a face that seemed familiar to her. And then a hushed feeling stole over them, and the priest's voice had sunk to a mere whisper, as he leaned over the altar; and Hilda, watching with keen intensity the unfamiliar rites, saw the celebrant kneel for a moment, and then elevate something white and gleaming above his head; and filled with awe, her feelings seemed to overcome her, and with a sob, she bent her head in lowly adoration.

What it was that caused her involuntary burst of emotion, she could not explain; and while the people silently crowded round the altar, she knelt in the same attitude of prostration, lost to

every sense, save that she was in a Presence unknown to her till now, and that thrilled in every fibre of her agitated frame.

A noise, a slight commotion at the lower end of the apartment, recalled her partly to herself: shouts were heard below; the trap-door was suddenly raised, and some men went hastily down: and then all was quiet again.

She looked round for some explanation, but the Mass had now ended, and the congregation rose slowly to their feet; and then she observed that the simple furniture of the altar had been removed, and all that was left to remind her of the strange scene she had just witnessed, was a rough-looking table, that appeared to be nothing more than a carpenter's bench, before which the priest stood, clad in a plain black cassock; while a torch, held by someone at his side, threw a faint and wavering light upon his face.

He addressed them in few simple words, exhorting them to embrace every opportunity of frequenting the sacraments, reminding them of the solemn account that each must give, one day, of neglect of the ordinances of the Church; entreating them to labour, as far as lay in their power, to reclaim those who had wandered from the fold; and finally blessing them all, in accents of solemn fervour, adjured them to pray without ceasing for the peace of the Church. There was no useless repining at the injustice with which they were treated; no display of resentment towards their persecutors; but an air of patient endurance and placid courage, that indicated more powerfully than mere words could express his confidence in the justice of their cause, and an assurance of its ultimate, however distant triumph.

As Hilda listened, she was reminded of something she had read, or heard, of another little remnant of persecuted disciples, who met together by night in an upper chamber, having the doors closed for fear of the people. The scanty and imperfect religious teaching that she had received, had made but slight impression on her mind: it had never touched her heart. The sole dogma of the reformed religion was, that Popery was wrong. She had witnessed the highest and most solemn rite of that mysterious creed: but it seemed real; to have some definite purpose in it; and appealed even to her untutored comprehension with a power and authority, before which the chilling monotony and dreary, soulless religion of the State, seemed to crumble and fade away.

And as she watched the gentle, earnest face of the priest, there came upon her a feeling of strange attraction towards him; a yearning desire to throw herself at his feet; to kiss his hand. She recognised him as the individual who had watched with wild, almost terrified look, at Lord Aston's door a few days since. And as she gazed, spellbound, it seemed as though his eyes were even now fixed upon her.

A pause followed when he ceased; and a man whispered has-

tily a few words in the priest's ear, causing him to raise his hand as if entreating their attention.

"It is a calamity to which we are always exposed," he said, "that news of our meeting should occasionally reach the ears of those in authority. Below stairs, at this moment, are two agents of the Council: but they are in the hands of our friends. Some of you may be recognised upon leaving: let me, therefore, recommend you to conceal your faces as closely as possible; but omit not to take note of these two men. The precaution will be useful, if you should chance to meet them again."

Hilda was among the last to leave; and as the priest stood near the ladder, he looked steadily at her. Mary had asked his permission for Hilda to be present; and thinking she detected some sign of displeasure in his eye, she again spoke to him with a little trepidation, telling him the name and condition of the strange member of the little congregation. He simply bowed, and turning his head aside, said in a low, constrained voice: "We shall meet again, dear child, I trust. God grant it in his unutterable mercy!"

The two men to whom he had alluded, were, of course, none other than our friends Cuffe and Rookesby. Upon their admission to the house, they saw by the light of a small lamp that the chamber in which they stood was tenanted by three powerful-looking men, of very determined appearance; one of whom again demanded the password: and the moment Jasper had uttered it, the man who had been about to lead the way to the chapel, stopped and looked keenly at the faces of the two newcomers.

"That was the word when the two priests were taken," he said to his companions, who silently grasped their staves. "How comes it, friend, that you know of this meeting, and are yet ignorant of the sign by which we distinguish friends from foes?"

Jasper was slightly embarrassed at this challenge, but replied with apparent frankness:—

"I had news from Father Gower himself of this meeting; but neglected or forgot to ask him for the password. But he knows me well: take me to him, if you have any doubt."

He said this with a little more boldness; for feeling satisfied that Mass had now commenced, he was well aware that it would be impossible to interrupt the priest in the midst of the service.

"Wait here an instant," said the man who had spoken: and leaving them abruptly, he darted down the narrow passage at the end of the room.

Cuffe was seriously alarmed, and eager as he had been to enter the place, fear for his own personal safety rendered him still more desirous of getting out again. He knew very well that his office would fail to protect him from condign punishment at the hands of the men he had come to betray; and although priests

I shall know you again, young lady; so stare your fill.—*High Treason*, page 311.

never resisted capture, he could not answer for similar passive dispositions on the part of their flock.

"We are lost!" he whispered to Rookesby. "That fellow has recognised me: I saw it in his eye. Look to yonder door: close it, and prevent these fellows from summoning their companions, while I unfasten this bolt. Quick!"

The two men had been keenly watching the movements of the pursuivant, and as Jasper rushed to the door communicating with the interior of the house, one of them suddenly swung his staff in the air, dealing a heavy blow, which brought the unfortunate spy to the ground; and while Cuffe was fumbling at the bolts in the uncertain light, the other pounced upon him and enfolded him in an embrace that seemed like an iron band. Cuffe struggled and kicked with fury, and being of powerful build and great strength, contrived to loosen his captor's hold, and with a violent wrench slipped from his grasp. But the alarm had been given, and several others, full of consternation at the unexpected intrusion, hurried to the assistance of their friends, and, notwithstanding his desperate resistance, Cuffe was overpowered by numbers, and lay gagged and bound at their feet. They lifted up the still insensible form of Rookesby, who was instantly recognised, although his wretched calling was yet unknown to those who wonderingly scanned his pale and blood-stained features.

As the terrified members of the congregation slowly passed out, Cuffe regarded them with looks of fierce resentment; and when Hilda, with her hood thrown fearlessly back, paused for a moment to cast a look of pity on the prostrate forms, he thought to himself, for speech was impossible with the gag bound fast between his teeth:—

"I shall know you again, young lady; so stare your fill. I would drink to our better acquaintance, if these knaves would suffer it."

Rookesby had by this time recovered consciousness, and when the shrouded form of the priest at length stood before him, he strove to hide his face with his hands and groaned aloud.

"You have made a sad mistake here," said Father Gower. "This is Jasper Rookesby: one of our own people. How did this come about?"

"There is no mistake at all, sir," gruffly replied one that stood by. "He brought hither Master Cuffe, the pursuivant—that fellow there. Master Cuffe and I are old acquaintances. We have met before in the Clink prison, where he sought to add an inch or so to my stature, as he told me, by hanging me up by the hands."

"A pursuivant!" said Gower. "And in company with Rookesby. Will you explain the meaning of this?" he inquired, looking narrowly at the spy.

"It needs no words," said the first speaker, as Jasper silently hung his head. "And now I think of it, Master Rookesby was

here when the officers last visited us; and I have often marvelled how he effected his escape on that occasion. 'Tis plain as broad daylight that he has betrayed us to the Council, and the presence of yonder pursuivant is ample proof of his treachery."

The Jesuit left the room, sadly shaking his head; and a short whispered colloquy ensued, at the conclusion of which the eyes of both prisoners were bandaged, and Cuffe, expecting death every moment, found himself borne along in the arms of three men, who carried him to a considerable distance and then left him.

It was not until morning was far advanced when the two friends were discovered in their ignominious plight by some labourers, to whom they related a rambling story of having been set upon by cutpurses, severely maltreated, and left for dead.

With dejected looks, and filled with savage thirst for vengeance upon those who had not only escaped, but also rendered them objects of ridicule, they slowly took the road back to London.

Later in the day Cuffe returned to the cottage, with a strong body of followers, and although they searched the place with the utmost care, their labour was in vain—the Papists had vanished without leaving a single trace of their unlawful proceedings.

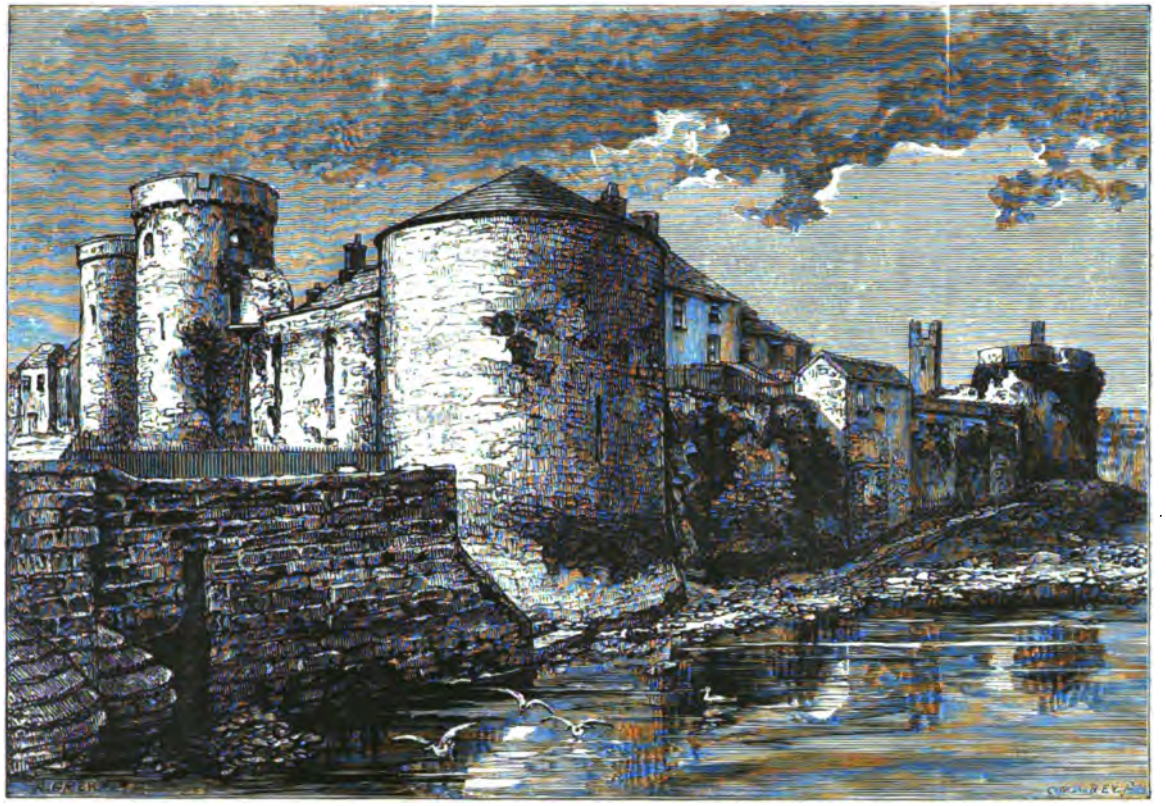
(To be continued.)

LIMERICK.

THE historic city of Limerick derives its name from *Luimneach*, the ancient appellation of the Lower Shannon. In a poem composed upon the death of St. Cummine Foda (A.D. 661), whose remains were conveyed from Munster up the Shannon to be interred in his episcopal church of Clonfert, the word occurs in the following passage:—

> "The Luimneach did not bear on its bosom of the race of Munster into Leath Chuinn.
> A corpse in a boat so precious as Cummine, son of Fiachna. . . . .
> I sorrow for Cummine, since the day his shrine was covered;
> My eyelids have been dropping tears since the lamentation at his barque."

In the Annals, the term *Luimneach*, is applied to the city of Limerick, from the period of the earlier Danish incursions, when it became a principal station for the pirate galleys of the Northmen. From this point their fleets swept the Shannon, and thus they were enabled to devastate and plunder, almost with impunity, the shrines and monasteries in the adjacent country. In one of their predatory expeditions, A.D. 843, we find that "the Forannan Primate of Ard-Macha was taken



KING JOHN'S CASTLE, LIMERICK.

prisoner, with his relics and people, by the foreigners, and carried to their ships at Luimneach."

After the overthrow of the tyrant, Turgesius, the Irish princes relaxed their efforts with the first success gained over the Northmen, and the latter, deemed no longer formidable, were suffered to retain possession of several of the maritime towns. Thus we read of Amlaff, the son of the King of Norway, ruling in Dublin, while his brothers, Sitric and Ivar, held respectively the cities of Waterford and Limerick. Even during the reign of Brian, by whom the Danish power in this country was ultimately annihilated, the Northmen, when expelled from the islands in the Shannon, were permitted to remain in Limerick upon condition of paying an annual tribute to the Irish monarch. Ware mentions some of the Ostmen who presided over the See of Limerick, viz.:—Harold, A. D. 1151; Torgesius, who assisted at the Synod of Kells, A. D. 1152; Brictius, one of the prelates from Ireland, who was present at the Council of Lateran.

After the munificent grant made by the monarch, Muircheartach O'Brien "of the City of Cashel of the Kings, to the religious of Ireland for ever," Limerick became the seat of royalty of the Princes of Thomond. In 1101, Donnell MacLoughlin having disputed the claim of Muircheartach O'Brien to the sovereignty of Ireland, the latter led an army to the north, and having demolished the ancient stronghold of Aileach, ordered that in every provision sack a stone of the ruined fort should be conveyed to Limerick.

At the period of the Anglo-Norman invasion, upon the arrival of Henry II., Donnell O'Brien, Prince of Thomond, repaired to Cashel, and having done homage, made formal surrender of his city of Limerick to the English monarch. He soon repented of his premature submission, and realizing the danger of his country, flew to arms, and inflicted a severe defeat on the army of Strongbow, at Thurles. This exploit roused the spirit of other native princes. Strongbow, who had taken refuge in Waterford, instantly despatched messengers to Raymond le Gros, then in Wales, beseeching his aid in the emergency, and promising him the hand of his daughter, Basilia. Raymond, responding to the summons, soon landed in Ireland, and with a strong force advanced against Limerick. Fording the Shannon, he led the assault in person, captured the city, and delivered it up to pillage.

Raymond being soon after summoned to Normandy, was preparing to sail, when news arrived in Dublin that the Norman garrison left in Limerick was closely besieged by the indomitable O'Brien. Speedy succour was implored, whereupon the Royal Commissioners ordered Raymond to return. Upon his approach O'Brien raised the siege, and took up a position near Cashel, to await the enemy. In the encounter which followed, the army of Thomond having been worsted, O'Brien and Roderic

O'Connor entered into negotiations with the English. Meantime, while Raymond was absent in Munster, Strongbow had died in Dublin. The news of her brother's decease, which it was of the utmost importance to keep secret, was conveyed to Raymond in a metaphorical despatch from Basilia, stating "that her great tooth, which had ached so long, had fallen out," and prayed him to return as speedily as possible. Raymond, unwilling to weaken the force at his disposal by leaving a garrison in Limerick, made a formal application to Donnell O'Brien to take charge of the city for the English monarch. The Prince of Thomond courteously assented to the proposal; but when the last of the Norman troopers had recrossed the Shannon, the bridge was broken down behind them, and the city committed to the flames, O'Brien having resolved that "it should never again be made a nest for foreigners."

Donnell O'Brien subsequently repaired the damage, and, in spite of the grants made by Henry II. to the Norman adventurers, retained possession of the city. On the site of his own palace he erected the Cathedral Church of St. Mary, and made sumptuous grants to its clergy, and to Brictius, then Bishop of Limerick. After the death of this chivalrous Irish prince, the Anglo-Normans regained possession of the city. King John entrusted Limerick to William de Burgh, who erected the castle, whose massive cylindrical towers and gateway are characteristic of the fortresses built by the Normans at that period.

In later and darker centuries the city of Limerick became associated with imperishable memories in the mournful history of the Gael. Needless to recall the days of the Cromwellian visitation, and the heroic stand made by the Irish garrison of Limerick against the forces of the merciless Ireton. While Death, in his most hideous form stalked through the streets of the city, crowded with the victims blasted by his pestilent breath, the Cromwellian foe, with fire and steel, girt the doomed ramparts. But the garrison, under the gallant soldier that held the shattered walls of Clonmel in the teeth of Cromwell, animated by the presence of O'Brien, Bishop of Emly, who, with the heroism of his race, exalted by the sanctity of his vocation, passed constantly from the hospital to the breach, administering the last consolations to the dying, and rousing by his example the defenders to enthusiasm, held Ireton's troops at bay, till, in the darkness of night, treason, which lurked at the gate, gave admittance to the foe. Ireton would be revenged on the patriot prelate, whose devotion had protracted the defence. From the midst of the dead and dying, the bishop was dragged before the bloody tribunal of the ruthless Cromwellian. Unappalled, he listened to the sentence of doom, then confronting Ireton with majestic mien, in prophetic words of solemn warning, he summoned the tyrant to appear, within a brief time, to answer for his crimes at the judgment-seat of God. The following day the prelate

was led to execution. He died with the fortitude and devotion of a martyr and a patriot. Advancing to the scaffold amid the armed escort of Cromwellian troopers, "his step was as steady and his bearing as erect as either could have been on that memorable day when he followed the trophies of Benburb to St. Mary's Cathedral. On reaching the foot of the gibbet he knelt and prayed, till he was commanded to arise and mount. He obeyed, seized the rungs with vigorous grasp, and turned round as if anxious to ascertain whether any of the citizens had ventured abroad to witness his death-scene. Having satisfied himself that a few of them were present and within hearing, he exhorted them to continue true to the faith of their fathers, and hope for better days, when God would look with mercy on unhappy Ireland. A few moments more, and his soul was with the just."*

Eight days later Ireton caught the plague. In the first delirium of the fever, the words "blood! blood! I must have more blood!" were constantly on his lips. As the hour of dissolution approached, the scene became yet more appalling. Writhing in the agonies of death, the unhappy man, in paroxysms of terror, wildly and piteously besought his attendants to hide him from the murdered prelate, whose spectre, looming beside his couch, summoned him to judgment.

The ever-memorable defence of Limerick in 1690 forms a glorious chapter of Irish history. The victor of the Boyne, at the head of 38,000 troops, having in vain beleaguered the old ramparts of the town for eighteen days, was compelled to retreat, after the humiliation of witnessing 10,000 of his chosen veterans driven from the breach, where the devoted women of Limerick had stood foremost in the danger of the combat.

A year but elapsed from the time of that memorable siege, when the reverses which fell in rapid succession upon the Irish arms, the capture of Athlone and the disaster of Aughrim, brought the Williamite forces once more before the walls of Limerick. It was the last stronghold held by an Irish army, and Ginkell, the Williamite commander, resolved that its reduction should terminate the war. The Duke of Tyrconnell had already despatched messengers to James II. at the Court of St. Germains, informing him of the hopeless condition of affairs in Ireland, requesting either speedy succour, or permission for the Irish commanders to treat with the enemy on honourable conditions. The viceroy had barely completed the first preparations for the defence of Limerick, when he was carried off by a stroke of apoplexy. The defence of the city devolved upon D'Usson and Sarsfield. Ginkell meantime had planted his batteries, and a fire from seventy large guns, including nineteen mortars, rapidly spread havoc and conflagration in the town. Entire streets were reduced to ashes.

* "Irish Hierarchy in the Seventeenth Century."

Through the treason of an officer of the Irish horse, the enemy were suffered to throw a pontoon-bridge across the Shannon, and Ginkell, sending over a large force, succeeded in cutting off the communication between the town and the Irish cavalry stationed on the Clare side of the river. The following day the fort which protected Thomond bridge was carried, and as the Irish were retreating before overwhelming numbers into the town, the French officer in charge of the Thomond gate, fearing the enemy might enter with the fugitives, unfortunately drew up the draw-bridge, leaving the Irish at the mercy of their foes. A scene of fearful carnage ensued. The enemy allowed no quarter, and the massacre proceeded till the corpses were piled to the level of the parapet of the bridge.

That night, at the council of war held in the city, it was decided that to prolong the defence was useless, all hope of the long-expected aid from France having vanished. The next day the drums of the garrison beat a parley. The enemy agreed to a truce; negotiations were opened and hostages exchanged. In a few days the articles of capitulation were drawn up. They consisted of a military and a civil treaty. The terms were honourable to the garrison. The civil treaty granted to their Catholic fellow-countrymen such privileges in the exercise of their religion as they enjoyed in the reign of Charles II., also security of their estates and property. Two months from the date of signature that treaty was openly violated by the English justices.

The evening of the capitulation, the English infantry took possession of the Irish town. The castle and the English town were reserved for the Irish troops till, according to the stipulations of the treaty, the transports would be in readiness to convey them to France. Some days later the garrison marched out with military honours, and drew up on the Clare side of the Shannon. The Irish troops were required to choose to accept free passes from Ginkell and return to their homes, to enter the Williamite service, or volunteer for France. Of the infantry, 2,000 returned home, 1,000 passed into the Williamite army, the remaining 11,000 and the whole of the cavalry elected to embark for the Continent. They sailed from Cork and Limerick, and on their arrival in France, were honourably received and enrolled in the service of the French monarch. Their subsequent history is epitomized in the touching lines of Davis:—

"In far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,
Lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade."

GLEANINGS FROM IRISH LITERATURE.

MILTON, who says that "to produce true poetry, the writer must be a true poem," has assigned the highest place in literature to composition in verse; and this idea has been expressed by Anthony Trollope in a late essay, in which, contrasting poetry and prose, he says:—"By the consent of all mankind, poetry takes the highest place in literature. The nobility of expression, and all but divine grace of words which she is bound to attain before she can make her footing good, is not comparable with prose. The writer of poetry has soared above the earth, and can teach his lessons as a god would teach." There may be as much beauty in the thoughts of the prose writer, but the poet evolves them in the divinest words, the divinest music. Many of the themes of oratory are of the highest order, but the forms of speech and song make all the difference.

It was once said that eloquence was the distinguishing characteristic of the genius of Celtic France: and the same has been said of that of Ireland. In pulpit eloquence France still remains unrivalled. No other country can show an array of names as great in this department as those of the great classic period—Bossuet, Massillon, and others which will occur to the reader. It is, on the other hand, in political and forensic oratory, illustrated by Burke, Grattan, Curran, Plunket, Sheridan, O'Connell, Shiel, that Ireland has produced the most splendid effusions. Burke's style, whether in speech or writing, is remarkably copious, expansive, and strong; while Grattan, above all other orators in modern times, realizes the French idea of eloquence, as "logic on fire." Burke excels in description, instances of which may be adduced from many of his writings—such as the well-known passage in the Reflections on the Revolution of France, in which he depicts his recollections of Marie Antoinette in her youth, with the noble comment on the degeneracy of the chivalrous spirit, which follows. His most splendid speech is that on the Nabob of Arcot's Debts. Among its shining passages are those in which he alludes to the great utilitarian works of the old princes of Hindostan: "Those were the works of real kings, testators to a posterity which they embraced as their own"—and that still grander passage, epic, in its terrible vigour, in which he describes the descent of Hyder Ali on the plains of the Carnatic.

Lord Brougham has remarked that the great value of Burke's writings is not in their logic, but in their detached views. He was an universalist who delighted in the acquisition of all species of knowledge, and from a full mind originated novel views and illustrations. No other oratory so abounds in ideas as that of Burke; he is alike eminent in dissertation and description. In some writers the words are weaker than the thoughts—*sæpe solent ramos*

frangere poma. In that of Burke the eloquent language is as potent as the ideas.

The approach of the Moore Centenary recalls the poetry and prose of one of our most classic writers. In Moore's songs nothing can surpass the appropriateness with which sentiment accords with simile. His language is everywhere pure and choice, without being picturesque. It is often said his songs were written for the drawing-room, not the cottage; but any cottager who can read can understand his songs as easily as a penny ballad. They do not, to be sure, deal with the feelings and manners of the rural population like those of Burns; but as "one touch of nature makes the whole world akin," those of Moore should have also their universality.

In his poetry, as in his prose, it is in the employment of metaphor and comparison that Moore is chiefly distinguished. As a critic has remarked, if imagery were the chief excellence of poetry, he would be the greatest of writers. The habit of producing short exquisite poems, seems to have interfered with the power of giving dramatic animation to, and breaking up his descriptive prose into masses of light and shade. But as far as writing correct and elegant English is concerned, Moore's prose remains a classic exemplar of scholarly refinement, brilliancy and taste. Turning to his lyrical writings—by-the-way, it was his habit to compose his songs in bed of a morning, or when seated at his piano, just as Curran composed his fine eloquent passages with his violin in his hand—one is struck with the exhaustless versatility of fancy and sentiment which he embodied in the finest collection of lyrics in any language. "He is, at least," says Lord John Russel, "our greatest lyrist." His range of subjects are the emotions of love, sorrow, festive feeling, patriotic sentiment—all which are evolved with versatile grace. His best and most finished songs are those in which he pursues the regular principle of adapting a sentiment to a comparison, or illustrates a sentiment by one, or by a metaphor. Some half-dozen of Moore's songs are among the few perfect things in literature. The language is clear; but he never paints, never uses a pictorial word, thus showing some deficiency of the imaginative faculty, whose presence is always manifested in the colour or picturesqueness of the language. Take one of Moore's most characteristic songs or passages, say:—

"There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the birds' song.
That bower and its music I never forget,
But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
I think—is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

"No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gather'd while freshly they shone,
And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year;
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer!"

These verses are perfect; and even more complete and exquisite than the Birds' Song in Tasso. Compare them with, perhaps, the most exquisite few lines in Shelley:—

"Music, when sweet voices die,
Vibrates in the memory.
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.
Roses, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so the thoughts when thou art gone,
Love himself will slumber on."

And we see the difference between the most perfect art of the song-writer and the finest poetic treatment.

In his "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion," Moore has displayed his eminent talents as a controversialist; and in his "Memoirs of Captain Rock," we see him treating the political condition of Ireland with rich humour and irony. The latter is a very brilliant Irish book, abounding in innuendo and satire, and enlivened almost as much by witty illustration as his poetry with exquisite comparisons, images and metaphors. Anecdotes and good things culled from his studies in classic and modern literature are neatly set in its pages to illustrate and enliven them. The spirit of patriotism animates the whole. In short, he has put all the attributes of Irish character into this satirical brochure, from which, as a specimen of his prose, we extract the following fine passage, in which he recalls the hopes with which the Irish people were animated by the Revolution of 1782—the most complete, successful, and glorious, which distinguishes the history of any ancient or modern nation:—

"When I contemplated such a man as the venerable Charlemont, whose nobility was to the people like a fort over a valley: elevated above them solely for their defence; who introduced the polish of the courtier into the camp of the freemen, and served his country with that pure Platonic devotion which a true knight of the times of chivalry proffered to his mistress—when I listened to the eloquence of Grattan, the very music of freedom: her first fresh matin song after a long night of slavery, degradation and sorrow—when I saw the bright offerings which he brought to the shrine of his country—wisdom, genius, courage, and patience, invigorated and embellished by all those social and domestic virtues, without which the loftiest talents stand isolated in the moral waste around them, like the pillars of Palmyra towering in a wilderness!—when I reflected on all this, it not only disheartened me for the mission of discord which I had undertaken, but made me secretly hope that it might be rendered unnecessary; and that a country which could produce such men, and achieve such a revolution might yet, in spite of the joint efforts of the Government and my family (*i.e.*, the Rocks), take her rank in the scale of nations and be happy."

In Moore's "Life of Byron," he adopts the modern fashion of letting the personage illustrate his life by his letters. The "Life of Sheridan" is a more brilliant performance. Moore has depicted the wit, dramatist, orator, and politician in a congenial spirit. When the work came out, critics considered its style too

brilliant for that of biography. The efflorescence of imagery it displayed was new in this species of composition. They looked for a statue of Hyperides in clay, and "Anacreon Moore" produced one in marble, finished *ad unguem*, and with all the embellishments which love of the subject deemed suitable. It contains many sound political dissertations and reflections, and many eloquent sketches of contemporary characters; among them, that of Edmund Burke, which has never since been equalled. In referring to the two periods of Burke's political life—his early career, when he was the greatest genius who ever sustained the Whig party; and his second period, when the excesses of the first French Revolution led him to speculate on the future of a state of liberty with such a *facilis descensus* into license—speculations since historically realized—and impelled him to throw the whole force of his mind upon the subject of the conservation of future society, alluding to the change produced by contemporary events in France on the opinions of Burke, Moore says:—

"He has attained in the world of politics what Shakspeare, by the versatility of his characters, achieved in the world in general—namely, such an universality of appreciation, that it would be difficult for any statesman of any party to find himself placed in any situation for which he could not select some golden sentence from Burke, either to strengthen his position, by reasoning or illustration, or adorn it by fancy. Burke was mighty in either camp; and it would have taken two great men to effect what he, by this division of himself, achieved. His mind, indeed, lies parted asunder in his works, like some vast continent severed by a convulsion of nature—each portion peopled by its own giant race of opinions, differing altogether in features and language, and committed in eternal hostility to each other."

Grattan has been called "the poet of Irish politics;" so may Burke be named the philosopher of universal politics—the science of power and government; the system of the principles and problems of national and social liberty, and of stability. Like Bacon, he took "all knowledge as his empire," brought all his acquirements to bear upon his theme. His first writings are a text-book of liberal ideas, his second of conservative. Terrified at the excesses of the French Revolution, the result of conditions long crisifying; of enlightened principles misunderstood, and acted on by ignorance; he set himself to arrest the ruin which threatened civilization itself, and by checking the wild course of French democracy, to save England and Europe. The cannon of young Napoleon cleared the chaos for a time, but the *armamentaria cœli*, the intellectual weapons which can be utilized to neutralize the possibility of future popular excesses, are to be found in the later writings of Burke, who employs the experience of the past as a guide to the future. Kant says, "that the genius of Italy resides in the leaves; of Germany, in the root; of England, in the fruit"—Southern efflorescence, patient analysis, and the practical spirit, respectively. As an illustration of the latter, the orator Burke is a true descendant of the utilitarian philosopher, Bacon.

N. W.

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THE LORD'S CHAMBER.

By the Author of "The House of Yorke," "Grapes and Thorns," etc.

Chapter V.

A Consummation Devoutly to be Wished.

Clara Danese had but two or three days in which to prepare for her guests, and they were very busy, happy days. Her father's room she gave to Francis; though it was a pity to give the largest and best room in the house to a young man. But just now her heart was full of compassion for this so-called cousin of hers. She pitied him more than she pitied his mother; it was so much harder for men to bear troubles than for women, she said. Besides, she was full of little superstitious fancies, and it seemed to her that, since her father's life, from first to last, had been honoured and prosperous, some good influence must emanate from all his possessions, and that all his true and noble thoughts would so have consecrated that room of his, that any future occupant of it would be not only good, but fortunate. This room had windows looking in both directions, to the sea and to the pine-woods. Her own room, that looked seaward, she gave to her aunt, and took for herself a little nest of a place looking out into a pine-tree. Into this nook, whose dim green light sifted through thick boughs, she crowded all those mementoes of her father which were too precious for general use. Here were his favourite books, his brass bed, with its yellow silk cover; the little writing-desk, with its furniture, and all the smaller articles which were particularly his own and which he liked. His own cedar-wood crucifix hung over her *prie-dieu*, and his prayer-book lay on the table.

When all was ready, Clara went into Canning one afternoon to receive her visitors at the station. She waited for them with an agitation which surprised herself; and when, at last, she stood beside the barrier scanning eagerly the faces of the passengers as they came out, her colour was fluttering from red to white, and her heart beating so that she was almost breathless. Among the last came a tall lady in black, leaning on the arm of a young man, whose cheeks seemed to have caught their crimson tint from those of hers who watched for him. It was a bitterly trying moment for Francis Percy. He was glad of the help; it had been generously offered and urged, and he knew that it would have been folly to refuse it: but it was help, and it came from a woman.

But what a lovely woman! He almost forgot his humiliation in looking at Clara, as she embraced his mother with such unaffected joyfulness and affection. It seemed to him, at the moment, that it might not be so very hard to receive benefits from one who was so happy in doing good.

Then Clara turned to him, with her ungloved hand outstretched, and her soft, bright eyes just grazing his face with a smiling glance. "I am not sure, Cousin Francis, but I should thank you first," she said. "For I am quite sure that if you had made much difficulty, Aunt Marian would not have come. You are welcome a thousand times!"

A man took their checks, and promised that their baggage should be at the Point almost as soon as themselves, and the three stepped into a light carriage, and were driven rapidly through the village. Clara held her aunt's hand all the time in a caressing clasp, and cast smiling glances at her cousin, who sat opposite.

"You can't imagine how anxious I am on your account," she said to him. "I have been continually picturing you here as an embodiment of discontent, and have always in the end seen you running away in disgust at the loneliness of the place."

"Your fears were quite groundless," he said. "My impression is that I shall linger here till you will wish me to go. The place is delicious."

"You are fond of nature?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied. "Whoever says that he is not? I only stipulate for someone to whom I can say 'how sweet is solitude!'"

The gay little city passed, they drove along a narrowing country road, where long lines of green in the track showed how few carriages passed that way, and presently stopped at a wall of dense pine-trees. There was no gate nor fence, only a brown path that turned into that solemn shadow. They alighted and followed it; the two strangers smiling with pleasure and wonder. How sweet and fresh was this after their dingy city home! Then,

after a moment, both stopped with exclamations of delight. For, the last turn made, the whole Point became visible to them, with the lisping waves slipping up over its rocks, and the ocean stretching out endlessly—an ocean of rose-colour under a rose-coloured sky, into which Foamy Point, shaded from the setting sun by its intervening pines, was set like a wedge of emerald. Only from one of the highest rocks, at the extreme point, where the land curved a little, could a glimpse of the west be obtained. This rock was now a ruby.

"It is a little paradise!" Mrs. Percy exclaimed. "You gave us no idea of its beauty, Clara."

Clara was looking at her cousin, and smiling to see the light in his blue eyes. "He is beautiful enough to make a poem about," she thought.

His glance took in the scene in a flash, and took in delight with it. He saw its beauty, which at this moment was brilliant, but saw it blindly; for, notwithstanding what he had said or assented to, he knew very little of nature. His favourite leaves and flowers were those of architecture; his rose and shamrock were windows; the "acanthus leaf divine," that curled over the capitals of his columns, were to him fairer than any leaf that swung in the wind, and the clustered columns of the mystic Gothic he loved so much were grander than any forest. In short, it was an indicated, not an imitated, nature which he had studied. Yet, uneducated as he was in this respect, he had an artistic temperament, and lacked only that culture in the school of nature which was now offered to him. It had not occurred to him that the Architect of the universe had ideas which it would be well for him to study.

Clara Danese was perfectly fitted to be his instructress in this beautiful art of seeing, which must precede the art of creating. No mother could know better the creases in the dimpled hands of her first-born, and the veins in its temples, than she the way the trees balanced themselves in air, the anemonies hurried their petals out every way, how the thin green flesh of the leaves was spread over the snowy network of fibres, and how the rose petals smoothed out their pinched creases before presenting themselves to the public. One could see the difference between the two in the way they glanced at this scene. His eyes were bright but vague, as those of one who sees a beautiful confusion; hers glanced about as one looks on a crowd of familiar faces, each distinct in character, dropping now and then on one with a sweet greeting.

"I must bring him down to details," she thought, after she had shown her visitors to their rooms and left them, wandering out herself toward the sea. "His glances sweep about like eagles. I must teach them the bees' secret. It won't do his work any harm to set the sap running through it.'

She had told them that they were at home, and must prove that they believed her by doing as they liked, so she had no scruple in leaving them to follow her or not, as they liked.

Francis came out and joined her after a few minutes, and the two went to the shore, and climbed to the rock that held the last gleam of sunshine, seating themselves in that red light. A cloudy shawl of fine scarlet wool that Clara had laid over her head and shoulders tipped the rock with flame, and little waves of red gold seemed to run and sparkle through Francis Percy's hair as he moved.

"Say what you will about needing us," the young man said, when they had looked about a little; "I cannot but feel that you have conferred an immense benefit on my mother and myself. I don't wish to shirk the obligation. You could easily have found pleasant company enough; but we, Cousin Clara, we were almost starving." Tears stood in his eyes, and his lips trembled. "I hope you won't think me a very poor sort of fellow that I should have got into such a strait. It came on us unawares, you know, our finishing loss, and we were confounded. Besides, mother said that I had better persevere in the line I had taken, since help was sure to come at last: so she thought. It seemed to her that if I once began on anything else it would be lost time, and might interfere with my future prospects."

"She was quite right," Clara replied with decision. "It seems to me a great mistake for a person to change a purpose unless there are overwhelming obstacles. Difficulties should not count. As to thinking you a poor sort of fellow," she added, laying her hand kindly on his arm for an instant, "it is the last thought that would enter my mind. I don't know what could be expected of you more than you have done. Keep up your courage. We must have a family council on the subject, and decide what is to be done. You must certainly be helped, just as most men who have not fortunes have to be helped at the beginning of their career; and I think that when a person of talent is helped to develop and bring out what is in him, the giver is more favoured than the receiver."

"There are very few of your opinion," her cousin said. "When talent is poor, it seems to me that everybody tries to take advantage of it. They not only do not help it, but what little struggling work it does unaided, they rob it of. I am but twenty-three years old, yet my experience is that the world is inhabited chiefly by robbers. Each one gets all he can without regard to justice or compassion."

His words were bitter, but his tone gentle. His cousin's generous championship had soothed him, and he said to himself that at last he had found a sympathizing friend. His mother he took for granted, and did not count. We seldom do count what is worth most.

Clara remembered one of her father's sayings: "Don't fly out against the world so long as you are a part of it;" but she thought best not to quote it just then. She wished to soothe and encourage her new friend: and, besides, she had that rare candour of mind which reckons circumstances in judging of others. "If I were unfortunate, I dare say I should think the world full of robbers," she said to herself; then added aloud: "It certainly requires more imagination than most rich people possess to feel that the poor shiver in cold, and are scorched by the heat, just as they themselves are. But never mind that now. You need ask favours of no one. We will see to your needs."

"And you think that is not asking favours from any one?" he asked, smiling in her face.

"Why, one's relatives do not count," she replied.

It was very pleasant for both of them, sitting and talking together in this friendly way. Clara felt at home in having some one to think for and cheer, and Francis, without being a flirt, was never so happy as when some woman was making much of him. Besides, each found the other agreeable personally, and the so-called cousinship, while setting them quite at ease with each other, gave an added charm to their intercourse.

The sun went down while they talked, and the red drew off from rock, and tree, and ocean. They descended from their look-out, and went toward the house. A light was already shining in one of the windows, and Mrs. Percy stood in the door, watching them with a smile. Nothing could have pleased her more than to see these two on friendly and confidential terms; and as they came slowly strolling toward her in the rosy twilight, their faces expressive of perfect contentment, a delightful possibility suggested itself to her mind. What if these two should learn to love each other in the soft summer days during which they would be thrown so much together! Her boy lacked nothing but money. They looked so well together, too—Francis, a little the more sunlighted and changeable of the two, and Clara, serene and superb as a June morning. And they were just of an age. It was certainly a consummation devoutly to be wished.

CHAPTER VI.—SAILING OUT.

JUDGING by the town of Canning, one might have said that, in order to be picturesque, nature must be thwarted. The beauties of the place were, indeed, the results of a number of abortive attempts on the part of the bountiful mother. In the first place, a savage and rather conceited stream, the River Fay, started from the woods far back with the apparent intention of running straight as an arrow to the sea. Meadows, fields, and even fairly-sized hills, gave it its will for ten miles or more; when, suddenly,

a huge ledge, that might be called a mountain, stood in its way, and refused to budge. The river ran furiously against it, like an unbroken horse, crushed half its volume apparently into foam, and sent the other half reeling back and rearing on itself. The first shock passed, one part of the waters fainted off to the right and slipped round and round forever in a slow whirl, and the rest rushed to the left, and made a foamy, dizzy half circuit of the cliff before attempting to go forward. It never found its arrowy motion again. For a mile or more it was beaten about, running its head against rocks and banks, beautifully miserable, till, out of sight of all the town but the cliff-top, its great enemy, it settled finally into a dowager stream, and ceased to be picturesque. The town was built on both sides of the river, with a bridge both below and above the cliff, or mountain-rock, as it was called; a rather steep, curved street running down on either side from the high table-land above. Directly below the cliff there was no footing for bridge nor street. Only a path ran round between the rocky height and the dashing waters; and in the spring-time, when the snows and the warm rains swelled the tide of the Fay, even this path was covered. Opposite the Mountain-rock the land rose gently, with three semicircles of houses, one above another—the lower of poor dwellings and rude shops and factories; the second, dwellings of the better sort; the third, of the upper ten, with a beautiful tree-bordered avenue, fine gardens and large houses. The mountain side of the river had not arranged its social grades in so orderly a manner; but also, it had no very poor people. It was the old part of the town, and had the residences, old for a New England village, of its first inhabitants. Then, on the high land far back from the river, was the handsome brick mansion, set in gardens, of Mr. Arnold, whose grandfather had owned nearly all the land for miles around, and whose father had changed the greater part of those wild acres into houses, and ships, and gold. There was the Episcopal church, built nearly all by the same grandfather Arnold, who was English, where the more ambitious inhabitants worshipped the rector and displayed their new dresses. And there was the new Baptist Church, held to be a trifle vulgar by the Episcopalians. The Catholic Church, where the servants and gardeners beat their breasts, and confessed their sins, and heard Father O'Mara say Mass, was on the plebeian River-street across the Fay. There, too, on the mountain side, and quite near the cliff, was the picturesque old wooden mansion built by Mr. Markham, the grandfather of Mrs. M'Cloud. Mr. Markham had disputed supremacy with Mr. Arnold in the old days, and there had been a feud of years between the two rich men, till a modern Romeo and Juliet, more happy than their Italian prototypes, had been found to unite the warring houses by marriage. The only son of Mr. Markham married the fair

Melicent Arnold, and brought her to his timber castle on Mountain-rock, and from that time, what began as unwilling courtesy melted to friendliness; and at length little children wove between the two houses a flowery chain, bedewed by the tears of mutual sorrows, or shone upon by the sunshine of mutual joys. That was when the families were numerous, and the houses as full as an apple-tree with blossoms in the spring. But families, as well as trees, have their bare autumns; and the Markham homestead had now but one regular inhabitant, an old man, as grey, dry, and almost as lifeless as a dead twig: "Grandpapa Markham," Mrs. M'Cloud called him. When that lady was in the house, the dead twig had an artificial blossom tied on to it.

This Markham House was a very singular-looking structure. It had been a large square building, painted a reddish brown. Finding that the north winds swept too keenly about the place, one of the owners had built a wing running eastward; and that not proving a sufficient shield, had built still another toward the south, the two, with the original structure, forming three sides of a sunny square, where flowers bloomed later, and fruit ripened earlier than in any other garden in town.

Then, when Romeo prepared to bring his Juliet home, the father made yet another addition. This was a pretty suite of rooms on the northern side of the main building, having windows that looked toward the sunsets and down on the boiling waters of the Fay. In this apartment Mrs. M'Cloud had established herself, partly for coolness in the summer, and partly because she liked a north light to dress by. "It prevents such a number of mistakes," she used to say. "The north light will show you your first wrinkle and first grey hair, and prevent you streaking yourself with powder. The woman who doesn't want her beauty to be criticised by any one else must first be criticised by the North Pole."

This rambling, irregular pile of buildings was the most prominent object in the town, and far from being the least beautiful. In the morning light its dark brown walls, seen from the eastern town, glowed richly in warm contrast with the pale grey granite from which they rose; and when a full moonlight fell over them, giving only the bold and irregular outlines as they stood far up against the sky, it needed not a very strong imagination to see in them an ancient castle perched upon its impregnable mountain-top.

Mrs. M'Cloud had married very young a man fifteen years older than herself, and had made him repent his choice, as she had repented hers. She had soon discovered that his position in England as a merchant was not so good as hers in America as the daughter of a merchant—

"There be roses and roses, John;"

and that the son of a rich man who drops his *aitches* should not aspire to the daughter of a man who reads Greek and Latin fairly, even though they should both have been in business.

These were her views; and as she had plenty of money, she was able to carry them out to her liking. Telling her husband, therefore, that she would cheerfully forgive him certain little high lights which he had put into the picture when he painted her future as his wife, if only he would scrupulously aid her in keeping a distance of at least two or three hundred miles between them, she had set out on her travels. She stayed in France, taking lessons in the language, she said, till she was able to think in French, then stayed in Italy till she could think in Italian, and having thus accomplished herself, she had now taken a freak to visit her native town.

"I want to see what it is like, and if the inhabitants tattoo themselves," she said to her Paris friends. "My impression is that they do."

The fact was she wanted more money; and as her grandfather, or, more correctly, her grandmother's second husband, was on the verge of the grave, and at his death she would inherit all that was left of the Markham property, the old man's own children being dead, she had come to see how long she was likely to be kept waiting.

Mrs. M'Cloud did not make a perfectly agreeable impression on her old acquaintances and relatives. She was bright and amusing, but had an air of carelessness, almost amounting to contempt, toward her townspeople, which was not at all flattering to their self-love. There were, however, a few exceptions, and those were people whom she made much of. Among these was young Mr. Cleaveland, the handsome rector of the Episcopal church, whom she was more friendly with than his wife quite approved of; and Mr. George Arnold, a courtly old gentleman with whom she exchanged reminiscences of European life, and talked French and Italian, to the annoyance of less accomplished listeners. She had attempted to cultivate the acquaintance of the Catholic priest, Father O'Mara; but that gentleman chose to be very busy whenever she came or invited him, and very grave when she succeeded in obtaining a few minutes' talk with him. Not even the beautiful flowers she sent for the altar could melt him, nor her most glowing description of Old World churches and functions beguile him to prolong his few brief visits.

Little she cared whether people were pleased or not, so long as they observed her: for to her observation meant admiration. Confident in her own beauty, her toilets and her cleverness, she laughed at coldness and reproof.

"The people who do not like me are people whom I do not notice, grandpapa," she said one day; "and if I should take a little pains to please them, they would be delighted."

"I wish then, my dear, that you would take a little pains to please them," he said, in his broken and trembling voice. "No one can afford to offend so many."

He was a tall, slender old man, bowed beneath the weight of nearly eighty years, whose snows lay heavily on his head, as the snows of northern winters lay on the crests of the slender birch-tree, bending it over to the ground. His dim blue eyes were sad, as eyes must be which have looked into the graves of all they love; and his smileless face was weary with the long, long road he had travelled since he was a laughing boy. Unsympathetic as she was, he loved his granddaughter, because she was all he had to love.

"But, dear grandpapa, what possible harm can these people do me, even if they hate me ever so much?" she asked. "I am not at all dependent on them."

"We all depend more or less on each other," he replied. "There is no knowing when you might need the good-will of one of them. Besides, self-interest aside, it isn't kind to slight people. How would you have liked it had you been slighted by your fine acquaintances in Paris and London?"

The lady's face darkened; for his words called up the memory of many a mortification. But she tossed her head as she answered unhesitatingly: "I never was slighted. It is only those who seek attentions who are so. I let people come to me."

He sighed and looked down a minute, his thin hands resting on the top of his cane. He wanted to urge another matter, but dared not. He wished his granddaughter to be reconciled with her husband, and live with him here in the home he should so soon leave to her. He could not bear to think of her wandering about the world without home or protection, and he could not bear that the house which he had received from his father, and where he had passed all his life, should either be left untenanted or be inhabited by strangers. Yet she had received all the intimations he had ventured to give her of this wish so coldly that he hardly dared to approach the subject.

"I wish you would talk seriously with me, Adela, and let me see that you think seriously," he said presently. "Do you ever ask yourself—'I wonder what is to be the end of all this?' When you no longer dance and go to the play, where is to be your home, and who is to be your company?"

"My dear grandpapa, I live to be young, not to be old," she said, a little impatiently. "Youth we are sure of while we yet have it; we cannot be sure of age, because we may die young. But even were I sure to live to eighty, that would not persuade me to sacrifice the present to the future. See how unreasonable you are! You tell me in so many words that I can have but one half the loaf. I reply, 'half a loaf is better than no bread,' and I choose which half I will take. It is a matter of taste; and if

others were always to choose for us, there would be an end of all liberty, of all individuality." She paused a moment, then laughed. "I dare say my old age would seem to you a very miserable state. But I have taken thought for it in one way: I have preserved my stomach, and my general health in consequence. Now, when I can no longer dance, I shall sit and watch the dancers, and talk gossip with the other dowagers. As to the play, I shall go as long as I can stand, and when I can no longer stand, I shall have myself carried. I shall wear a wig, of course, but not a black nor a golden one, but the whitest wig that can be found. Wigs are light and much less troublesome than those great mops of hair. I've often sighed for a wig."

She flung back her beautiful golden hair as she spoke, and smiled with conscious triumph at its beauty; she had shaken it all about her shoulders, and now, in the secure privacy of a morning at home, was giving it a rest from the somewhat elaborate dressing of the evening before.

"The great difficulty is the teeth," she resumed; "for, since I expect to be devoted to my dinner when I get to the seventies, it would be annoying to have a set of false teeth dropping out every now and then. But science moves, and the dentists will, perhaps, have removed that stone out of my path before I arrive at the place of it. I shall read pleasant novels, or have them read to me; and I daresay that, on the whole, I shall be as happy and agreeable as most old people."

"I suppose you find my lectures very disagreeable?" the old man murmured faintly. He felt himself powerless before the laughing determination of his granddaughter. She swept away his expostulations and advice with her light talk, as the Fay river below swept away the pebbles of the shore with its dashing foam, catching them, shining over them with her usual mirth, and giving them her own colour before tossing them aside.

"On the contrary, you are always agreeable," she said, not unkindly, patting his pale hands with her dimpled and rose-tipped ones. "You are always gentle, and I know you only lecture me because you think you ought to. I could wish, indeed, that you did not think you ought to, because I know it worries you."

He took the beautiful hand in his, and examined it. Adela's mother, a step-daughter as dear to him as if she had been his own, had had just such hands, and many a time she had smoothed his hair when it was as brown as her own, and patted his cheeks when there were no wrinkles in them.

"You have your mother's hands," he said, and sighed. "She was a pretty creature. When I married her mother, she was but five years old. I never could realize that she was not my own child, she took to me so."

"Yes, poor mamma was very pretty, even as I remember her,"

responded Mrs. M'Cloud. "And now I must really go and get my hair done. That lackadaisical Mr. Cleaveland is sure to come in soon."

The old man looked after her as she went, with her long hair flowing over her white morning dress. Her voice came back to him as she entered the house lightly carolling a song.

They had been sitting in the little half-enclosed garden, shielded by the two wings that ran east and south. Roses, not yet budded in the other gardens, were bursting open here, and a wealth of pansies lay sleeping in the sunshine outside the veranda. Mr. Markham rose slowly and walked past the flower-beds, looking down at them. He paused now and then to look at a blossom more closely, but never broke a stem. He never gathered a flower except to give away. Reaching the corner of the house, he stood a moment looking off over the town, and listening to the river dashing unseen below. His thoughts touched carelessly, as on things of no moment to him, on the time when that hill across the river had been green with spruce and maple trees, instead of brown and grey with houses, and when he had seen deer-tracks on the banks of the Fay, where now a church stood. Change had been as fleet as the deer, and the beautiful wildness was swept into the past for ever. Only his Mountain-rock and the river had held their own against time. "Waters never change, though they seem of all things the most changeable," he muttered. "They are like human nature."

He walked forward a little toward the cliff front, and seated himself on a mossy rock that had a spruce tree over it. He had sat on that rock many a time when he was a boy. That, too, was unchanged, and the spruce tree, with its large flaky boughs, was but the child of just such another spruce tree that stood there seventy years ago. He had climbed that other for the gum that oozed in clear drops and hardened in the sun and air; but now, if he should see those fragrant pearls among the branches, he would not lift his hand to take them. His childhood and his youth came back to him as he sat there. The faces shone out again in the morning sunshine, the voices spoke, he heard soft sighs that had traversed the universe to come back again to his ears. And through it all the immortal river sang as it sung when he was in his cradle, and would sing when he should be in his grave.

This river had been the delight and terror of his boyhood. Niagara itself could not have been more terrible to him, nor the rivers of Eden more beautiful. He had known every stone on its banks, every whirlpool in its tide. There was one rock where he had sat many an hour, "sailing," as he called it—looking at the water till presently it was he who moved, and not the river.

"I wonder if that rock still is there?" he said. "Why should it not be? It is in the midst of the river, where it strikes the

Mountain-rock. I have not seen it nor thought of it for thirty years, perhaps."

He went a little further forward, and looked down. The rock was steep, but not precipitous where he stood. When he was a boy, he used to spring down like a chamois. He gazed over now, and his eyes brightened with something of that youthful fire. There were the hollows and half caves where he and the other boys had sat talking, where they had eaten their stolen luncheons, and secreted their hoards of acrons, beech-nuts, and apples. It had seemed more adventurous to keep them there than in a tame chamber at home. There they had played at hunter, brigand, or escaped prisoner, whichever had been their fancy at the time.

He looked till a longing came over him to go down. It would be slow, but not impossible work.

"With the help of my cane, I may accomplish it," he said, smiling at his own folly—smiling that he should have a folly left at his age—and, speaking, began slowly to descend. He paused here and there to rest, or to recall the associations of the spot, and once again began to gather wild flowers and vines as in his young days. One trembling hand held the flowers, and the other trembling hand held the cane. The river called him with its soft voice, strong and sweet. It spoke to him till he heard nothing else.

It was a long and weary way, but at last he reached the rocky path just below which the waves curled like white flames. His heart was beating, and his form trembling more than ever; for now excitement and fatigue were added to age. Just before him was the rock he had remembered sloping gradually toward the the river, and reaching out into the midst of its mad riot. He set his foot on it, and walked slowly forward to the spot where as a boy he had sat and sailed.

He was forced to seat himself before reaching it, the motion came so quickly and giddily. And there he sat and thought, or dreamed, the spray from the rushing stream bedewing his hair and face, as it did seventy years before. It seemed to him that he had travelled in a great circle, and that, coming back where he had started from, he had imprisoned and brought back with him all his past experiences. The whole past was rolled up at his feet, with its joys and sorrows, its hopes and aspirations; and he was going with them—whither? The waters leaped and danced; but it was only he who made progress. He was sailing forward and forth to a new and undiscovered country. His face grew radiant, and, looking straight up the stream, he yet saw the sky above him with an inward sight, and the Father to whom he was still a child, in spite of white hair and trembling limbs. A sweet and trembling joy possessed him, as his soul pressed close under the arm of God, and felt it encircling him. He looked up the stream, yet it seemed to him that he was going toward the

ocean. A sense of widening, and of freer breath; a stirring within him; a faint murmur, half choked in joy, of his earliest prayer, "Our Father, who art in heaven"—and the land was past, and the rock, and there was no more a river; but the ocean of eternity opened out before him, like two wide wings that unfolded to show a heart between.

Grandfather Markham's head drooped, and he sank on the breast of his Father in heaven: his eighty years slipping through his lips in one soft sigh.

(To be continued.)

LOUIS VEUILLOT

IT is not my intention to attempt anything like a detailed memoir of the remarkable man whose name stands at the head of this article, although materials abound; for few men of his time, at least in his own country, have been more written and talked of, and still fewer have, so to speak, put so much of themselves into their writings. Several biographical notices of the chief editor of the *Univers* have from time to time made their appearance in France; but as some were evidently motived by *malice prepense*, and others grounded on insufficient or unreliable information, not much is to be gained from them. Monsieur Veuillot, however, has so far gratified public curiosity by incorporating his autobiography, to a certain extent, with two of his earlier works—*Rome et Lorette* and *Les libres-penseurs*—as to render needless much of the labour that would otherwise devolve upon the future historian of a career which will be well worth the telling when it will come to be told; recording with a candour that disarms criticism the events of his youth and early manhood, particularly the event fraught with such important consequences to himself personally and to the cause he embraced—his conversion; details so interwoven with the works I have just named, as to superadd an interest and a charm the reader would be loth to lose.

Catholique et enfant du petit peuple, as he loves to proclaim himself, Louis Veuillot is the son of François Veuillot, a native of Burgundy, an itinerant cooper, who knew nothing but his trade, and possessed nothing but his tools; earning a precarious livelihood by going from town to town in search of work, and hopeful and light-hearted withal, looking the whole world in the face, like Longfellow's village blacksmith. "My father," he says, "died at fifty. He was a simple workingman, humble,

illiterate. A thousand misfortunes had vexed his hard-working days; the only little consolation he had was in the joyful possession of his unswerving but ignorant virtues. For fifty years no one troubled himself about his soul; never, except at his last hour, did his grief-wrung heart repose in God. He had always masters to sell him water, salt, and air, to raise tithes of his sweat, to demand of him his children's blood—never a protector, never a guide. . . . My father had then toiled, suffered, and died. Upon the brink of his grave I pondered over the troubles of his life. I evoked them; I saw them all; and I thought also of the joys that this heart, truly formed for God, might have tasted despite his servile condition—joys pure and profound! The crime of a society that nothing can absolve, had deprived him of them! A glimmering of mournful truth made me curse, not labour, not poverty, not pain, but the grand social iniquity, impiety, which robs the little ones of this world of the compensation that God was pleased to assign to the inferiority of their lot. And I felt the anathema lighten in the vehemence of my grief. Yes, that was it! I was beginning to know this society, this civilization, these pretended sages. Disowning God, they have disowned the poor; they have fatally abandoned his soul. I said to myself: 'This social edifice is iniquitous; it will be destroyed.' I was already a Christian; if I had not, from that hour I would have belonged to the secret societies. I would have said to myself, like so many others: 'Why should there be people well housed, well clad, well fed, while we are covered with rags, huddled together in garrets, obliged to work in sun and rain to barely earn what keeps the life in us?' And this problem had turned my head; for if God does not answer, nothing can solve it. In my childhood, when a certain patron of my father's came to sharply intimate his orders to him, my heart bounded; I felt a frantic desire to crush the insolent fellow. I said to myself: 'Who made him master, and my father slave? My father is good, brave, and strong, and has wronged no one; while this fellow is puny, wicked, immoral, and a thief!' My father and this man was all I saw of society."* What he saw of it afterwards as he grew up, only deepened the conviction which early in life had seized upon his mind—that society is sick unto death of a poison it has been imbibing for more than a century, and that the only radical cure is to eject the vicious element that is fast hastening its decay. "Child of the lowest and most ignorant of the poor people, I was certainly," he says elsewhere, "without engagements of any kind. I owe nothing to the monarchy, nothing to the republic, nothing to the charter; I owe nothing to society. Under any *régime*, and in any place in the world, I could not have been born more savage; I could

* *Les libres-penseurs:* preface to the first edition.

not have lived more abandoned than I was born and have lived. At our birth my parents and I had, it is true, received baptism: was it by the care of men or by the mercy of God? Society had let us lose the grace of this baptism, our only good; the clemency of God alone restored it to us. That I learned to read in my youth, in place of learning, like a child of the Orinoco, to scalp a vanquished enemy, makes no difference; only in my hands the knife was the art of writing. I assert that I knew not God; I was less civilized than the lowest peasant of Bretagne who goes to confession and says his *Pater*. I was exposed to commit a thousand crimes of which that peasant had no conception. I was going by the literary road, or by the political road, or by a thousand others, it does not matter, I was going by the grand highway of life and the beaten track of society: where? To fortune, to pleasure, perhaps, but more certainly to eternal damnation. These are my obligations to the world! No; I owe nothing but to God—and I belong only to the party of God."*

Born on the 11th of October, 1813, at Boynes, a small town of the Gâtinais (Loiret), where the poor nomadic workman, tired of a wandering existence, found a wife and made a home for her, pitching his tent in the place where Providence enabled him to find the treasure of a good and faithful companion, persuaded that there, too, he would find bread—Louis, the eldest of a small family, was the first of his name who knew how to read. The failure of the principal trader of the place having broken up their little household, the fruit of several years' hard work, they went, like many others, to conceal their misery in Paris, occupying the fourth storey of a house in the Rue des Maçons-Sorbonne, and doing their best to keep the wolf from the door, "with a stoical resignation and an indomitable heroism that cannot be described," until François Veuillot got the position of overseer of the large workshops of one of the principal houses at Bercy, and they removed to the outskirts of the capital, where Veuillot's parents continued to faithfully discharge every duty towards their children which natural affection dictated, but none of those higher duties inculcated by religion. "I say it to the shame of my time, and not to theirs," writes their son, "they knew not God. Children, both, at a time when they were massacring priests, they found none in their villages to teach them; and all that they had heard of the Church and the ministers of religion, as they grew older, from persons who knew more than they did, inspired them with horror."† After the family removed to the *banlieue*, they sent for Louis, who had been left to the care of his grandparents in his native village. "The Lord laid upon me the cross of a

* *Rome et Lorette*, chap. liv., p. 332-3.
† *Rome et Lorette*, Introduction, p. 14.

wandering life," he afterwards wrote, recalling to mind these youthful vicissitudes. "I early quitted my family; the nest was not large enough for the brood, and my parents themselves, forced like me to quit theirs, brought me from my native place when I had hardly emerged from the cradle, and ventured my first steps upon a ground I did not see again, too young to long remember it, and old enough already to feel this first leave-taking; so that the liveliest recollection I have of my poor country is the memory of the tears I could not restrain at seeing the village steeple disappear below the horizon. Someone then said to me, smiling: 'Adieu, Boynes!' Adieu! It seems to me it was the first word that fell upon my ear, and I sometimes said to myself that it was like a presage of my whole life. I have rambled, pitching my tent to-day in one place, to-morrow in another, always obliged to leave at the moment when, feeling my heart taking root, it was pleasant to think I might remain."*

He deplores, among other things, not having had the happiness of being educated by the Christian Brothers, against whom his mother nurtured those prejudices that were then sown broadcast among the blinded and betrayed people, and who were excluded, by the subaltern tyranny of the municipal council, from any participation in the direction of the Ecole Mutuelle. "I was then," he pursues, "thrown into that infamous Ecole Mutuelle, and it took two days' work from my poor father every month—I cannot think of it but with heated brow, my father nearly died of it!—it needed two days of devoted labour to pay for the lessons of corruption I received from my comrades, and from a master who was drunk three-fourths of his time. This elect of the municipal council, not making enough for his thirst out of his class and his monopoly, also kept a circulating library, and made us carry the romances of Paul de Kock, Lamothe-Langon, and, in fact, all the authors who could please the municipal councillors of the *banlieue* in 1824, to the ladies and big people of the place, after he had puffed these charming productions (that was his expression) in circulars written by us under his dictation. You are thinking whether we refrained from reading those fine books we thus hawked about. For my part, I did not fail; and it is of such accursed reading my soul still bears the odious wounds. Still the school was 'religious:' we regularly got leave of absence for the smallest feasts, days when, not less regularly, our venerable teacher went to bed dead-drunk; and we were taught our catechism! It was after this teaching I made my first communion. Abominable memory! Let the crime fall on other heads; I have not to bear it all. Happy those who go through life under the protection of the recollections and graces of that glorious day! They robbed me of that happiness. Driven

* *Rome et Lorette*, chap. xxxv., p. 235.

to the holy table by ignorant or impious hands, I approached without knowing of what a holy and dread banquet I was partaking. I came back with my stains upon me; I returned no more."*

It was now time to think of how he was to earn his living, and the author of *Rome et Lorette* relates with charming *naïveté* the perplexities of the poor workman and his wife, when they took counsel together one evening by the fireside, while the object of their solicitude feigned to be sleeping, upon the difficult question of giving Louis a start in life. It is a page of "the short but simple annals of the poor," such as Burns or Crabbe might have turned into melodious verse, and Dickens drawn with a few dexterous strokes of his graphic pen—a bit of homely *genre* that a painter would like to transfer to canvas, with all its traits of blended humour, and pathos, and local colour. "Ah! philosophers, statesmen, and friends of the people," he exclaims, "how little they see in the garrets of the fine things you think you are doing, and the fine things you promise! Go there, and see what an iron yoke the selfishness you have set up in society has imposed upon them; go there, and learn what abominable falsehoods are all your works, and know for once that if you do not strive to render men better and more charitable, you will never succeed in rendering them less unfortunate. Everywhere my father and mother saw only hard, impenetrable hearts; they had no hope, but, resigned like savages, they accused neither God nor man; they thought that the world and life had everywhere and always been like this."†

At length, provided with a place in a lawyer's office, at a luxurious salary of twenty francs a month, he was set afloat upon the world; and his mother, whose views were more aspiring than his father's, thought she saw the beginning of the realization of her day-dreams, and Louis on the high-road to become one day a jurisconsult. M. Veuillot, in a few rapid sentences, draws a striking picture, only too true, too realistic, of the society into which the exigencies of his position had thrown him, and which discloses more than one aspect of the social condition of France at that epoch, an epoch of transition, when minds, stimulated by vague aspirations, were in a state of perpetual effervescence. "Abandoned in the world at thirteen, without a guide, without advisers, without friends, without, so to speak, a master—without God! O bitter destiny!" he exclaims. "I met good-hearted people; they were not wanting in generosity or indulgence to me; but no one took care of my soul, no one made me drink at the sacred source of duty. The streets of Paris constituted the education of my mind; the conversation of a few young men

* *Rome et Lorette:* Introduction, p. 14, 15.
† *Rome et Lorette:* Introduction, p. 18.

among whom I had to live, that of my heart. Except one who came too late and went away too soon, they did not imagine there was any need of reserve before childhood. They were honest young fellows; but they issued from college, were reading law, and, according to the fashion of the time, were liberals. Those who liked me best took me to the play; those who found me intelligent lent me books, and I continued by myself, at full liberty, the studies I had so well begun under M. Paul de Kock and M. Lamothe-Langon. In my father's poor house they at least sometimes said: 'May God have pity on us!' But now I heard nothing but impious scoffings. There the *Constitutionnel* and the *Courier Français* were still prophets; there no one, unless myself, perhaps, wanted bread; and when, in my misery, my isolation, my servitude, I had such need of knowing a prayer, it was blasphemy they brought me; blasphemy I saw everywhere, heard in every discourse, read in every book, admired in every play I witnessed. Neither at the bottom nor the top of the ladder, around me nor above me, saw I anything that taught me how to pray. As I grew older, I discovered nothing but unjust oppressions in life, nothing but iniquitous and injurious divisions; nothing but the accident of birth, fortunate for others, insupportable to me—an accident I was at liberty, no doubt, to get over, but could not get over except by myself alone, which rendered every means permissible. Such is the people they have formed, the cannibal they starve and disembarrass of every scruple in abandoning it to the spur of its necessities! I pity those the ferocious beast will devour; but remembering my past, it is not *I* can accuse it; no, indeed, I cannot. I was seventeen when I saw the little children of the *bourgeoisie* around me exult at having demolished the altar and the throne. I was eighteen when I saw the ferocious beast pull down the crosses. My former companions already were beginning to be less exultant; but I applauded in my turn. Neither they nor I thought of seeing in the Cross the sign of salvation, the sign of liberty—the two divine arms stretched out to protect the world; but, like the government of those days, they contemplated that act of terrifying audacity with cowardly disquietude. All that fell aroused their fears; they had a dwelling somewhere. All that fell aroused my joy: I saw myself condemned to abide with the dust of the high-roads, and already I was uttering things that terrified them."*

Smarting under the sense of social inequality and social injustice, which to his thinking were synonymous, it is not to be wondered at that young Veuillot's mind should have reflected the hue of his surroundings, and that he should have flung himself into the exciting politics of the day with all the passionate

* *Rome et Lorette:* Introduction, p. 19-20.

ardour of his thoroughly French nature. And just as little surprising is it that, at a time when the influence of contemporary politics upon current literature was so marked, the contagion should have reached the office of M. Fortuné Delavigne, brother of Cassimir Delavigne, the distinguished poet and dramatist, whose numerous plays and lyrics had fanned the flame which was soon to burst forth in the revolutionary conflagration that cast a lurid light upon the closing days of the Restoration, and who counted among his clients Scribe, Bayard, Germain Delavigne, and other leading men of letters and vaudevillists. The *personnel* is described by M. Eugene Veuillot as not only liberalist and Voltairean, but literary. Cassimir Delavigne, whose tragedy of "*Marino Faliero*," had just made its appearance, and identified the author with the rising school of "romantiques," was, in spirit, if not in person, the presiding genius of the literary re-unions that took place after the office was shut up, and all the clerks were convoked *sous le lustre*. Everyone, we are told, sang, rhymed or painted; all thought more of future glory than of dry legal procedure.* Veuillot, too, caught the contagion, and like the rest—

> "A clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
> Who penn'd a stanza when he should engross,"

passed by an easy and natural transition from admiration to imitation, and, at once enamoured of Delavigne's classic manner, and emulous of his theatrical successes, actually began the composition of a tragedy at fifteen! He had by this time reached the grade of second clerk, but was by no means making a rapid fortune, as may be gathered from the suggestive insight he gives us into his early life, in a charming passage of the *Libres-penseurs*, where he tells how he and his brother used to meet every Sunday under the third tree in the catalpas-walk in the Jardin des Plantes, and contrived to be happy with only seven sous and a half each. Those who have made it their study to trace great careers and great undertakings back to their humble beginning, and, by dint of patient research, bring to light the germs of future greatness that lay long hidden in obscure by-paths, untrodden and unnoticed by the vast multitude who throng the noisy, bustling highways of the world—as if Providence meant thereby to

* Several of M. Veuillot's fellow-clerks afterwards rose to eminence in various walks of life—Jules de Wailly, who became a dramatic author; Natalis de Wailly, one of the most learned of the French paleographists, and a member of the Institute; Damas-Hinard, compiler of the *Memoirs of Madame Du Barry*, and some excellent works on Spanish literature; Auguste Barbier, the poet, who wrote at this time a piece called *La Curée*, which he read to Veuillot, who thought it finer than Delavigne's *Parisienne;* Emile Perrin, the manager of the Opera Comique; Gustave Olivier, later a journalist at Rouen, and De l'Etang, a distinguished painter. One in particular exercised his versatile genius on poetry, oratory, philology, until eventually he became a bookseller, was M. Veuillot's guide in the Christian life, and his first publisher.

intimate that true greatness, like true virtue, must be rooted in humbleness—will easily recognise in the poor cooper's son, toiling at an office desk, already dreaming of literary renown, plunging into politics, and having "views" of society dangerously at variance with what others considered the settled order of things, the future publicist, who—once the light of faith revealed to him the grand combat between truth and error, between Christianity and the modern spirit (the *fons et origo* of most of the social and not a few of the political problems of the time), and his own experience showed him where the cause of all the evils that weigh upon democracies was to be found—had the courage and honesty to tell people and rulers the unwelcome truth; to lash, with unsparing invective, the cowardice and selfishness of certain classes in presence of menacing social perils; to reproach the freethinking *bourgeoisie* with having hated God, and, as a natural and foreseen consequence, contemned man; the publicist who, man of the people himself, sprung from the masses, and sympathizing with all their wants, if not with all their wishes, wrote: "I combat this poor people with tears in my eyes, for of all the misfortunes with which it is menaced, its triumph would be the most fearful. Let no one confound me with those flatterers of the people, who pretend to see nothing but lights and virtues where there is corruption and ignorance enough to make an army! I have combated all my life the unconscionable ambition of those pretended democrats; in my eyes they exhibit nothing but the worst of the swarm of *bourgeois* vices;"* who, turning to the lettered classes, notably statesmen, journalists and authors, who have indoctrinated the *bourgeoisie* with their principles, said: "You found the Church was *de trop* in this world. You have not only plundered its riches, destroyed its institutions, rejected its laws, but have unceasingly preached, taught and prescribed the same contempt and the same revolt to all the poor people. You have issued books and newspapers. You have got black-lettered pedants and obscene buffoons to help your laws to more quickly dissolve the remnant of ascendency that Catholicism still exercised; and, madmen, you never thought that every success of theirs was a stone wrested from the frail rampart of your power."†

It was the July revolution, which terrified the *bourgeoisie* out of their wits, that led to Veuillot's embracing journalism as a profession in preference to law. "Outflanked as soon as they had conquered, and nearly crushed by the edifice that was crumbling under their blows, the frightened *bourgeois*," he says, "called for help on all sides, founded newspapers everywhere to combat the liberty of the press they had used to devour a dynasty,

* *Les Libres-penseurs:* Preface to first edition.
† *Les Libres-penseurs, loc. cit.*

and which was devouring them. Having, doubtless, neither head nor heart enough to defend themselves, they took whatever journalists they could find."* In 1831 a fellow-clerk, the same who subsequently was instrumental in attracting him to religion, had joined the press, and procured him a position on the *Echo de Rouen*,† a paper recently started by the partisans of the July government, and owned by M. Herbert, later deputy and minister, and already a distinguished advocate. "Without any other preparation," he says, "I became a journalist. I found myself in the party of resistance. I would have quite as willingly, and even more willingly, been in the movement. It is an avowal the ignominy of which I do not shirk. I wish to have it known that it was religion alone that made me comprehend true honour, and re-established me in my dignity. In the new society in which I found myself, the grand question was to crush anarchy, consolidate order, and re-establish sound doctrines. I visited the most excellent fathers of families in the world, the shrewdest men of property, the most honorable citizens. They had one god: it was public order. They implored me to defend it. I defended order, which was also my god, and which truly had had adversaries pitiful enough to make it a pleasure to defend it. I re-established sound doctrines I knew nothing about; I crushed anarchy with great vigour; I sometimes even opposed the 'encroachments of the clergy,' which they would not have been sorry to see me do oftener; but soon—my good sense deserves this praise—I felt a repugnance to it. My esteem for my party did not prevent me remarking much difference between them and the clergy."‡ He had joined the *Echo* as *feuilletonist* and dramatic critic; but he soon launched into politics, and acquired the reputation of a *conservateur fougueux;* fought two duels§ which were forced upon him—the one *pour cause litteraire;* the other *pour cause politique*, and a third and last duel at Perigueux, whither he had gone in 1832 to edit the *Mémorial de la Dordogne*, and where he "went out" with a republican, who proposed, like the famous Galway blazer, to

> "———— take his life
> At ten or fifteen paces."

But luckily for him, Veuillot spared his, refusing to return his adversary's fire, after he had received the ball in his clothes. Needless to say that his ideas on the subject of duelling underwent a total change when he became a Christian. "Ten years

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* *Rome et Lorette:* Introduction.

† M. Champlin, or Champin, was chief editor when M. Veuillot joined the staff, and was replaced by M. Gustave Olivier.

‡ *Rome et Lorette, loc. cit.*

§ One was with an actor named Tilly, on account of a dramatic critique; and the other with one of the editors of the *Journal de Rouen*, a republican print.

after," relates M. Eugene Veuillot, "finding himself with his brother and his young sisters upon the ground, he made them kneel down along with him to thank God for having preserved him, and implore His forgiveness." The *Mémorial*, like the *Echo*, was, of course, in the political jargon of the day, "a conservative journal;" that is to say, ministerial, Voltairean, anti-clerical, but affecting a moderation which found favour with those wavering Catholics who stand with uncertain foothold upon the slippery incline of liberalism, and are too blind and somnolent to see that the only difference between "conservatives," who are powerless to conserve what is slipping from their grasp, and radicals, who labour to pull down what they cannot rebuild, is only a difference of degree, and not of kind. "A certain little local paper of the breed that has given us the *Siècle*," says M. Veuillot, "by no means strengthened my dispositions to respect the Church, which it unceasingly attacked. Despite my ignorance, I revolted against those dishonest and clumsily expressed opinions." Meanwhile, the young journalist prospered, and became comparatively rich. "I possessed," he says, "what but lately I had thought my whole life were uselessly spent in dreaming of. I had got into a society my poor mother thought very fashionable. I had myself made the breach through which I had entered; the equals of my superiors of yesterday were now only very small people alongside me."* People congratulated him on the influence, fortune and consideration to which his talents had quickly raised him, and having had his lot cast in a time so favourable to their utilization. But the object of these felicitations was himself far from being thoroughly satisfied with a lot that had all the outer seeming of success creditably achieved and agreeably enjoyed. He felt the need, the craving of something more than all this, to satisfy a mind created for higher uses, than to have its powers wasted on petty newspaper squabbles and composing *feuilletons*, in which the author (*ætat* 20) affected to believe very little in virtue, and posed *en désillusionné*. Like his literary friend and mentor, Gustave, a veritable Parisian of the period, who, if he had a religion, it was that of the Scandinavians, Veuillot had what he calls the religion of the lyre, that piety of the rhymers of our time, which consists in replacing Jupiter by Jehovah, love by an angel, and, by a detestable profanation, bringing the virginal name of the Queen of Heaven into elegies addressed to the Phillises and Chloes. "Without denying the existence of God," he frankly avows, "I knew nothing, absolutely nothing, of the Christian law. I read in the writings of the deepest thinkers of our days, thinkers who most arrested attention and were most extolled, that Christianity had been beautiful and useful, but that it was dead; and I readily believed that, in fact, Christianity *was* dead. Nothing around

* *Rome et Lorette:* Introduction.

me told me that it lived. In the town I lived in, there were, undoubtedly, upright people; there was not a man of my acquaintance—not one!—neither functionary, nor professor, nor magistrate, old or young, who fulfilled his religious duties; not a mother of a family who had once spoken in my presence to her children of God, the Church, or anything that had the least connexion with religion."*

It was this Gustave, whom he calls his protector rather than his friend, being more advanced in age, social position, and education, who taught him much of what he knew, and had given him his first lessons in "*ce redoubtable métier de la presse*," a soldier of fortune like himself, his companion-in-arms in many a hot newspaper skirmish, in which pens and pistols were freely drawn—a phase of his career which M. Veuillot recalls regretfully—it was he whom Providence designed to be the instrument of his conversion at a moment when the *tedium vitæ* weighed heaviest upon him, and he was striving in vain to argue down the pleadings of conscience by cold, rationalistic counter-pleas, or seeking relief in a kind of stolid stoicism from the *ennui* that pursued him like the Nemesis of unbelief. "I was in this state," he relates, "when I received a letter from Gustave. He informed me that he was a Christian, adding, to make himself better understood, that he had a confessor, and that he was going to communion. I thought some dreadful misfortune had stricken my friend. I read his letter to the most 'enlightened' man I knew. 'What do you think of it?' I asked. 'Our friend,' he replied, 'is a fool.' Now, Gustave did not break out into one of those hymns of gratitude which gush from the hearts of new Christians, as water gushed from the rock struck by Moses. Better inspired as to what he should tell me, he had calmly traced for me a clear and rapid outline of the consolations religion brings, and the duties it prescribes. He is a fool! Such is the first judgment I hear delivered upon the Gospel and the hearts it subjects."†

A hasty visit to Gustave convinced him that he was neither sick nor foolish. "He told me the story of his struggles: they were mine. He urged me to imitate him in the last effort that had given him the victory. Alas! the very price of the triumph terrified me."

Flying from the light after he had caught a glimpse of it, God allowed him to fall into a state of slumbrous spiritual lethargy. "If I could have enemies," he says, "there would be none to whom in my hatred I would wish the horror of such a repose. Gustave," he goes on, "was, however, praying for me; he also thought of my temporal future, which I had ever abandoned to all the winds of earth, and through his solicitude I came to Paris.

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* *Rome et Lorette*, chap. i., p. 31.
† *Rome et Lorette.*

It was a great thing for him to venture. Never in my dreariest isolation and abandonment, when I was young, ignorant, and cast adrift, had Paris threatened to be so hard and dangerous to me. I was going there to face other precipices, engage in other combats. I was twenty-three, poor no longer, no longer timid; and in the midst of my reveries on the way grew ambitious. Sincerely, I was entering Paris with thoughts of victory—quite decided to become a minister as soon as possible. However, I was not big enough, nor, thank God, foolish enough, to long dream of becoming a personage."

This was in 1837. He had been induced to quit Dordogne to join the editorial staff of the *Charte de 1830*, a semi-official evening paper, started under the auspices of Guizot, then Minister of Public Instruction, and which counted among its literary contributors Edouard Ourliac, the author of the *Contes du Bocage*. Veuillot and Léon Masson were the political editors, and imparted a very combative tone to the paper, which collapsed after a brief but brilliant career of six months, sharing the fate of the ministry of the 6th of September, in which Guizot held a portfolio. M. Veuillot then joined the *Paix*, another "conservative" journal, likewise in Guizot's interest and that of the statesmen of 1830, who were vainly striving to dissociate the July *régime* from the Revolution. He was one of the first to realize the impracticability of this policy; but when the proprietor of the paper abandoned Guizot for Molé, the new minister, he protested against this change of front.

Disheartened and discouraged, and rejecting the offers of the *Constitutionnel* and *Journal des Débats*, which sought to attach him to their staffs, he lost all faith in politics, and having no religious faith to satisfy at once the desires of his heart and his intellectual needs, was a prey to very gloomy and distracting reflections. "I was ashamed," he says, in *Rome et Lorette*, "I was ashamed of the breaches made in my conscience; I was tired of the fragments of honesty that remained. I had no longer any political faith. A year of polemics had crushed, brayed, pulverized convictions that rested upon no solid basis in the past—that I saw led to nothing in the future. Under the continual action of railleries and bad examples, the varnish of frail morality that covered them was dissolved. Alone with myself I could not combine, either in politics or morals, two ideas that were not at variance, and to either of which I was not indifferent. I lost the sense of what is upright and honest; I was losing even the will and the energy to combat. I only gave myself two months to be nothing more than one of these condottieri of the pen, who go from one camp to another to sell not so much their bravery as their inactivity. Illusions of youth, generous desires and generous loftiness of soul, pride of honour, pride of duty, self-devotion, friendship, love, everything was sullied, everything

was dying out, everything was going to ruin." He had uttered his last cry to heaven, and was abandoning himself to any fate that might await him, when his friend Gustave, whose conversations had taught him many things and dissipated many prejudices, until one day he found himself defending the Catholic religion against some of his old arguments, persuaded him to be his travelling companion in a tour of Southern Europe. "Eight days after," he says, "I had quitted Paris, and already with lightened heart was traversing the Marseilles route. I thought I was going to Constantinople; I was going farther—I was going to Rome, I was going to baptism." With feelings somewhat akin to those of Childe Harold, when the fleeting shores of Albion receded from his view, he shook the dust of France from off his feet, with a malediction upon a land he cared not if he never saw again—a land given up to folly, where it is impossible to love, believe, or respect anything; where young hearts are prematurely blighted like trees that bear only faded leaves, and where an atmosphere of doubt and derision render sterile the place where faith should germinate; hastening to find a solitude where he would no longer hear the language that was the instrument of his spiritual ruin, but accents that would never be employed to blaspheme what he wished to cherish, and where his eyes would rest on books whence he could not imbibe the poison of sophistry. "I was not born," he exclaims, "to doubt, to hate, to fold my arms in the clashing of ideas that divide the world, without knowing to what flag to bear my sword. I had a conscience to discern good from evil, a heart to love, a soul to believe, and all for self-devotion." I must refer the reader to *Rome et Lorette*, a work that often recalls the imperishable volume in which the great Bishop of Hippo has leagued to future ages the record of his conversion, for a detailed narrative of the long succession of interior struggles and exterior distractions that marked the varying phases of M. Veuillot's toilsome ascent from the Valley of the Shadow of Death, covered with the mists of darkness, to the sunlit summit of the Mount of God and the tranquil splendours of faith. It is not so much the portrait of an individual as the painting of a soul, typical of very many now-a-days, and was written, not from a puerile desire to speak of himself, but at the instance of many unquiet minds, many hearts tormented as his was. Putting aside all personal pre-occupation, and yielding to the Christian desire of being useful to others, he resolved to relate the whole thing simply, without pretence or dogmatism, like a friendly chat by the fireside—the longings, the attempts, the failures, resolutions, triumphs, as they came to mind; to give, in a word, the beginning of the intellectual history of which he had only thought of writing the conclusion. He entered Rome on the 15th of March, 1838, a rationalistic Frenchman, who saw in the Church

only an intelligent invention, like the laws of Lycurgus or the Republic of Plato, to quit it a fervent Catholic, nobly proud of all the glories of the Christian religion, discovering family titles in the aureoles of its saints, the wounds of its martyrs, and the wood and nails of the Cross, and feeling that his soul could never soar so high as to embrace the horizon of beauty and splendour that God had revealed to his enraptured gaze.

R. F. O'CONNOR.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE GABRIEL BELL.

HUON the knight, when his armour bright
Grew heavy on arm, he took his flight,
Staff in hand, to a lonesome land:
In hermit's dwelling he took his stand.
Naught of ill may abide the swell
Of the old knight-hermit's Gabriel-bell,
Bead-roll of notes that thus doth tell:
Hail, Mary! full of grace,
Blest art thou in every place:
Hail, Mary! Mother-May,
God is with thee, for us pray!

All in the swamp, where the mists lie damp,
And the lapwings light for the worms to stamp,
Built him a cell wherein to dwell,
Set in the turret an evening bell.
Naught of ill, etc.

Who must stray that lonesome way
Were best to shrive him clean and pray;
As daylight dies, the mist-wreaths rise
To mock the sight, in angels' guise.
Naught of ill, etc.

Each holds up a seeming cup
For lips of the weary lost to sup;
Only a breath that giveth death
Greets the lip from the swamp beneath.
Naught of ill, etc.

Foot will sink, and shoe will drink
The black moss-water, eye will blink,
Breath will stop, and strong arm drop—
Where grows no grass Death reaps his crop—
Naught of ill, etc.

Unless the light from turret's height
Send forth a narrow streak and bright;
Unless there float the saving note
The bell with use hath gotten by rote.
Naught of ill, etc.

Fast it swings, and wanderer clings
To hope, and Mary hears where rings
The Gabriel-bell, and mists of hell
Sink at her praying, and all is well.
Naught of ill may abide the swell
Of the old knight-hermit's Gabriel-bell,
Bead-roll of notes that thus doth tell:
Hail, Mary! full of grace,
Blest art thou in every place:
Hail, Mary! Mother-May,
God is with thee, for us pray!

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

HIGH TREASON.

A TALE OF THE JESUITS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY C. W. CHRISTALL.

CHAPTER XI.—NIPPING POPERY IN THE BUD.

THE sun having nearly come to the end of its brief annual excursion to London, was on its round of parting visits before retiring for the season, and made its usual but ineffectual attempts to penetrate the shade of St. Laurence-lane. Up betimes in the morning, peeping over the gables and chimneys that bordered the lane, and mounting to the highest attainable pitch at midday, its endeavours were constantly baulked: and then, crossing to the opposite side of the way, only to meet with a like ungracious repulse, it finally beat a retreat in high dudgeon, and looking very red in the face with its exertions, without having succeeded in sending a single ray below the first-floor window. Sometimes it crept in slyly for a few feet or so at the end of the lane; but St. Laurence having a tacit objection to confinement within the path of rectitude, and disporting himself in an irregular and exceedingly zigzag manner, blocked it out forthwith by a house or two that should have faced the street, but, by some freak of the builder, had very nearly succeeded in turning in the opposite direction.

But whenever it did find its way in, it never failed to brighten up the row of signs displayed on either side: signs of such varied hues and patterns, glittering in all the bravery of paint and gold, or weather-beaten and dingy; being apparently set up to delude the wayfarer as to the trade carried on beneath their shadow, and to baulk most effectually the researches of venturous strangers who wandered into the saintly precincts without knowing the exact situation of the house they wanted.

The sign that swung lazily in the breeze before the door of Ralph Shefford, citizen and saddler, displayed upon its surface the resplendent effigy of a gilded ram, suspended in mid-air by a chain; and to guard against possible misconception, the artist had legibly inscribed thereon its significance. He may be safely credited with knowing what he was about when he painted it, and what he meant it for; and if he chose to call it "The Golden Fleece," he had a perfect right to do so—although ill-tempered critics might object that it was not a fleece at all, and if it were, it had not the remotest connection with the occupation of its owner. Yet, after all, the signs were but names, and the same objection, if carried a little further, might be thought to question the right of his most sacred majesty to the assumption of the name of "Defender of the Faith:" a thing most irreverent to do, if not actually disloyal.

It was mid-day, and the sun's rays finding their way in by some unexpected chink, blazed full upon the Golden Fleece, making him resplendent and gorgeous to behold. To Mistress Shefford, gazing at it through the open lattice, it seemed instinct with life; it gambolled and frisked on the canvas, and she smiled vacantly as it moved to and fro.

Yet she put her thin hand to her eyes to shut it out; the ruddy glare pained her, and she shuddered, as to her disordered fancy the Golden Fleece seemed bathed in blood.

From the opposite window peered eagerly now at her, and now with anxious scowl at the shop below, the ill-favoured countenance of Master Cuffe.

The diligent servant of the State was at fault. His failure to capture the Jesuit a week ago, had only deepened his animosity towards the wily fugitive; and although Gower had disappeared altogether from the vicinity, it was by no means certain to the experienced pursuivant that he would not return to his old quarters when the alarm had subsided; and Cuffe, acting now entirely on his own behalf, having lost all clue to the priest's hiding-place, remained with bull-dog obstinacy to watch the deserted nest, clinging to the hope that grew fainter day by day, that Father Gower might visit the saddler again; and if he should!—ah, then Master Cuffe drew a long breath, and slowly wagged his head.

He was alone: for he and the spy had quarrelled fiercely; each

blaming the other for their common discomfiture. Cuffe bitterly regretted that he had not followed his friend's advice, and his regret was aggravated by the reflection that he had allowed two very tangible prizes to slip through his fingers, only to melt into air. And he somehow stumbled on the truth, that brute force, undeniably great as it is, requires some intelligence to direct it effectually.

More than an hour since, the saddler had departed, apparently on a mission to some customer, accompanied by his elder apprentice, who carried upon his shoulder a heavy, cumbrous saddle, carefully enveloped in a wrapper; and the circumstance set Cuffe wondering whether the Jesuit had a horse, and in what direction it had borne him.

"There is no getting at the foxes at all," he croaked. "Their cursed cunning is more than a match for plain-dealing men like poor Timothy Cuffe. Who knows but what this traitorous cur, who lacks courage to avow his calling honestly, is arrayed in silk or satin at this moment, with a hawk on his wrist, perhaps; aping the dress and carriage of his betters, forsooth, like another of his tribe that I got word of the other day! If that fool Rookesby had not been so miserably thin-skinned, leaving me in the lurch, just when I most needed him, because he could not stomach my harmless jests, we should have had this skulking priest in safe-keeping long ago, and our pockets well lined with gold pieces."

He picked up the bottle and raised it to his lips, and then, with an oath, flung it on the floor. It was empty; and he leaned against the window-frame discontentedly, feeling strongly disposed to give up the chase, and seek other fields where Jesuits were more plentiful, and not so shy.

Mistress Shefford still gazed blankly at space, but she seemed conscious of his presence; her eyes seemed to watch his every movement; and he timidly drew back.

There were no signs of business in the shop; the remaining apprentice, left to himself, was making the most of his brief holiday. He had laid aside his work, and stood idly at the door, addressing an observation from time to time over his shoulder to the saddler's little boy, who stood behind him.

Little Davy was a strange child: a meek, quiet morsel of humanity, with large, expressive eyes, that had in them something of the wistful, enquiring look of his afflicted mother. He was almost constantly at her side, and would sit for hours with his little hand locked in hers, wondering why she did not remember the childish stories with which he sought to amuse her, and that she never seemed weary of listening to. The strange companionship had made the boy unlike others of his age; he stood apart from them, never mingling with their childish sports, but looking on with pensive curiosity, as if surprised at their interest in amusements that had no charm for him.

The shadow that darkened his mother's life had fallen upon him: fallen too, grim and heavy, upon the saddler's heart. But no one gazing at the self-contained, resolute face of Ralph Shefford, would have dreamed of the intense, almost fierce affection with which he clung to those two feeble creatures, who bore so meekly and uncomplainingly their unmerited suffering; who were all in all to him; and whose very helplessness seemed to strengthen, if that were possible, the love he bore them.

A slight commotion at the end of the lane attracted the apprentice's attention; and he looked with longing eyes after some of the neighbours who had both leisure and liberty to enjoy a fray, either as spectators or actors therein. The noise grew louder, and above the dim echoed the familiar 'prentice cry of "Clubs! clubs!" Unable to resist the temptation any longer, he flung off his apron, and catching up a stout oaken cudgel, went off at full speed.

Cuffe had likewise heard the noise, and observing that the shop was deserted, he leaped to his feet, hurried down, and was crossing the lane, when happening to look up, his glance encountered that of Mistress Shefford.

The boy was amusing himself with some gay fragments of coloured leather, and as the form of the pursuivant darkened the place, he looked up: and overhead, the woman listened.

"Well, Davy, lad, all alone!" said Cuffe, with much pleasantry. 'Plenty of business now, eh? Hast got any curb-reins; such as would bind the tongue of a scold? Master Price tells me you keep the newest fashions. You know Master Price? A particular friend of mine."

He cautiously edged himself into the shop as he spoke.

"Well now, how is your good father?" he enquired, seating himself, and drawing the boy towards him. "I have not seen him this many a day. Well, well; we poor Papists do not often meet together in these troublous times Thy father is a Papist, eh, my pretty boy? Come now, I warrant thou canst say the *Confiteor* as well as he. Let me hear you."

"I know not what you mean," said the child.

"Why, what the priest says at the beginning of Mass. You have seen the priest, I know, Davy, in a beautiful silk gown, wrought with gold, and holding a little round white cake over his head, and a silver cup?"

The boy stared wonderingly, and shook his head.

"I know not whether my father be a Papist or no," he said. "He goes to St. Laurence's Church yonder, sometimes; but there is never a priest there."

"Ay, ay; I know," said Cuffe: "he is a Church-Papist" (a cant term for Catholics who occasionally attended the State service). "We do that to escape the law. Now listen to me, Davy," he continued in a low tone: "I want you to tell me something. You do not know that I am a Papist—hush, boy, on your life! Say not

a word of this to anyone. Yes; I am a Papist, like your good father. I did not see him at Mass, by the way, when those wicked men tried to take our dear friend, Father Gower, the other night. I was there; and but for me you might, perchance, have never seen the good Jesuit again. Oh! he owes me a great deal, which I trust he will pay in person one day. He is not here now, is he?"

Something in Cuffe's look or manner that seemed to bode no good to the priest, alarmed the boy, and he looked sharply at the pursuivant's anxious face. But, in fact, he knew nothing of Father Gower's real occupation: such matters were always carefully concealed from children, who were often made the innocent means of betraying the fugitive priests. The lad only said that Master Gower had left them some days ago.

"And whither has he gone?" asked Cuffe. "I have something of great moment to impart to him; and if you will tell me where he is hiding, you shall have a pony to ride, and a purse full of gold pieces, like a little lord."

"I say I do not know where he is," said the lad: "and if I did, I would not tell you; for sure I am that you seek to do him harm."

"Say you so, cursed little Popish mongrel," said Cuffe, enraged; but checking himself, he dropped his voice again. "Do not fear for him, Davy. If I find him not within a very few hours, he may be taken to prison: a place where they keep racks and thumb-screws, and engines of torture; ay, and use them too, upon such as he."

"You shall never get him with any help of mine," said the boy, with a fearless look. "I know what you are, for I heard Zebedee Price tell my father. You hunt priests for money, and betray and murder them; and if Master Gower be a priest, I am glad he has escaped."

Mad with rage at being so unexpectedly unmasked, Cuffe rushed furiously at the boy, and struck him a violent blow with his heavy fist. The child reeled, and as he fell, his head came in contact with an iron frame that stood in the midst of the shop. He gasped once or twice, and then lay perfectly still, with his eyes partly open, and the blood streaming from his mouth.

Cuffe stood terrified and breathless for a moment, and hastily kneeling, placed his hand on the child's heart. To his horror it had ceased to beat. He lifted up the head, but the blood gushed over his hand, and he laid the body gently down again. Then the consequences of his dastardly act rushed upon his mind, and in craven, abject fear, he was trying to rise, when he heard the rustle of a woman's dress beside him, and he looked up.

Warned by some instinct, Mistress Shefford had been intently on the watch since she saw him crossing the lane, and the sudden and profound silence that had followed the blow, aroused the mother's fears.

Her eyes were wildly fixed upon the child; and as she stood with her white hair streaming on her shoulders, she looked like a vengeful fury. Cuffe started up with a horrible imprecation, and staggered back.

"Murder! murder!" screamed the demented woman, clinging to him in frenzy. He strove to unclasp her fingers, but she seemed possessed with the strength of a giant, and he felt powerless in her maddened grasp.

Her screams alarmed the neighbourhood, and in a moment Cuffe found himself hemmed in on all sides by a fierce and threatening crowd. While she clung convulsively to the trembling pursuivant, he seemed under a spell; not for his life could he raise a finger against the woman to whom his cruelty had been worse than death. The sight of two hapless victims of his violence may have smitten him with a sense of remorse to which, in a lengthened course of brutal violence, he had hitherto been a stranger.

They contrived to get her away at last, although with great difficulty; and she looked vacantly about her, and catching sight of the inanimate form of her child, she uttered a wild cry, and throwing herself on the floor beside him, she wiped his face, addressing him the while in vague words of endearment that went to the hearts of the spectators.

Some looked on sympathizingly; but others coldly murmured, that if people would not submit, they could not expect to have the protection of the law: this was what came of consorting with traitors and Jesuits; Papists ashamed of their creed might look to come to the ground between the two stools of England and Rome: and more to the same effect.

Cuffe recovered himself a little when released from Mistress Shefford's grasp, and although pale and agitated, he essayed to offer some exculpation of his conduct.

The intelligence had, however, had been conveyed to the constable of the ward, and Cuffe's face brightened a little at the appearance of that vigilant functionary.

"What is this, Master Cuffe?" enquired the officer, to whom he was well known. "What is this? Murder has been done, they tell me. This is very sad—very sad!"

"It is a most painful and unfortunate accident," replied Cuffe, anxiously. "The boy answered me saucily, and I boxed his ears; that was all, as I live. He hurt himself in falling against that iron bar there. I tell you 'twas a pure accident."

"Take him to the mayor, Master Rawson," said one of the bystanders. "You hear that he has murdered the child. Bring him along."

"Hands off, neighbours," said Cuffe, doggedly. "Beware how you interfere with me. I am a pursuivant of the Council. You must reckon with Master Cecil if you molest one of his servants.

Here is my badge of office;" and he pulled out of the breast of his doublet a small escutcheon attached to a chain. "You know that I speak the truth, Master Rawson."

The announcement took them by surprise. A pursuivant wielded enormous power, that was seemingly greater by reason of the extreme uncertainty of its limits—if, indeed, it had any—that some of them showed evident signs of apprehension, and slunk timidly away.

"Well," said one of the group, "if this gentleman is an officer of the Council, he will not, at least, object to accompany the constable, and make his statement to the mayor. Master Shefford may be a Papist, but it does not follow that his child should therefore be mur—— killed, I mean."

Cuffe readily agreed to the proposal, and appealed to those present to bear witness of his extreme anxiety to lay the information himself before the authorities; and the matter was compromised by his being conducted, under a strong escort, not for the purpose of preventing his escape, but to hear the whole story from his own lips.

The Golden Fleece was closed at a very early hour that day; people stood about the lane in groups, whispering to each other, and staring curiously at the house. A profound stillness seemed to have come upon the place; there was blood upon it, of a ruddier hue than ever flashed from the gilded sign: a hue that the sun had not imparted to it, and that the darkness would not hide.

Upon a little pallet lay the body of the child; upon his breast a crucifix and some flowers; and as the rays of the solitary candle fell upon his peaceful upturned face, he almost seemed to smile.

He seemed to be sleeping, and that so lightly, that the least sound would wake him. The dead always wear a look of painless happiness, such as they never wore in life, as though the form of clay, devoid of passion and incapable of sin, had, before mingling with its mother earth, regained for a moment the impress of the hand that made man in His own image.

From the solemn tranquillity of the country churchyard, where generations of forgotten dead await the judgment; or the dank, gloomy enclosures that obtrude themselves upon the busy citizen, hot and eager in pursuit of wealth; from the tiny, neglected mound, bedecked with nothing more costly than the grass that swiftly covers it; from the stately tomb, whose almost effaced legend testifies to the honours and wealth that he who crumbles away beneath gathered in life, only to leave behind him—from each and all there breathes a low, hushed murmur of rest, like the voice of a mother soothing to sleep the babe that nestles in her bosom.

Ralph Shefford was alone with his dead child. With his own hands he laid it there; none other should touch it; and he had

sternly waved them from the room that they might not witness his grief.

He was silent and tearless; the knotted veins of his forehead, that seemed ready to burst, and the distorted countenance and eyes filled with a baneful glare, spoke of passions that were too powerful for tears; that were deaf to the meek voice of peace.

Kneeling beside the bed, with the child's cold, impassive hand locked in his, and uttering from time to time the low, despairing cry, "My little child! my little child!" or distractedly pacing the room with busy brain, weaving vague schemes of vengeance: thus he passed the night; and when the morning's dawn stole slowly in, he knelt again—but not for prayer; but to bury his hot face in his trembling hands, waiting for the tears that never came.

And thus he was found by Father Gower, who looked with compassionate sorrow upon his haggard face and blood-shot eyes, and clasped his hand encouragingly.

He offered no trite words of comfort that irritate, nor did he chide him for the vain sorrow that never can restore the dead. And as he quietly recited the prayers that the Church appoints for such occasions, the saddler's overcharged heart seemed soothed and lightened.

"May God reward you!" said Shefford. "I did not hope, nay, I hardly wished to see you. My thoughts were upon far different matters." He frowned darkly and sighed.

"Leave the punishment of the evil-doer to God's justice," said the priest gently; "and think no more of vengeance. It is for us, my brother, only to forgive injuries; to return good for evil."

"You speak as a priest should," said Shefford, smiling bitterly; "but you preach Christian patience to a deaf man: to one who has been tried beyond his strength. And be God my witness," he said, in a voice of suppressed passion, "that this child shall be avenged! Blood for blood!"

"Ralph Shefford, I implore you to put away such wild, sinful thoughts," said the priest. "Look upon that child's calm, sinless face, and tell me, do you dare outrage that God upon whom you have called, and before whom his soul now stands, by such daring impiety?"

"Ay; I *can* look upon his face," replied Shefford; "and I promise you, boy, that you shall be avenged." His voice became broken, and a sob checked his utterance. "Enough, enough," he said impatiently; "you cannot understand me—how should you? *You* mourn no wife consigned to a living death; no murdered child! You have never known what such love is; how then can you conceive the unutterable sorrow that attends its loss?"

The priest turned deadly pale, and remained silent for some moments. A look of anguish passed across his face, and his lips quivered painfully. He paced the room slowly once or twice, and then looking the saddler steadily in the face, said:—

"Ralph Shefford, your words have stirred within me sad memories of a past that I fondly thought was buried for ever. God knows," he said, looking upward, "that it is in no spirit of vain-glorious boasting that I unwillingly recall the chastisement which he has laid upon me; nor yet to court your sympathy for wrongs whose very memory tears open afresh wounds long since healed and scarred over. And if I recount a history overshaded by sorrow and stained with the innocent blood of her whom I loved dearer than my life—ay, it is true!—it is for your sake that I do so, and with the hope that my unworthy example may teach you to accept with humility these trials that seem so harsh."

CHAPTER XII.—THE JESUIT'S STORY.

PAUL GOWER, the last representative of an ancient family, found himself, on the death of his father, exposed to all the severity of laws enacted against Catholics. Although but a country squire, his wealth was considerable, and offered a tempting bait to the officials who were earnestly labouring to extend the new religion at the expense of the adherents of the old. It was customary at the time for the commissioners to issue writs, couched in studiously offensive terms, calling upon recusants by name to attend the council at its next sitting, and there to take the oath of allegiance, by which the supremacy of the sovereign in ecclesiastical matters was affirmed, and the authority of the Pope denied. The court sat for a few days only in each month; and, by means of a friend, Gower obtained warning of the process about to be issued, and forthwith fled into the next county, where he remained until the sitting had terminated; some acquaintance, in the meanwhile, appearing on his behalf before the commissioners, to take oath that the writ had not been served on account of his absence from the county.

This continued for rather more than a year; but the commissioners, becoming aware of the means whereby he evaded the law, employed artifice to entrap him, and succeeded in the attempt.

For some months no writ was issued against him; and he was beginning to feel secure, and hoping that his persecution was at an end, when he received the news, one Sunday, that his citation had been read in church that morning, and afterwards affixed to the doors. Almost at the same moment a messenger arrived from his friend warning him to fly. It was too late; and upon his neglect to attend the court, a sentence was passed by which two-thirds of his property were declared confiscated. Three times he redeemed his land by paying the price set upon it by the commissioners, and seeing nothing but destitution before him, should

these measures be repeated, he cast about for some means of escape.

The queen was then busily engaged in assisting the Reformed cause, by promoting insurrection in France and the Netherlands against the lawful rulers of those countries. But it was against Spain, to whom the Netherlands belonged, that her animosity was chiefly directed. She intercepted the money destined for the pay of the Spanish soldiers in Belgium; encouraged the piratical expeditions of Hawkins and Drake; fitted out two ships to assist the one; contributed a thousand crowns towards the expenses of the other, and knighted him on board his ship in Deptford dockyard, after his predatory excursion round the world.

The command of the troops destined for the Netherlands was entrusted to Leicester; and Gower solicited and obtained a command under the royal favourite. He had no affection for the cause in which he engaged; nor was he particularly pleased to encounter the soldiers of the Spanish king, who had ever shown himself the friend of the persecuted English Catholics; but he gladly seized the opportunity which it offered him of relief from the miserable injustice of which he had been the victim for so long a time. Before leaving England, he secured his property from alienation by transferring it under a pretended sale to one of his tenants, a man who took the oath and went to church like many other hard-driven Catholics, and was content to practise his religion, or such of it as he retained, in secret.

But Gower, as the time passed in the Netherlands, was consoled by the reflection that the injury wrought by the English troops on their Spanish enemies was so slight as to provoke the angry remonstrances of the Belgians, who complained that they suffered more from their English friends than from their foes.

In one of the skirmishes near the French frontier, Gower was seriously wounded, and was carried to the house of a French gentleman, where he was attended with assiduous care by the daughter of his host, with whom he straightway fell in love. Upon his recovery, he threw up his command, and informed the Frenchman that he had relinquished his intention of returning to England; assigning as the reason, the affection he entertained for the young lady, whose hand he boldly demanded. The request was granted, and, reconciled to his adopted country, he was for a time entirely happy.

The repeated provocations offered by Elizabeth at last stirred the proud soul of the Spanish monarch. He did not stoop to argue with a sovereign who justified the outrages committed upon his subjects, and the assistance she afforded his enemies, by charging him with inciting her subjects to revolt. It may be that Elizabeth had some grounds for her accusation; but if her

conduct could be justified; she could not consistently blame him for taking a similar course.

News reached England of the impending invasion by the great Armada, and the country flew to arms as one man. Foremost in their loyalty came the unhappy remnant of the sorely-tried Catholics, who cheerfully placed their persons and their goods at the disposal of their queen, from whom they had received nothing but cruelty; and to one of their number, the gallant Lord Howard of Effingham, was entrusted the command of the fleet appointed to guard the English shores.

Few men can look on with indifference when their fatherland is in danger; and filled with patriotic ardour, Gower resolved to take his part in its defence. To the deep regret of his wife's father, who parted from them with the sorrowful conviction that he beheld them for the last time, he hastily took ship, and surprised his old friends and neighbours by his unlooked-for appearance at his native place.

But the force that he raised at considerable personal sacrifice was never needed. No Spaniard ever set his conquering foot on English soil; and England was not slow to attribute to her own prowess, the victory that had been won for her by the winds and waves.

Gower speedily discovered that the persecution which had slumbered when England's safety was imperilled, was not dead. The authorities of the city near which he dwelt had never shown themselves very eager to put in force the terrible laws against recusants; but Elizabeth, affecting to entertain the most profound apprehensions that their past sufferings might goad them into rebellion, and that they would engage in further intrigues with the Spaniard to work her downfall, set once more in motion the vast engines of persecution; and Catholics found themselves, despite the loyalty they had displayed, exposed to far more rigorous and oppressive measures than before.

For more than two years Gower lived with his wife and child in comparative security. True, he paid the heavy fines exacted from recusants; still he was content to purchase relief by the sacrifice of much of his property.

Letters signed by the queen's own hand were despatched to the commissioners, and to the corporations of all the chief cities, rebuking them for their past neglect, and charging and commanding them without delay to see that the acts and statutes were "severely and sharply executed, without any partiality, favour or affection, in behalf of any of the wilful offenders, or to their aiders and favourers in their evil doings."

Searches were made, as heretofore, in the houses of known or suspected recusants; Catholics were robbed in the most shameless manner, and frequently by gangs of mere thieves; prisons were again glutted with unoffending victims; and Gower stood aghast at the fearful prospect.

He had been out one day superintending the ingathering of his harvest, feeling the while thoroughly disheartened, and filled with gloomy forebodings as he reflected upon the insecurity of his position; and returned to find his house in the hands of the sheriff. Quantities of household stuff, articles of value, and plate lay ready for removal; and from the demeanour of the men who hurriedly ranged themselves before the house at his approach, he concluded that their object was to arrest him.

He was undeceived by the sheriff, who informed him that they held a warrant for the apprehension of a priest who had been lurking in the neighbourhood, and was supposed to have taken refuge in his house. Gower ran his eyes over the sheriff's commission, and sternly enquired by what authority his goods had been despoiled. The sheriff, not a whit abashed, coolly told him that he might put that question to the commissioners, who had the power to take any property they listed from recusants who broke the law; adding that Mistress Gower had killed one of his men, and wounded another; and but that she had met with some hurt in consequence of her violence, she would have been carried to gaol.

Something in the man's manner seemed to hint at far worse consequences, and Gower rushed madly into the house. He found his wife stretched lifeless upon a couch; the little one by her side sobbing loudly and vainly calling to her mother. The two women he had left in the place—for the services of his entire household had been required in the harvest field—stood by helplessly, moaning and wringing their hands; and he could only gather from their incoherent replies, that the sheriff's men had done the deed.

Months elapsed before he learned the truth. The house had been surrounded by the priest-hunters; and his wife, taking them not inaccurately for robbers, had closed and barred the doors, and arming herself with a matchlock, threatened, in her imperfect English, to fire upon them if they attempted to force an entrance. The sheriff tried to explain to her that they had lawful warrant to search the house; but finding that she did not understand, or refused to listen to what he said, ordered his men to burst in the door. But the instant they proceeded to execute his orders, she fired, wounding one fellow mortally; and before she had time to reload, they were in the room, threatening her with instant death if she resisted. She stood at bay, and clubbing the heavy weapon, brought one of her assailants to the ground. The next moment she was run through the back by another, and with a sudden gasp fell dead at their feet.

Gower's brain reeled; and with a mute gesture of infuriate despair, he set spurs to his horse and galloped after the sheriff's party, just disappearing in the distance. They turned to meet him; a short, fierce conflict ensued, which ended in his being severely wounded and carried to gaol, a prisoner.

"In that prison," he told Shefford, "I lay more than four years. I found means to communicate with a friend, who charitably took care of my child, and from the wreck of my fortune contrived to secure sufficient means to guard her from the perils of poverty. I was treated, like the other recusants—for many shared my imprisonment—with much cruelty. At times my wrongs seemed too great for endurance; I raged and wept by turns; my very brain seemed on fire. They told me afterwards that I had been for a long while mad, and confined in chains in the darkest and most horrible dungeon in the place. But I knew it not—felt it not.

"Whether the spirits of those we have loved are permitted to revisit this earth, I cannot tell; but in my wild, distempered fancy, there seemed to come to me, many a time, a glorious shining figure, whose radiance filled my cell, bidding me be of good heart, and consoling me with gracious words of pity: and in her face I seemed to trace the lineaments of my lost darling—not pale and dabbled in gore, as when I last had looked upon her; but as one of God's bright angels, mercifully sent in my darkest hour to raise my soul from the abyss of despair.

"And a peace fell upon my heart. I rebelled no more; all earthly love died out: and I learned to regard her I mourned, and whom I had so dearly loved, as a gentle angel ever pleading for me before the mercy-seat, in that voice whose tender accents I knew so well.

"I recovered; chastened, but strengthened by the furnace of affliction through which I had passed. Heaven gave me the means of escape; and by the aid of a friend, I passed beyond the seas to France. Of my child I heard but twice: and the first time was to inform me that the friend who sheltered her had been taken, with all his household, and committed to prison; the second message told me she was dead. The last bond that held me to earth was snapped asunder; and I was free to carry out a resolve formed in my prison, when, destitute of help and hopeless of release, I first nourished the hope of giving up my life for God's service. I became a priest—an unworthy member of the noble Society of Jesus.

"And now, dear Ralph, I speak not as the priest—not as God's minister to reprove and condemn, but as a wronged and persecuted man. Like you, I have suffered; like you, my beloved ones have been taken from me, done to death by foul and hateful means. I, too, have bemoaned my fate in fruitless agony—perhaps have thirsted for revenge. We are brothers in affliction; can we not suffer a little more yet? That peaceful, silent form on which you gaze responds not to your caress, feels not the bitter scalding tears that fall upon it. The child you love is in heaven, nestling for evermore in the bosom of God. He prays for you before the throne of the Eternal. Shall he supplicate in

vain? Could you go to the judgment-seat, and, stretching out your ensanguined hands, say: 'See, child, I have rendered evil for evil; I have had blood for blood; I have slain the man who crushed out thy gentle, sinless life? Unmindful of Him who prayed for His persecutors, and when He was reviled, reviled not again, I have turned my back upon His precepts of charity; I have cast His lessons to the winds—and this I have done out of my love for you!' Would not that little one shrink from you in horror, and view with loathing the presumptuous man who had dared to intercept the course of God's justice, and snatched from the Almighty hands the arrows of His vengeance?"

A gasping sob burst from Shefford's overcharged bosom, and with a wild, despairing cry, he clasped the hand of the dead.

"O friend, friend!" said the priest, kneeling by his side, "banish these thoughts from your heart. Remember for a moment that Jesus, our God, in His supreme agony not only forgave His murderers, but prayed for them. Shall man, then, refuse to pardon those who despitefully use him?"

"I—I will try," said Shefford brokenly. "But God grant I may never meet that man again!"

The flickering ray of the candle at the foot of the bed shed a faint, uncertain light upon the little group. Shefford's head was bent; his tears flowed now, relieving the bitterness of his heart. And the child's face seemed to wear a soft, approving smile, as the priest betook himself to prayer.

CHAPTER XIII.—ROOKESBY GOES A-HUNTING.

IT may be considered an abuse of the term to designate the intimacy that subsisted between Rookesby and Cuffe by the sacred name of friendship. Yet it did duty for that sentiment, as it usually does with men drawn together by no better motive than mutual profit: motive that touches the pocket only, not the heart.

The quarrel that ensued between the pair after their misadventure at St. Giles's, resulted in more than a suspension of their friendship. To Rookesby, deprived of his occupation, it was little less than destitution. And strange to say, money matters, the most severe test of friendship, had never occasioned the least dispute. To live from day to day was the spy's only object; and he made no remonstrance while Cuffe appropriated to himself the lion's share of the spoils of their wretched trade, but contentedly gathered up his jackal's portion of the leavings of the lordly brute.

Cuffe felt the loss of his companion acutely: it was like depriving him of an eye, or cutting off his right hand; and although he had always affected to sneer, there was something

in Rookesby's demeanour strangely at variance with his degraded position—faint evidences of gentle birth and nurture that asserted themselves at times—which compelled the coarse ruffian to acknowledge, almost unconsciously, his own measureless inferiority to the humbled, downcast spy.

Among the very limited circle of Rookesby's acquaintances, was the gaoler of the Compter in Wood-street—one of the three city prisons bearing that name; and this functionary, finding that the spy was seeking employment, offered him the vacant post of turnkey: an office less infamous than the one he had recently filled, but scarcely more inviting.

"You are pretty full, then," remarked Rookesby; "and there is plenty to do?"

"And plenty of money to be made," added the gaoler, rubbing his hands.

"Which goes into your pocket, not mine."

"You think so!" said the gaoler. "Only come here for a week—I give no wages, mind: in fact, I get none myself—and if my prisoners do not pay well enough, why you can leave when you please. And but for your friendship with Master Cuffe—a truly valuable man!—beshrew me, but I would not put such a good thing in your way. It pays better, let me tell you, than playing hide-and-seek with your Popish priests."

"Ah, well; I think I will wait a few days," said Rookesby. "I may hear of something better."

"As you will," returned the other; "as you will. But a word in your ear. I fancy I can put you in the way of turning an honest penny, and that with ease, if you will promise to share the fees with me."

"What fees?" asked Rookesby.

"Nay, promise me fair snacks first, and I will tell you."

"Well, well; agreed," said Rookesby. "I must hear what it is first."

"It is just this: I have done it myself before I got this post—bought it rather, I should say, for it cost me forty good pounds—and I gained a very fair living by it. You must know plenty of recusants; go and make a search at their houses for suspected priests. They will have to pay the costs of the search, and you can charge pretty well as you choose; that is, with moderation, of course."

"I should get a lodging with you, and be clapped in irons, if I played that game," said Rookesby, shaking his head. "It would never do. The citizens guard their privileges with too much jealousy to allow of any poaching on their manors."

"Did I say in the city?" asked the gaoler in an injured tone. "Are recusants to be found nowhere else? Why within ten miles or less of where we stand, there are several Popish householders who will be only too glad to pay anything you ask, so

that you show them a clean pair of heels. I can tell you of one for certain. Come; what say you? Is it a bargain? Fair division of profits, and honour among—among gentlemen, of course," he said, checking himself, and giving the proverb a slight twist.

"Well, it is not doing much harm," said Rookesby. "I am, indeed, at my wit's end just now, and in no humour to starve outright. Where lies the quarry?"

"Come up-stairs with me, and you shall learn for yourself. I have a fellow caged up, who was taken the other day in Golden-lane. He is a Protestant, he says, and came from a Popish lady at Harrow, charged with a letter to a priest. You can put some questions to him; he is sure to tell the truth, for he is nearly half dead with fright."

In a small, unwholesome room, totally destitute of furniture, they found the prisoner with irons on his wrists, sitting on some filthy straw; and even that was soaked with the rain that had come through the unglazed aperture which gave light to the place.

"Now, friend," said the gaoler, "here is a gentleman come straight from the Council to examine you touching your treasonable practices. So be mindful of what you say, or this may end at Tyburn."

He winked at Rookesby, who, taking his cue, proceeded to question the unhappy man. His story was that he had been sent by his mistress, a lady of the name of Line, with a letter to deliver to a gentleman in Golden-lane; and that coming to the place, he was seized by some officers who were lying there in quest of the very person to whom the letter was addressed. He solemnly protested that he was ignorant of its contents; further stating that the gentleman was said to be a priest of the name of Foster.

Rookesby considered for some moments, and remarked that he had not heard of a priest bearing that name, although he knew most of the priests in London. But the man persisted that the name was correct; and Rookesby, persuaded that he had spoken the truth, left him, saying that it should be reported to the Council, and if his information should be found to be correct, he might look for speedy release.

"Now," said the gaoler with a chuckle, "are you satisfied? All you have to do now is to go to the Popish lady, say boldly that you want Master Foster; tell her what her servant has just told you; pretend to make a search, and return in a day or two with my share of the money. But you will need some assistance. I will lend you a horse, and you can have two of my fellows, they know something about these matters. And so do you, I warrant, without any hints from me."

With as much speed as their hacks were capable of making, the three proceeded on the way to Harrow. The day was lowering and overcast; rain began to fall, and encouraging his companions

with the prospect of good cheer and comfortable quarters, Rookesby spurred his horse up the steep hill on which the town of Harrow stands, and halted at a small inn to make enquiries.

The house of Mistress Line lay about a mile distant from the town; and the direction having been pointed out to Rookesby, he was about to remount, when he noticed a horse standing in the yard, and carelessly enquired to whom it belonged. To a traveller, he was told, who was then above stairs. Rookesby nodded his head, and rode on; but one of his fellows overhearing the conversation, loitered at the inn until the stranger appeared; and hastened after Rookesby with the news that the traveller was an elderly man, clad in a murrey-coloured doublet; seemed in no apparent hurry, and had proceeded at a gentle trot in the direction of London.

The country was beginning to look sombre and desolate, and the path was thickly strewn with fallen leaves that rustled with a ghostly sound beneath the horses' feet. Chill October was coming on apace; and Rookesby shivered with discomfort as the rain pattered through the almost leafless branches. He impatiently urged his wearied steed by the application of whip and spur, and in a short time the welcome finger-post that indicated the road to the "Casements" came in view.

They pushed open the gate, and were approaching the house, when they observed a boy at some distance ahead, who looked round from time to time, and seemed desirous of avoiding them. As they came nearer, he disappeared among the trees.

Emerging from the avenue, they found themselves before a broad open space, in the midst of which stood the White House, or the "Casements," as it was popularly termed, from the number of windows it possessed, where they halted.

They had passed the boy, who could be seen from where they stood, furtively peeping out from his shelter, evidently unwilling to approach. Rookesby called to him, but he darted off, and the spy dismounting, followed, and after a smart chase captured him.

"Now, you devil's imp," said Rookesby, "what are you running away for? What have you got here?" And he snatched from the boy's hand a letter that he was trying to conceal.

It was addressed to "Mistress Line, at the Casements;" and turning it over in his hand, Rookesby demanded to know from whom it came.

The boy began to whimper; saying that a gentleman at Harrow had given him a groat to carry it; that he was doing no harm, and begged to be let go.

"Was it a gentleman in a murrey-coloured doublet? Did he ride a bay horse, and stop at the 'Compasses' at Harrow?"

"Yes," the boy said, "that was the same. He wrote the letter

at the inn, and charged me to deliver it to no one but the lady herself."

"And he gave you a groat? So: you are well paid. I will deliver it myself without fee; and if I catch you here again ——"

The boy waited no longer; and fearful that his groat might be demanded as well as the letter, ran off at full speed.

The appearance of the three companions was anything but prepossessing. They were travel-stained and bespattered with mud; the rain dripped slowly from their hats, and there was about them such an unmistakable gaol-bird air, increased rather than diminished by the damp, mildewy look of their dejected steeds, that the servant who opened the door might well be excused for shutting it again in their faces; for a very brief glance at the odd-looking visitors was enough to satisfy him that they meant no good. But his intention was frustrated by one of the party, who, with a sudden push, sent him reeling into the midst of the hall.

Rookesby, affecting to be highly incensed at the man's discourtesy, demanded to see his mistress forthwith; and in obedience to the summons, the lady appeared, with every sign of surprise and alarm.

"I have a letter for you, madam," he said: "but before I deliver it, let all your servants assemble here. I bear a warrant for the arrest of a priest named Foster, who, I learn, is concealed here."

The household consisted of only five or six persons, one of whom, a tall, sturdy-loooking man, seemed disposed to offer some resistance; but yielding to an imploring whisper from the lady, he shrugged his shoulders and looked on. Rookesby desired them to enter a small room, and threatening them with instant death if they attempted to escape, he opened the letter, and holding it at arm's length, requested the lady to read it aloud.

It contained but a few lines, couched in the usual enigmatical terms:—

"To Mistress LINE, greeting.

"A sad calamity has befallen one of my customers, whereby he has suffered great loss. I am departing in all haste to render what assistance I am able. There is news also that some contraband goods have been seized by the officers at the lodgings of one of my acquaintances; and, likewise, that an agent has been arrested, who was lately the bearer of a letter to him.

"PAUL GOWER, Merchant."

With a sudden exclamation, the spy crushed the letter in his hand, and without making any remark, left the room and turned the key.

As there was no one to watch their proceedings, the two men

made no pretence of looking for a priest, but contented themselves by appropriating such money and small articles of value that fell in their way. Leaving them to their own devices, Rookesby wandered gloomily about the house, and entering one of the rooms, threw himself into a chair, sighing wearily.

A slight noise attracted his attention; and looking round, he observed at the further end an altar, ready decked for Mass, and ornamented with massive candlesticks, and a crucifix of curious workmanship. Rising suddenly, he went towards the broad fireplace that stood on one side of the room, and gently rapped on the wainscoting, asking if anyone was concealed there. There was a profound silence; and after listening attentively for some moments, he turned away. As he did so, he faced the altar, and moved by an involuntary impulse, he knelt before it.

"Oh, would to God," he said, "that I could retrace my steps—that I could once more suffer for the faith that I betray!"

His lips quivered; and as he clasped his hands, the letter fell to the floor. He picked it up, and rising, muttered:—

"Too late! too late! Yet, who is this Paul Gower? What dead memories does his face recall? I have tried to avoid him. I shrink from his very look; yet again and again some cursed fate thrusts me into his presence. One of his 'customers!'" he said, with his eyes on the letter—"one of his flock, doubtless, to whom he is on his way to console for his 'loss.' I would not willingly be the means of his death; let him then stand out of my path. He may not always find me in so soft a mood."

It was getting dark, and he heard his companions approaching, talking and laughing as they came. He tore down the hangings of the altar, wrapped in them the crucifix and candlesticks, and hurriedly passed out with the remark that it was some goods that he would leave in the hall for them to carry away next morning. Instead of doing so, however, he thrust the parcel into the room where Mistress Line and her servants were detained, warning her to take more care of her superstitious trumpery.

A cheerful fire, and creature comforts in plenty, formed a happy contrast to the heavy rain pattering at the casement, and the howling of the wind without, and gave a zest to the enjoyment of his companions. Nor did they for a moment lose sight of the fact that they were unauthorized intruders in the place; poachers, indeed, upon ground specially reserved for pursuivants, and other duly-qualified tormentors of Papists. But pursuivants were very busy just then; and the fear of any retaliation on the part of Papists was a notion too absurd to be entertained for a moment.

Rookesby had instinctively recoiled from the desecration of the room, which evidently formed the domestic chapel; but finding his remonstrances disregarded by his friends, he reluctantly gave way.

But now that, overcome with drink, the two ruffians snored peacefully on the floor, his apprehensions returned; and nervously awake to the slightest sound, he again fancied that he heard a cough or a groan, and trembling with fear, he knelt down and cautiously peered up the chimney. Glancing at the fire for a moment, he started up in surprise, and vigorously stamped out the decaying embers. For the hearth upon which the fire had been kindled was of wood, and deeply charred, and the circumstance confirmed his suspicion that it was a hiding-place, such as was to be met with in the house of almost every wealthy Catholic at the time. Convinced now that the slight noises had proceeded from some one concealed there, he said, in a loud whisper:—

"Is any priest here? Have no fear. I solemnly declare you shall come to no harm. My companions are sleeping. You may escape if you will. Speak—quickly!"

The mournful sighing of the wind was the only sound that broke the profound stillness; and observing that the light was burning low, he drew towards him some articles of bedding that had been brought in from an adjoining room, and laid himself down beside his companions.

His sleep was broken and disturbed. Once or twice he started up in an agony of fear, with the cold perspiration streaming down his face, dreaming that someone had entered the room, and was standing near him; and as soon as the first streak of dawn was visible, he roused the others, and urged them to quit the place at once.

After exacting double fees on account of the distance they had to travel, they released their prisoners, and rode away. Had they been armed with the least authority for their proceedings, they would not have scrupled to take the best horses to be found in the recusant's stables in exchange for their own sorry hacks; but horses, unlike coin, could be traced and identified; and horse-stealing being a capital offence, some unwillingness to put their valuable necks in jeopardy before the proper time, may have deterred them from the committal of that trifling crime.

Upon their arrival at the Compter, the gaoler was much chagrined to find that Rookesby had come away almost empty-handed, and railed at the spy for his neglect. Rookesby, however, did not reply; and the gaoler, somewhat mollified by his share of the fees, which was much larger than he had anticipated, set some food before his friend, and regaled him further with the gossip of the day.

Mistress Line's servant had been examined before the Council, and released upon some conditions unknown to the gaoler, who had not failed to impress on the mind of his prisoner that he owed his good fortune to the intercession of Master Rookesby.

"By-the-way," he continued, "your late companion has got

himself into trouble. He says 'twas an accident; but he is detained in prison, as a matter of form, on the charge of murder."

"My companion! murder!" said Rookesby amazed. "Do you mean Cuffe?"

"That is the man," said the gaoler. "No doubt he will be able to clear himself, for he voluntarily made the statement to my lord-mayor. A boy at some saddler's, I think it was, spoke impudently to him, and he boxed the young springal's ears without meaning to harm him; and the lad fell down and hurt his head, and is since dead."

"His blood be upon his own head!" the spy muttered to himself as he left the prison. "Again he crosses my path: but for the last time."

Late that evening, when Father Gower was leaving the broken-hearted Shefford, he found sitting on the threshold a person apparently asleep, and desiring him to move, the man rose slowly and stood aside rubbing his eyes; but the moment the door was closed, and Father Gower stood without, the man laid his hand on his shoulder, arresting him in the king's name. At the same instant three or four others sprang forward; and one who he thought bore a strange likeness to Rookesby, crossed suddenly from a doorway opposite, and looking sharply at him, pointed, and said:—

"That is Paul Gower, the Jesuit priest. He is your prisoner."

CHAPTER XIV.—IN THE TOILS.

FOR more than an hour after Rookesby's departure, the inmates of the White House remained in the apartment in which they had passed the night, afraid to stir. It too frequently happened that the searchers made a pretence of leaving, in order to throw their victims off their guard, and returned suddenly, hoping to find that the priest, supposing that the danger was at an end, would have left his hiding-place.

One of the men at length went up-stairs to the chapel, and looking with some dismay at the remains of the fire, called in a low tone. A voice was heard in reply, and he slowly raised the false hearth, disclosing a narrow aperture at the back of the fire-place, from which Father Burnet emerged, begrimed with dust and smoke.

"I have been called twice already; but I recognised your voice, George," he said. "Are you sure they have gone away?"

"Long since," replied the other. "But what have they been about here?" and he pointed to the ashes. "'Tis a mercy that this slab is of good stout oak, else they would have fired the house. You have not suffered much, I trust, sir?"

"The smoke and heat were somewhat unpleasant, and rather dangerous," said the priest, smiling at his companion's anxiety. "And from what I overheard, it is clear to me that they were not pursuivants at all."

"Beshrew me, if I did not think the same myself! And the leader —there were but three of them in all—reminded me strongly of someone I formerly knew. I should know our north country twang anywhere."

We may briefly account for the presence of Father Burnet and his trusty servant, Pouch, by mentioning that the former, when on his journey from Ipsley, had passed a night at the White House. Mistress Line availed herself of the opportunity to extract from him a promise that, as early as occasion offered, he would visit her for the purpose of enabling her and the Catholics in the vicinity to approach the sacraments, from which they had been debarred for some months. Growing impatient at the delay that ensued, she sent a letter requesting permission to visit him in London. When her messenger reached Golden-lane, a search had been already made by the pursuivants; and Father Burnet, narrowly evading capture, had betaken himself to Harrow, as being the nearest place of security known to him. The servant was, as we have seen, immediately arrested, and his sudden disappearance naturally gave rise to Mistress Line's serious apprehensions. A few days after Burnet's arrival, Father Gower most unexpectedly made his appearance. He had been visiting the Catholic families in the neighbourhood, and having several pressing engagements still to fulfil, he hurried on, leaving Burnet, as he fancied, in safety. He was overtaken on the road by a messenger bearing the intelligence of Shefford's misfortune, and also of the arrest of Mistress Line's servant. His plans were changed at once; and he hastened to return to London, stopping by the way at Harrow, to send warning of their danger to Father Burnet and his hostess.

The warning was understood and acted upon by Burnet, who speedily put several miles between himself and the White House. For nearly a month he was fully occupied in his fatiguing duties, passing hither and thither, but never by the same road, and staying for a day or two at the residences of Catholics, where his presence was greeted with every demonstration of respectful welcome, until he found himself at Ealing, on the high road to the metropolis. Here he rested, sending Pouch forward to hire a house, and notify his approach to the leading members of his flock.

His messenger returned with an ominous budget of news. There was a warrant out for Burnet's arrest; and the pursuivants, getting scent of his suspected refuge, probably from Rookesby, or the men who accompanied him, had made a thorough search at the White House in presence of the magistrates, discovered the hiding-place in the chapel, committed great havoc in the house, and had taken Mistress Line to London, a prisoner.

But the most serious item of Pouch's intelligence concerned Father Gower. He was a prisoner; had undergone several examinations by the Council, and even racked: but although there were strong suspicions, no direct proof of his being a priest had as yet transpired. For some unaccountable reason, Rookesby hung back. He volunteered no evidence; and apparently satisfied with having effected the arrest of the Jesuit, seemed desirous of leaving to others the responsibility of convicting him.

"And a strange adventure happened also to me," continued Pouch. "You may remember that the servant of Mistress Line who was sent to you with a letter from that lady, never returned to Harrow. I had seen him twice before, when he brought messages to you, and to-day; while wandering about in the darkest and most secluded lanes of the city, this fellow came, up and clapping me on the shoulder, hailed me as an old friend. As he had been trusted by his mistress, although he is no Catholic, I thought he might be useful to us, and told him what I was seeking. His tone instantly grew most cordial and confidential; he plied me with questions about you: whether I still served you; where you were to be met with; and wound up by asking if it were true that you are a priest. Something in his manner struck me, I know not why; and without gratifying his curiosity, or letting him know my suspicions, I tried to get rid of him. But wherever I went he stuck fast by my side, until I was fairly puzzled. He must have thought me hard to please: for every house he showed me was either too large or too small, or in some way unsuited; but, by a stroke of good fortune, I chanced to see a young lady, whom I recognised, entering a house, and guessing at once its owner, I wished my friend good-day, adding that I served Lord Aston now. He left me with a very sour look; but as I saw that he was still watching, I made bold to knock at Lord Aston's, and asked for Mistress Vaughan.

"Vaughan!" interposed the Jesuit; "Is she in London? But go on."

"Lord Aston remains in town with his family until the spring," said Pouch. "Well, I got speech of Mistress Vaughan, and mightily glad was she to hear that you were safe. She is true as steel; and when I told her that you needed shelter, declared that you should make my lord's house your own, and fetched in Lord Aston to enforce your acceptance of her offer. He was deeply concerned, and begged me to bring you to him; and finding that I could not promise to do that, he besought me to remind you, a word would bring him to your side if you wanted a friend."

"The good old man!" said Burnet.

"One would have thought," said Pouch, "that he had had enough of meddling with such dangerous matters. If Sir John Coniers had not stopped the sheriff's mouth so neatly, Lord

Aston would have been hard put to it to clear himself of the charge of harbouring a priest."

"And despite the risk he has already incurred on my account," rejoined Burnet, "he would yet, in his impulsive kindness, shelter me again beneath his roof: knowing what I am, and that a price is set upon my head."

"God send us a few more such friends!" said Pouch. "We need them much."

"He at least knows that we are no traitors," said Burnet thoughtfully, after a short silence. "We do but seek to rebuild the walls of our Jerusalem, which tyranny and persecution have laid low. Our sufferings have grown too common to excite pity. There is not a prison near us but contains scores of our people, who patiently endure the harsh penalties of the law; not a gibbet but is red with our blood. Yet, why need we despair? The Founder of Christianity was rejected and crucified by those to whom he preached; three centuries of persecution and trial were allowed to pass away before the world could be induced to receive the Gospel. But the Church triumphed, and the nations beheld the Vicar of Christ enthroned in the City of the Cæsars. So will it be with us again. The blood of England's martyrs sinks deep into the thirsty soil, and the harvest will follow in God's good time."

Pouch had succeeded in finding a house; not exactly in the city, but in a place called Moorfields, near Bishop's-gate. It was not in a lonely position, yet sufficiently secluded to meet with the priest's approbation; and here he and Pouch resided for some weeks. It would have been a matter of no difficulty to obtain lodgings with some Catholic family; but those who harboured a priest were liable to such cruel treatment, that it was only under extreme pressure that any priest could be prevailed upon to accept of shelter burthened with such hazardous conditions.

His first thought was of Father Gower; and by enquiries made with great caution, it was discovered that the priest lay in one of the city prisons, where no stranger was permitted to visit him. A handsome bribe to one of the justices procured his removal to the Clink, a prison attached to the Bishop of Winchester's palace in Southwark, where he enjoyed considerable personal liberty.

When Burnet, in a well-contrived disguise, gained access to the Clink, he found Father Gower in the midst of a circle of friends. Part of the room he occupied was arranged as a chapel; and here he informed Burnet he said Mass every day, at which most of the Catholics in the prison were allowed to be present by the connivance of the gaoler, who was amply remunerated for his services. Alms, which he accepted only from those who he knew could well afford to give, flowed in abundantly, and were transmitted to other priests in London for their support. The Catholics, not

knowing when their own turn should come, vied with each other in succouring these victims of the penal laws; and a priest was frequently in greater security and comfort in prison than when he followed his perilous avocation beyond its walls.

Father Burnet was unmolested in his new home. His time was fully occupied by his duties; visiting the Catholics committed to his charge, administering the sacraments as frequently as possible, and occasionally permitting them, but never in large numbers, to assemble at his residence for Mass.

A considerable share of responsibility devolved upon Pouch; without his assistance the Jesuit would have been almost helpless. Always watchful and active, never out of temper or out of heart, more anxious for the priest's safety than his own, the depositary of all his master's secrets—he was one of the men who seemed specially raised up for the time to be the guardians of the faith in its most troubled and darkest hour. Priests were at the mercy of their servants; and to the eternal honour of those humble, devoted men, we call to mind that in no single instance did they betray the confidence of the priest, nor were the persecutors able to wring from them, by the severest tortures, the slightest evidence that would injure those they served. On the contrary, they are to be found sharing the sorrows and the captivity of the missioners, and, in many instances, sealing by their blood their fidelity to the cause of the Catholic religion.

Pouch had been out one evening to summon a few members of the little flock to attend the Mass of the Conception, a festival then close at hand, and upon his return, was startled to find a stranger seated on the stone wall that ran in front of the house. In reply to Pouch's demand to know what he did there, the man jumped down, and said in a whisper that he had a letter to deliver to Master Foster.

"You know me," he said: "John Coyle, formerly servant to Mistress Line. Poor lady! She is in prison, and greatly distressed; and thinking that Master Foster might be able to help her, she has written him this letter."

"Well, give it to me," said Pouch; "I sometimes see the gentleman to whom it is addressed."

"Nay, but I must see him, too," replied Coyle. "I have a message for his ear alone from my poor mistress. Ah! it is sad, indeed, to see her suffer; and all for harbouring a priest."

"Well, if you must see the gentleman," said Pouch, carelessly, "you will have to find him. I cannot tell where he is now. So good even to you, friend."

He had entered as he spoke, and was about to close and relock the gate, when Coyle interposed.

"A truce with this nonsense! I know that Master Foster lives here, for I have seen him passing in and out several times lately. I live close by myself," he added, as Pouch shot a quick, sus-

picious glance at him. "You may trust me. If I had meant to betray him, do you suppose that I could not have done it without showing myself?"

There was much apparent truth in the remark, and Pouch was staggered; and reflecting that all the harm that could be done was comprised in the discovery of the priest's retreat, he told Coyle to follow him, and they went in together.

Father Burnet was not greatly pleased to find that Mistress Line had chosen so dangerous a means of communicating with him; but he read the letter without remark, briefly telling Coyle that it should be attended to.

"You said, I think, that you had a message from your mistress?" said Pouch.

"It is but a few words that the lady added when she gave me the letter," replied Coyle: "She wished me to remind you that it is on your account that she is in prison, and begged that you would send her a few words of consolation under your own hand."

The priest had been writing before the visitor entered, and drawing the paper towards him, he was about to indite a short epistle, when looking up, he observed Pouch, who stood behind the messenger, gesticulating violently, and shaking his head by way of caution.

He wrote, however, a few lines, and holding the paper in his hand, paused for a moment, and then deliberately put it in the fire.

"It will be better not to write. You might be running great risks if my letter were found upon you," he said to Coyle. "Tell your mistress that I will not fail to see her."

The man was evidently disappointed, and said something in an undertone; and after casting a wistful look at the fragments of burnt paper on the hearth, took his leave.

"That fellow means mischief," said Pouch, when they were alone again. "He has taken a lodging near us, and told me he had seen you several times. You are no longer safe here, sir."

"Our poor friends meet here to-morrow," said the priest. "After that we will see about other quarters. But something must be done for Mistress Line. I have not much money left," and he turned out the contents of his purse; "but what there is shall be hers, poor soul. Carry this to Newgate, where she lies, and arrange matters with the gaoler, so that she may have such comforts as money will obtain in that wretched place. I will see Father Gower in the meantime, to urge him to send her from time to time what she needs."

These matters occupied them during a considerable portion of the night; yet they were astir at a very early hour next morning, and after the small stock of books and papers that the priest owned had been secreted, the room that served as a chapel was put in order, and everything prepared for Mass.

As soon as the people had assembled, the priest commenced to put on the necessary vestments; and while thus occupied, a noise was heard below of shouting and hammering at the door: the priest-hunters were upon them, and Burnet had barely time to disrobe, when the pursuivants burst into the room with a body of armed followers. They demanded to know where the priest was; and one of them laid hands upon Burnet, while the others, amid a confusion of threats and questions, took the names of those present. There had not been sufficient time to strip the altar of its furniture, and as the pursuivants pointed to it in triumph, the little congregation could not but admit that they were there for the purpose of hearing Mass, and were waiting for the priest. Several were at once arrested, and then the man who first accosted Burnet, looking round, found that that personage had disappeared.

It was discovered subsequently that the alarm had been given by some neighbours, whose suspicions had been aroused by seeing an unusual number of persons resorting to the house at that early hour, and judging from the seclusion in which Burnet lived, had concluded that he was either a priest or a recusant who allowed Mass to be said in his house. The man Coylé fully intended, as Pouch had surmised, to lay the information that very day, having gone thither the preceding night for the purpose of ascertaining whether the priest actually resided there; but being new to the business of a spy, and acting, as he thought, with extreme caution, found, a few hours later, that he had been forestalled, and his prey escaped.

The snow lay thick upon the ground; few people were about; and heart-sick and anxious, Father Burnet wandered far from the city, with the intention of returning at dusk. He blamed himself for imprudence in permitting the people to assemble after the visit of Coyle, to whom he attributed, incorrectly, however, the imprisonment of his helpless followers. He thought, too, of his faithful friend, Pouch, and more than once turned back intending to ascertain his fate.

He walked about the whole day without any fixed purpose; afraid to seek help or shelter from his fellow-Catholics, whom he shrunk from compromising by any act of his. Coming away so hastily, he had forgotten his cloak; and his shoes were soaked by the clinging snow. By nightfall he found himself on the Uxbridge-road; and weary and faint, he turned his face again to the metropolis with lagging steps.

Remembering that Tyburn lay in that direction, he seemed drawn by some instinct to the place that had witnessed the martyrdom of so many Catholics, and many too of his own order. He knelt down, embraced the gallows, brushed away the snow with his hand, and kissed the ground. The Agony in the Garden came upon his mind; the bitter chalice of suffering from which the Saviour's tender soul had recoiled, seemed pressed to his lips.

The disciples in all ages had drunk of that chalice; and he offered himself to his Maker, as he had done in his every prayer for many years. Consoled and cheered by the fervent hope that he too might yet bear witness, however humbly and unworthily, for that Master whom he served with his whole heart, he passed from the shade of the dark, threatening gibbet with a martyr's constancy; with hands imploringly uplifted for the martyr's crown.

"Not my will, but Thine be done."

Weary and footsore, he re-entered the city. He had eaten nothing the whole day, and finding that he still had a few coins in his pouch, he entered a small tavern and called for food.

He thought the bystanders regarded him with curiosity, and listened nervously to their conversation. The talk ran upon matters which did not interest him; but one suddenly turning towards him, made some remark about Popish priests. It was said at random; but thinking that his appearance in such a plight appeared singular to the frequenters of the place, he hastily finished the coarse food that had been placed before him, and went his way.

Grim prisons, wherein many of his creed suffered in hunger, darkness and chains, frowned gloomily upon him. Some undefined purpose of visiting the Clink guided his steps to the bridge, and he bared his head reverently as he passed beneath the arch whereon were ranged the heads of some he had known who had died for their faith. But pausing midway on the bridge, at an opening between the houses that covered it at the time, he leaned thoughtfully on the balustrade, and looked upon the turbid waters below.

The stream that at its source flowed in a narrow, almost imperceptible rill, broadened as it reached the busy haunts of men; and in its angry chafing, and bustling roar, as it flowed fast and furious towards the boundless ocean, seemed emulous of their strife, and animated with their fierce passions, dashing itself against the massive piles on which the bridge rested, only to be hurled back again in a broken, seething mass. Yet the waters sometimes made sad havoc there, and triumphed for a while in their mastery over the weak device of man. And before the imagination of the lonely priest there rose a vision, distinct and vivid, of the immutable Rock of the Faith, beaten to all outward seeming into a shapeless mass, and sunk fathoms deep beneath a torrent of pitiless, unreasoning fury. But let the waves beat as they would, and the storm rage ever so furiously, there was one who was their Master; who could still them by His hand. Upon a Rock He built His Church; and had He not graciously promised —He, the Truth itself—that the gates of hell should *never* prevail against it?

There was a strange hush upon the great city: men passed him by with rapid footfall, noiseless as the steps of the dead. A

"It seemed to him a wild, hideous dream."—*High Treason*, page 375.

calm fell upon his heart; all sense of fatigue left him. He seemed possessed with a sense of elation; he could have cried out for very joy. And still he went on, not knowing whither his footsteps tended.

Suddenly there met him, face to face, a company of the city watch going its rounds; and the lights flashed upon his pale, bright face, as they paused to ask some question that he heard imperfectly. They attempted to seize him, but he turned and fled. They called after him, and followed in pursuit, but speedily lost him amid the windings of the quaint, narrow streets.

The incident recalled him, in a measure, to himself; and he stood still and tried to think of some place of shelter; and while he hesitated, a man, with hat drawn closely over his brow, brushed past him. He thought the figure bore some resemblance to the saddler with whom Father Gower had lived; and being unable for the moment to remember any more promising refuge, he proceeded towards St. Laurence-lane.

As he did so, he heard loud cries at a little distance ahead, followed by the clash of steel. The probability that some belated wayfarer had been set upon by thieves—a very ordinary occurrence in the London streets after dark—made him quicken his pace, and drawing his sword, he hastened on.

Before him, trampling the snow in their rapid changes of position, two men were thrusting fiercely at each other; and as he neared them, one of the combatants, who he instantly recognised as the man who had passed him a few minutes previously, flung himself with an exultant cry upon his assailant, and the two fell heavily to the ground; and then, leaping to his feet, the victor bounded rapidly away.

The affair had only occupied a few seconds; its suddenness deprived him of presence of mind, and he paused, horror-struck and irresolute.

But the noise of the affray had reached other ears than his; and the city watch swiftly glided towards him with muffled steps. He heard a confused murmur of voices; his sword was roughly snatched from him; heavy hands were laid upon his arm, and he was a prisoner.

It seemed to him a wild, hideous dream. The lanterns cast a faint, uncertain light upon the livid features of the dead: and by its gleam he saw that from the breast of the murdered man there protruded the fragment of a blade. The face was painfully distorted by a look of rage and hate; the eyes were fixed and glassy; and the sinewy hand still grasped a sword.

The priest turned shudderingly away; for, pierced through the breast, with his life-blood ebbing slowly away, and reddening the snow, lay the hunter of priests—the savage and resolute pursuivant, Timothy Cuffe.

(To be continued.)

WHY?

WHY do the fairest blossoms
Wither and die so soon?
Why does the sunlight's glory
Begin to fade at noon?

Why does the summer vanish
Before we have felt its breath?
Why are the heart's pulsations
Quenched by the chill of death?

Why are our young affections
For ever poured out in vain?
Why is each throb of pleasure
Followed by pangs of pain?

Why is the sweetest music
With mystic sadness fraught?
Why do we fly in terror
From the secret depths of thought

Why do our souls feel lonely
'Mid the city's restless throng,
Though we are borne like atoms
In the dizzy crowd along?

'Tis thus my spirit questions,
Gazing with awe around
On the thousand strange illusions
That perplex her and confound.

And a mystic Voice makes answer:
"Earth's joys cannot sate the soul,
Which is ever soaring higher,
Seeking the distant goal

"Where, sphered in immortal splendour,
The angels bow down before
Their Master, the Lord of Heaven,
And in ecstasy adore.

"If the flowers could bloom for ever,
If the sun ne'er ceased to shine,
The soul might for earth relinquish
The Beauty that is divine.

"If she dreamed that earth were Heaven,
She might never to God aspire,
And she would not be lifted upward
On the wings of pure desire.

"When she sees earth's fading splendours,
And feels that her hopes are crost,
She dreams of the distant Heaven
As of something she had lost.

"When she hears sweet strains of music,
Bright visions before her rise:
She hears the songs of the angels
Far off beyond the skies.

"The soul was by God created,
And in God must the soul find rest:
He made it to dwell for ever
In the mansions of the Blest.

"Death only draws forth the spirit
From its dark corporeal sheath,
And lays bare the light and beauty
That have slumbered so long beneath.

"Then earth's shadows fade for ever
In the quenchless light of God;
And the soul walks through sapphire valleys
By footsteps of angels trod."

D. F. H.

A MAY-DAY RAMBLE.

THERE are few luxuries which nature affords, and which the poorest can enjoy, like that of passing a fine day, at any season, in the open air, with the sun, the sea, the hills or woods. To the eye which can recognise, the mind which can sympathize with the beauty which God has everywhere impressed on the physical world and its surroundment, no gallery of pictures can equal those presented by the scenery of the seasons. The painter vainly seeks to emulate the effects produced by light: working with colours, he can merely endeavour to approximate them by the management of contrast and gradation, according to the principles of art. Light beautifies all things in our latitude; but to enjoy it in all its richness and glory, one must visit the

South of Europe, or the tropical regions. Yet, in the dewy atmosphere of Ireland, effects are produced which are as peculiar as they are unsurpassable. Along the Mediterranean there are bays, "the peacock's neck in hue." But nothing can surpass the delicacy of tint, gradation, and airy beauty of the lights which often play on our mountains, seen through the misty, dew-dropping atmosphere of Erin.

One of the charms of a long walk by the sea, or upon the mountains, is derived from the sense of freedom; at such times the action of the mind harmonizes with that of the body. We wash our blood in clear air: we air our ideas. Such meditative rambles, during which we enjoy the impressions of the scenery—its forms, lights, shades, colours—are a true luxury. We may then also pleasingly recall those ideas derived from the scientific study of nature, which illustrate the eternal laws of the Deity, that regulate and vivify creation, together with those poetic descriptions in which imagination, guided by the sense of beauty, reflects reality in the finest language to the mind—that conscious mirror of the universe. Observation is one of the greatest pleasures of existence. Yet, few are taught how to observe, as we always should, with sensibility, as with intellectual accuracy. How agreeable it is, for instance, to watch the life and habits of animals; to recognise how capable they are of affection; how gratified for any amusement we offer them; how delighted to become our companions. The pleasures derived from observation of both the inanimate and the animate world are indeed inexhaustible—the silent grandeur and loveliness of the one, and the still more attractive life of the other.

"Give me health and a day," says Emerson, "and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. The dawn shall be my Assyria; moonrise and sunset my Paphos, and unimaginable realm of faerie; broad noon shall be my England, of the senses and the understanding; and night shall be my Germany, of mystic philosophy and dreams."

When out for a ramble of a fine day, it is sweet to rest by the seashore or on some mountain side, and with our hand frame in selected bits of the scenery—thus forming a series of charming vignettes, finer than can be found in any series of art sketches—pictures which cost nothing: some group of fishers pushing off on the waters, or cluster of children gathering flowers in the fields, and such like; all the while the sea, or the birds, the winds, or leaves are singing to us an accompaniment to such pictures.

No gallery of art, indeed, can compare with the scenes which we can obtain in the external world from the Scenery of the Seasons. It is now a May noon, with a grey sky and a fresh wind breathing through the greening trees and over breadths of sprouting wheat. Now and then a dewy ray falls on the old bridge spanning the blue river in the spring valley, where the cresses

and large-leaved water plants grow fresh by the banks and beneath the arch—which frames in a picture of the upland meadows, with their farms and hedges, and of the far mountains, touched with disentangling cloud. We see under the strong sun the wet roads of early May winding through the landscape. A scent of wild celery floats on the damp wind; "a scent of rain comes up the blue-hilled south." The white-domed palaces of pure spring vapours are in the sky, and the meadows are full of flowers, knots of violets, and families of daisies.

"The skylark soars on sunny wing
Up from the sunny grasses:
The splendid Spring clouds billowing
On azure mountain masses
Shine o'er the rough green wheaten plain—
Or, rising from the spacious main,
Shadow in grey shafts of rain,
Along the budding woods; while through
The disentangling woof of blue,
Drip, drip, falls the dew.

"The daffodil bends on the mould
Its yellow rain-weighed chalice;
The crocus flames in dewy gold,
Beside the pink marshmallows,
Over its airy stem; and flower
The soft May meads from hour to hour,
Green as the fresh sea after a shower:
And by the oak root, thickly set,
'Mid pimpernel and daisy wet—
The coy blue violet."

After this May-day picture, we may turn to those lines, which describe a walk of, say, an early August evening, near the city:—

"The old cathedral's square brown towers above the clumps of elms in mellow
Sunset smile; and near me quiver on the river's mirror golden,
Where a passing barge has blurred the smoky shadows of the olden
City roofs;—the corn stacks glimmer in a misty glow of yellow
By the long, dry road, where wisps of straw-swathe drape the beech trees bending
At the turning; plucked from heaped carts of harvest, barnward tending.
Far off the sleeky, sliding water, winding past the spanning bridges,
Flows to the sea, whence comes an air that on its fresh wing seems to bear
The murmurs of the foliage stirred along the mountain ridges.
Beside the butterfly the bee drones hiveward through the sallow bushes;
The trout plumps in the smooth brown reach, beneath the nodding turbaned rushes."

Had yonder white cloud a consciousness, what a series of scenes, vast and grand, or homely, sweet and rural, it could tell us of, from the hour when it shone, emergent over the wide sea, to that when it reached our shores, blown by the tropic or polar winds! It may have passed over the Alps, and looked down on some Swiss lake, blue on the sky, bordered with chalets, with fishing villages embowered in trees, and skirted by green uplands, reaching away to the piles of snowy mountains, lying soft as summer vapours against the sky—where ever and anon the ava-

lanche falls in thick and snowy dust, or whence some torrent issues, hurrying along its blocks of ice through the green meadows. Or, caught in a current, the cloud may have drifted across the Mediterranean from Africa, and seen the dead, red hues of sunset over Algiers, mingled with green and intense flame; or floated awhile in the solitary, starry sky of the desert; or over the green savannas of South America, and the vast mahogany forests of Brazil, alive with luminous insects at night: and resting over the huge trees, have beheld far south the great constellations and nebulæ. Or it may have seen the great tide wave following the moon at the rate of a thousand miles an hour on some wide ocean, and viewed many a vessel toiling through the ridges of the wide waters. Or it may have come to us from Italy, over mountains and cities; from the chestnut woods of Calabria to the snows of the Alps; passing thus over the world, in harmony with the material poetry of nature. For the Alp, indeed, is a material poem, epic and idylic; with its snowy, eternal sublimities—its torrent music, thunder-cloud and glacier, rising to heaven under the vast passing shadows and lights, glooming and glowing in the flame of the sun; and lower, its champaign lands, warm and sheep-scattered, watered by full-flowing rivers, and bathed in the shade of full-leaved trees. The cloud may have listened to the whispering foliage of the Appenines, or to the sombre sighings of the Vallambrosa woods; or maychance it has floated over Nice on one of those young May days, of which Casti sings:—

"I feel, oh, lovely and loveable Nice,
How lightly and luxuriantly
Breathes the air which brings to me
The fresh Spring from the seas of Greece;
And hear the young birds warbling,
In the clear wide-open morn
With their songs salute the Spring—
With their songs the day new born."

Many of the classic poets have sung of Spring—Anacreon, Catullus, Horace, and others, of whom we may say, as Moschus says of Bion: "Echo among the reeds feeds on their songs." Virgil, describing Italy, says, "Here is perpetual spring, and summer months not her own." One of the sweetest antique addresses to Spring is the little poem of Catullus, "on its approach," which animates the young poet to visit the cities of Asia. He was attaché to the Roman Consulate at Nicea, a city in Asia Minor. The following version of this pretty little poem is from T. C. Irwin's paraphrase of Catullus:—

"Now comes the sweet Spring from afar,
Borne on the airs of eastern seas,
And broods above the forest trees,
'Mid budding leaf and humid star.

The wind that gently stirs my hair
  Has floated on through sun and rains,
  O'er sultry Phrygia's placid plains,
To sweet Nicea's fruitful air.
Up, then, Catullus, up, and stray
  Toward yonder azure deeps divine,
  Where Asia's splendrous cities shine
Close to the dawning—up and away!
The moving spring is in thy blood,
  And restless grow thy eager feet,
  And bounding throbs thy breast to meet
The winds and waves of land and flood.
Farewell, thou winter-warm abode,
  And evening friends who mingled there:
  Those leaving home for foreign air
Must part on many a wandering road."

For those who in the fine May days take delight in rambling by the sea-shore, with some volume which belongs to the empire of knowledge, or with some congenial tome of story or song, we may appropriately end our paper with the following lines of modern verse, as a contrast to those of the antique poet quoted above; and inasmuch as both are animated with the pleasant prospect of the out-of-door life which Summer brings us:

"All that we learn in life is ours—
  Beauties of poetry—forms of art—
Methods of science—all the powers
  Of knowledge blent with head and heart.
Each carries in his single soul
A reflex of the wondrous Whole;
All that is, and our race have known.
More than our transient form, we own;
The past of substance, life and mind,
For ever within our own enshrined;
The laws that regulate near and far,
The flower of the field and furthest star;
All of the vast that spirit and eye
  Have seen and proved—to the furthest shore
Visible in infinity—
  Belongs to us for evermore.

Up and away!—we'll bear to-day
  In our sunny brains, for rambles lone,
  By woods and shores, this latest blown,
Longest and loveliest summer poem;
  And as its comrades round the bay,
  Airy throngs of sweetest songs,
Fragrant as roses, light as foam."

N. W.

THE MOORES OF MOORE'S COURT.

By Denis F. Hannigan.

Chapter XI.

There was a garden attached to Moore's Court: a pleasant spot, where luxuriant apple-trees hung, laden with fruit, and beds of rich flowers met the eye on every side. Here Charles Callanan sometimes indulged in the luxury of a quiet stroll before breakfast, inhaling the delicious fragrance of the flowers and the pure breath of the morning air. Early on the morning after he had read Miss Quain's story, he happened to be walking along the gravelled path that wound its way around the garden, pondering over the incidents of the little tale, and speculating on the peculiar tendency of the mind that could dwell so lovingly on such an ethereal theme, when, suddenly looking up from the ground, he beheld the quiet governess advancing towards him.

"Excuse me for intruding on you, Mr. Callanan," she said, with a look of surprise equal to his own; "I was not aware that you were in the garden."

"I hope you do not imagine, Miss Quain, that I regard your presence as an intrusion, in any sense," Charles quickly returned.

"No; I did not mean that," she said, blushing slightly; "but you may wish to be alone in order to think."

"Do you know what I was thinking over just now?" he asked, rather abruptly.

"Probably some philosophical question," Miss Quain suggested, with her usual quiet smile.

"No; I was thinking over your delightful little tale, Miss Quain. I assure you I read it with very great pleasure."

"I am glad it pleased you, Mr. Callanan. It had no pretensions to literary excellence; but I believe it was written with a sincere purpose."

"Oh! you do yourself less than justice," said Charles, warmly. "Your story is written with genuine sympathetic power; and it has the great merit of simplicity, which is a thing very rarely attained."

"Yet simplicity is sometimes looked on with contempt," the governess remarked.

"Yes, by vulgar minds," Charles returned, with considerable warmth; "all true art must be simple in the higher sense—that is, it must be the unaffected utterance of the heart."

"If your principle be the correct one," said the governess, "Burns is our most perfect artist."

"Not quite," he replied quickly. "Burns is, in some cases, the very reverse of simple. Take, for instance, 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' in which there is a most painful striving after effect. If you compare the style of this poem with a well-known production of one whom we always regard as a very artificial poet—I refer to Gray's 'Elegy'—you cannot help being struck by the contrast. Gray appears far less ponderous and involved."

"But is it not taking an unfair advantage of Burns to judge of his poetry by this single example? His songs are the very soul of feeling. You could scarcely say, Mr. Callanan, that they are devoid of simplicity?"

"Yes; his songs are the productions in which he has truly shown his wonderful lyric power. Herein Burns showed the native force of genius, unassisted by any artificial aids. It was only when he tried to be philosophical that he lost his original power. He could not, like Shakspeare and Dante, write on sublime subjects in a simple style."

"Do you not think Burns was rather devoid of reverence?" the governess quietly asked.

"I agree with you, Miss Quain; he shows a foolish tendency to sneer at things that are holy and beautiful in themselves. And that reminds me of what struck me particularly in reading your tale; it showed deep religious sensibility."

"I wished to show the influence of religion on a child's mind," Miss Quain observed; "and perhaps it is difficult to describe that forcibly. True religious emotion lies so far beneath the surface that it seems to shrink from all display."

"Perhaps you are too diffident," said Charles.

"On the contrary," she returned, "I believe I am self-conscious enough to realize my own powers fully; but, then, I cannot be blind to my shortcomings."

"You seem determined to be a severe critic of your own work, Miss Quain. I would advise you not to be afraid of failure. As long as you are sincere in your desire to succeed, and have a good object in view, I do not see why you should fear the disapprobation of others."

"If you allude to literary efforts," said the governess, "I fear I shall not find leisure to devote myself to such pursuits again for a long time. The fact is, Mr. Callanan, I find myself at present in too real a world to give myself up to ideality."

"But must we not all look up to some ideal, Miss Quain, if we wish to make our lives truly noble?"

The governess smiled. "I believe I have an ideal," she said; "but I do not think it is right to despise everything that fails to reach my ideal. There is much in the common-place things of life that excites my deepest sympathy."

"You try to attain your ideal, then, by practical means," Charles returned, with a smile. Here he looked at his watch.

"I believe it is breakfast-time, Miss Quain," he observed; "and that is one of the things even idealists cannot overlook."

They both left the garden together; and when they entered the breakfast-room, they found that the family had already assembled around the table. Lady Moore, who presided at the head of the table, wore her usual placid smile; but the baronet was looking unusually gloomy, as if some hidden troubles were preying on his mind. Aunt Deborah, with her usual sanctimonious aspect, sat next to her brother, apparently in a state of devout self-absorption. Rose Moore, who sat beside her brother, cast a quick, suspicious glance at Charles and the governess as they entered the room. But Frank Moore, whose temper seemed always to be quite unruffled, addressed Charles with careless gaiety:—

"In what region have you been wandering now, my fine fellow? I thought you were still in dreamland."

"I have emerged from that region more than two hours ago," replied Charles. "The fact is, I met Miss Quain in the garden, and we had a short conversation there. I hope we have not kept you waiting too long, Lady Moore," he added, glancing quickly towards that lady.

"Oh! not at all, Mr. Callanan," Lady Moore smilingly returned.

As Charles and Miss Quain took their seats, Rose Moore remarked in rather a sarcastic tone:—

"You and Miss Quain seem to be cultivating quite a Platonic friendship, Mr. Callanan."

Charles reddened, and replied with some confusion: "I believe Miss Quain and myself are sincere friends."

"Somehow I distrust all friendships," said Rose; "they promise too much, and generally disappoint in the end."

"I think that is rather a narrow view, Miss Moore," Charles returned. "Friendship has in it something so noble and unselfish that all nations have regarded it with honour, and the greatest poets have spoken of it with enthusiasm. Homer has given us a beautiful picture of heroic friendship in the story of Achilles and Patroclus."

"Oh! pray don't go back to the Trojan war," said Rose, with a slight curl on her lip. "We cannot be supposed to live now like the ancient Greeks."

"You are disposed to be rather hard on me, Miss Moore," replied Charles, slightly conscious that he had laid himself open to this retort by his learned allusion; "but I scarcely think we arrive soonest at truth by assuming beforehand that no such thing exists. I was speaking of friendship as a genuine sentiment, and not as a mere pretence."

"I have seen so little of what you call friendship that I cannot undertake to say whether it is a good thing or not," said Rose, coldly.

"Spenser considers friendship a nobler feeling even than love," observed Miss Quain.

"Does he, though?" Frank interposed; "that reminds me of a poem by Doctor Johnson, in which the joys of friendship are rather finely described. I remember the opening lines:—

> 'Friendship, peculiar boon of Heaven,
> The noble mind's delight and pride,
> To men and angels only given,
> To all the lower world denied.'"

"But, then, it is very hard to find a true friend," Lady Moore quietly remarked.

"I believe it is often our own fault that we do not make many friends," said Charles.

"For my part, I think the root of all the relations of modern life is self-interest," observed Sir Annesley, who seemed to regard the discussion as utterly puerile.

"True friendship is supposed to rest on something deeper than self-interest," said Charles, warmly; "history tells us of persons who died for their friends."

"Oh! Damon and Pythias!" exclaimed Rose, laughing ironically; "I thought that had been exploded long since."

"How cynical we are!" cried Frank, who did not relish his sister's self-sufficiency. "I thought young ladies were generally a little sentimental."

"I think Miss Moore slightly exaggerates her own feelings," said Charles. "It is scarcely possible that she can seriously doubt the existence of friendship, without which, in my humble opinion, the world would be a very dreary place. It has been said by a higher authority than any we can lay claim to (with all respect) that 'a faithful friend is the medicine of life.'"

"Oh, you refer to the passage in Ecclesiasticus, no doubt," Aunt Deborah interposed; "but you must not forget the words in the context: 'and they that fear the Lord shall find him.' This shows that the friendship of profane history, to which you were referring a while ago, Mr. Callanan, cannot be the true friendship."

"I am ready to allow, madam," said Charles, "that Christianity helps to ennoble friendship as it ennobles everything else; but, at the same time, it would be absurd to say that high virtue did not exist among the great nations of antiquity."

"I consider that human nature is utterly depraved," Aunt Deborah loftily observed. "Without the supernatural light of grace, there is nothing but evil in the human heart."

"That's rather a depressing doctrine, Aunt," said Frank; "and I am inclined to look more kindly on poor human nature."

Aunt Deborah smiled grimly, but disdained to argue with one who professed such pagan sentiments.

During breakfast, Sir Annesley appeared strangely abstracted.

The solitary remark he made in reference to Charles's ideal conception of friendship seemed rather to spring from a secret ill-feeling against the world at large, than from any direct interest in the subject they had been discussing. When they had all risen from the breakfast-table, the baronet, approaching Charles, said: "Will you kindly come into the library, Mr. Callanan? I have something to say to you."

"With the greatest pleasure, Sir Annesley," returned Charles, evidently very much surprised by the request.

Rose Moore, whose vigilant ears had caught her father's words, seemed not less surprised than Charles himself; but, restrained by discretion or a regard for her own dignity, she did not give expression to her feelings.

Charles followed Sir Annesley to the library, which was a small room situated in the western wing of the old mansion. The rays of the sun were almost completely shut out by a large stained-glass window that adorned the room in front, a small window at the other side admitting only a feeble light. There was a table in the centre of the apartment, on which lay some writing materials, and near it was a large easy chair. Here Sir Annesley sat down in rather a formal manner; and Charles quietly seated himself on the only other chair that the room contained. Sir Annesley, with his fingers interlaced and his thumbs moving uneasily, seemed at a loss how to introduce whatever he had to say. Charles in vain tried to conjecture what could be the cause of his discomposure.

"Your father, I believe, Mr. Callanan, is a person of high standing in the commercial world?" the baronet at length began, with some stiffness in his manner, despite a desperate effort to be familiar.

"My father is said to be a successful man of business," said Charles, who felt no great interest in discussing questions of a financial character.

Sir Annesley coughed slightly. "I have never had the pleasure of meeting him—at least, not to my knowledge—I mean, in fact, he and I have never come into contact." The baronet paused in some confusion, feeling conscious, perhaps, that he was unnecessarily repeating himself. "But," he continued, with an effort, "I hope I shall have the pleasure of meeting him soon."

"It is very kind of you to say so, Sir Annesley," Charles returned, seeing that some kind of reply was called for.

"I have observed that you are a young man of considerable intelligence," Sir Annesley went on, with what appeared to Charles some inconsequence in his remarks; "and as you and my son Frank have been at college together, there is a certain equality between us. But, you see, society has its distinctions; and it happens that your father—you'll excuse my putting it so plainly—does not move in our—well, circle, let me say."

Here he paused abruptly, and curiously scanned the young man's face, which was darkened by a slight frown.

The baronet, without apparently regaining his composure, resumed:—

"Of late, I have found it necessary to interest myself a little in matters of business. I need scarcely tell you that the management of a large estate is rather troublesome. I feel that it would be a useful thing for me to consult your worthy father on some points, which are rather—you see—of too mercantile a character for my turn of mind and general habits. Besides, as you are now staying with us, why should I not ask him to drop down here and spend a few days with us?"

"I cannot promise you that my father will come," returned the young man, with an air of reserve. "He is a man of exact business habits, and regards the loss of an hour in any society as a serious waste of time."

"Well, I suppose you think it better to let your father act for himself," the baronet observed, with a patronizing nod of the head. "I will send him a note this evening."

"As you please, Sir Annesley," Charles returned, as he rose to leave the room.

"Will you kindly tell me your father's address?" said Sir Annesley. Charles, reddening at the thought that this apparently needless request implied a covert sneer, gave him the necessary direction. He suspected that the baronet affected ignorance in the matter in order to show his utter isolation from commercial life.

"I shan't detain you any longer, Mr. Callanan," said the baronet. "You probably wish to get into the open air. I have some things to attend to, and must cage myself within doors."

With a slight bow to Sir Annesley, Charles quitted the library.

CHAPTER XII.

LEFT alone with his own reflections, Sir Annesley Moore did not find himself in the very pleasantest company. His gloomy abstraction at the breakfast-table had not been without a cause; for that very morning's post had brought him a number of very disagreeable letters from tradesmen to whom he owed considerable sums of money.

Sir Annesley had always been taught to look down upon commerce as something wholly unconnected with a gentleman of his own lofty station; and it had hitherto been his custom to speak of shopkeepers with lordly contempt, as if they were a mean, insignificant class, whose only possible use in society was to supply persons of his superior degree with the necessaries or the

luxuries of life. Therefore, it was only when he found himself continually pestered by the vulgar demands of various drapers, tailors, grocers, butchers, and bakers, who seemed in some unaccountable way to have become aware of his impecunious condition, that he began to reflect seriously on the dependence of even so important a personage as himself on commonplace individuals of this kind. So numerous, indeed, had these vexatious duns grown of late, that the sum which he had requested Mr. Nathaniel Sharkey to procure for him was scarcely sufficient to satisfy the claims of the most unmanageable portion of his creditors. It was while brooding over his pecuniary embarrassments, and while his mind was utterly bewildered at the prospect of impending ruin which now lay before him, that Sir Annesley felt himself impelled, despite his inherent pride, to consult Charles Callanan about asking his father to come down for a few days to Moore's Court. Frank Moore had often alluded, in his father's presence, to Mr. Vincent Callanan's reputed wealth; and through other channels the baronet had discovered that this broker and money-lender was one of the richest men in the City of Cork. Accordingly, Sir Annesley could not resist the temptation of inviting the broker down to Moore's Court, with the hope of deriving some pecuniary advantage from what he regarded as an act of rare condescension.

Indeed, there was a sense of abated dignity in the act that made Sir Annesley heave a heavy sigh, as he sealed the note he had written only a quarter of an hour before.

"It is such a humiliation," he murmured, shading his eyes thoughtfully with his left hand, "to mingle in the society of tradespeople! They always speak to you as if everything in life were a shop. It is necessary to keep such persons at a certain distance in order to make them even tolerable. I dare say this broker is not a bit better than his fellows. The son, of course, is a different kind of person, having been educated at a university; though there is a touch of the *parvenu* even about him. He affects to despise the distinctions of birth and rank. Well, these disagreeable things must only be borne with as a good a grace as possible, when one is in difficulties. 'Necessity has no law,' as the old adage says. I must write to this Sharkey to get me the sum he promised as quickly as possible. Oh! dear,"—heaving another heavy sigh—"I fear I shall never be rid of these confounded duns." He now hastened to write a letter to the attorney, requesting him to forward the money with all possible despatch, and adding, with a touch of the old aristocratic dignity, that he should be far better pleased if the entire sum he required could be sent.

He now glanced once more at some of the letters from his creditors, which were all very curt: some of them merely consisting of a bill, accompanied by a few words to the effect that immediate

payment was required. "I shall not honour these troublesome creatures with any reply to their impudent communications," Sir Annesley muttered. "I will give them very little ceremony when I am paying off their wretched demands."

He rose, in no very amiable mood, from the easy chair, and, taking with him the two letters, left the library. He asked one of the servants, who happened to be passing along the corridor, to summon the postman to his presence, as he wished to despatch him to Cork immediately. Patt the Post was accustomed to spend a great deal of his time in lounging about the kitchen, where, being of a somewhat voracious turn of mind, he loved to assist the cook by tasting stealthily of everything that came under her hands. Accordingly, his countenance presented a remarkably greasy aspect as he approached the baronet, and, as he saluted his master by pulling at the red forelock that hung frowsily over his forehead, he suggested the idea of some peculiarly wild and aboriginal character, that, perhaps, might be best described as an Irish version of Caliban.

"You see, Sir Annisley, yer honour, I was jist havin' a little bit to ate, knowin' my time was not my own, an' so I might be called on some bizness whin I laste expected id," was his ingenious apology.

"Oh! you are evidently very provident in such matters," returned the baronet, somewhat sarcastically. "I hope you will try to be as cautious about doing your duty. I want you to deliver these two letters carefully. This is for Mr. Sharkey, the attorney"—the postman gave his eyes a curious twist as he took the letter—"and this other is for Mr. Callanan, the broker. I believe you brought a letter to his house before?"

"Oh! begor, Sir Annisley, yer honour, I know the place well; an' 'tis well I remimber the ould clerk with the barnacles on him—you see I have a good mimery, yer honour, though 'tisn't for me to say so."

"Well, I wish you to go immediately with them; and you can see whether there is an answer in each case. Be sure to ask."

"But, sure, that ould divil of an attorney——"

"Come, sir; let me not hear you using such language."

"I beg yer honour's pardon. I mane ould Sharkey."

"Well, what about him?"

"He did not want to gi' me any answer the last time; and he thrated me very oncivilly, too, by the same token. He wanted to have me put out, though I gave every civility, yer honour."

"Well, you must only see, Patt, whether he has an answer to this note," said Sir Annesley, who was too absorbed in his own cares to attend to the postman's personal grievances. "I advise you again to be very careful in delivering these letters properly."

The postman hastened to fulfil his mission, and the baronet

directed his steps towards the drawing-room, where he found Lady Moore and Rose alone together.

Lady Moore was occupied with some fancy-work, to which she devoted a considerable portion of her time, and Rose was engaged in reading one of Miss Austin's delightful novels, when Sir Annesley entered the room. He flung himself heavily into the easy chair which he generally occupied, and exhibited his uneasiness by a stifled groan.

"You do not seem to be quite well to-day, my dear," observed Lady Moore, glancing anxiously at her husband.

"It is hard to feel well when one is pestered by letters from a lot of vulgar tradesmen," returned the baronet, casting his eyes moodily on the carpet.

"What are those letters about?" asked Lady Moore, whose mind had never been trained to look on life in a severely practical way.

"About debts, of course," rejoined Sir Annesley. "Every small shopkeeper seems to feel a special pleasure in reminding you that you owe him some money."

"But is there no protection for a gentleman, papa, against the impertinence of such people?" Rose Moore inquired, hastily laying down the book she had been reading.

"Oh! everything is becoming a commercial question now-a-days," exclaimed Sir Annesley, with considerable bitterness in his tone.

"But those people are, probably, right to require payment of their debts," Lady Moore suggested.

"How dare they require a gentleman to accommodate them?" cried Rose, her dark face flushing, and her eyes filled with passionate fire. "They are bound to wait until papa thinks fit to pay them, and not insult their superiors by writing such impertinent letters."

"You are a true Moore," said Sir Annesley, who loved to see his daughter exhibit this haughty contempt for the middle class. "But the times are changing. The political economists are destroying society with their stupid laudations of commerce, and all that sort of thing. There is not much more respect for a gentleman now than if he were a common person. Every tradesman who happens to make a fortune considers himself our equal."

"But that, of course, is absurd," replied Rose; "these people can be treated with the indifference they deserve; and they must feel abashed when their aggressiveness is checked."

"Oh! we must not be too intolerant," said Lady Moore. "People who realize some wealth by patient industry surely deserve some credit for it."

"That reminds me," observed Sir Annesley, "that I have written to young Callanan's father to ask him down for a few days."

"Oh! really, papa," cried Rose, "is not this going a little too far? Why, the man is only a money-lender, or a pawnbroker, or something of that kind."

"That may be true," returned her father; "but at present a money-lender is rather a valuable animal, for I require money very much, and so I cannot afford to be too squeamish just now. If I am to believe young Callanan himself, it is somewhat doubtful whether his father would come at all."

"Oh! that is mere pretence," said Rose, with a scornful laugh; "he was never so honoured before. Indeed, I am very sorry you asked him at all, papa," she added; "it is such a degradation!"

"Oh! hush, child!" Lady Moore interposed; "there is no degradation in it. At most it is merely a slight inconvenience."

"You do not set sufficient value on the family name, madam," said Sir Annesley, addressing his wife with some asperity. "It *is* a humiliating thing to descend so low; but circumstances compel me to do it."

Rose, with an expression of proud discontent in her face, now glanced out through the window with a certain affectation of indifference, as though she wished thereby to dispel her vexation.

"As our affairs are advanced to such a desperate crisis," said Lady Moore, "would it not be wiser to retrench our expenditure a little, and live more economically?"

"It is getting very dark," Rose interposed, introducing this commonplace remark as if she were glad to find some pretext for changing the topic. "It looks as if we were very near a change."

"Indeed!" muttered the baronet, with an air of abstraction; "then I hope 'tis a change for the better, for things are looking black enough. But, as to what you were saying just now, Charlotte," he continued, addressing Lady Moore; "we could not live much less expensively unless we were to live like beggars. I have given up horses and hounds, and merely keep what is absolutely necessary to maintain the *status* of a respectable family." Sir Annesley, though not of a very extravagant turn of mind, hated the idea of descending in his style of living to the level of the people whom he looked down on as his inferiors.

Meanwhile, the sky appeared to be growing darker and darker. The murky clouds lowered threateningly overhead, and it was evident that it would be a wild evening. Rose, still continuing to gaze out through the window, saw that a storm was gathering.

Sir Annesley seemed to be indifferent to everything save his own gloomy forebodings. "I fear we must sell Moore's Court some day," he muttered, as if he were only thinking aloud.

Rose, whose ears immediately caught these words, turned impetuously towards her father, and cried: "Why do you speak in this half-hearted way, papa? Moore's Court can never pass

out of the hands of the Moores. It is their rightful inheritance; and no other person on earth can ever claim it."

"You seem to believe in the divine right of the Moores, Rose —'*noblesse oblige*,' eh?" said the baronet, with a faint laugh.

"What is that noise?" cried Lady Moore suddenly, as a loud peal broke upon their startled ears, and seemed to reverberate through the whole house.

"It is thunder," said Rose, rushing fearlessly towards the window. "Oh! I see Frank and Charles Callanan hurrying up the avenue. They are caught in the storm."

"I am glad they have arrived in time to escape its fury," observed Lady Moore, who, like many other estimable ladies, entertained a nervous dread of thunder. The two young men, flushed with rapid walking, and drenched with the rain which had succeeded the electric discharge, were now at the porch in front of the mansion; and more than a quarter of an hour after, they both entered the drawing-room, having evidently rid themselves of their wet garments.

"I fear it will be a very stormy night," said Frank. "After all, the weather is never to be trusted. It is as fickle as a coquette."

"I hope you did not get very much drenched?" said Lady Moore, anxiously.

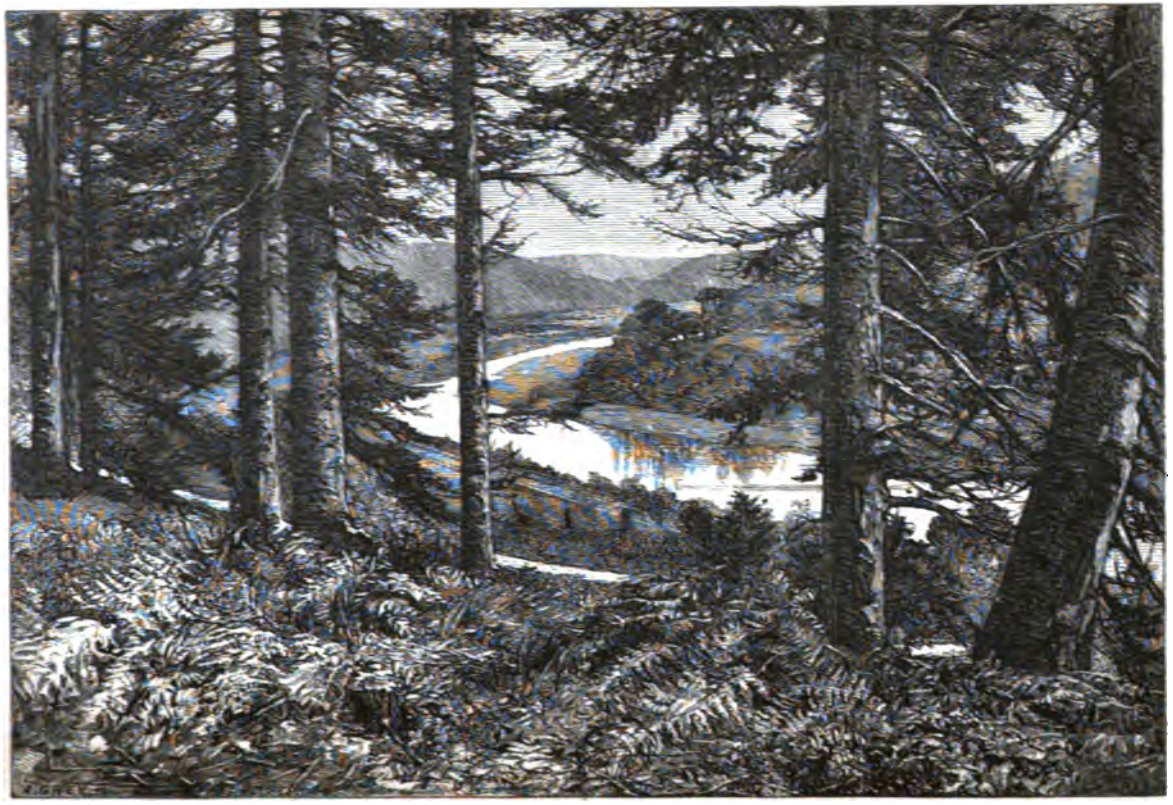
"Oh! no—we were out while the thunder was rolling, and received the heavy shower that followed it—it might have been worse." Frank laughed gaily, as if he looked with indifference on the warfare of the elements.

"I wish everything were as easily cured," observed Sir Annesley, in a very unsympathetic tone.

"How is that, sir?" asked Frank, curiously glancing at his father's face, which seemed as clouded as the sky itself. "I hope the change in the weather has not affected your spirits?"

"Oh, ridiculous!" replied the baronet, with an ironical laugh; "there is something worse than the weather troubling me." He seemed inclined to say more; but, glancing suspiciously at Charles, relapsed into gloomy silence.

At dinner, Sir Annesley's temper seemed to be sourer than ever; and when he spoke there was an asperity in his tone which had a very disagreeable effect. Charles Callanan unsuccessfully attempted to start a conversation on some subject. The gloom that pervaded the atmosphere without seemed to have entered the hearts of all within the house. Even Lady Moore and Miss Quain seemed to have lost their usual cheerfulness. The storm without raged violently, as if the mutinous elements had burst out in open rebellion against the laws of nature. At intervals, the forked lightning flashed against the windows with vivid brilliancy, and the thunder crashed like deafening peals of artillery.



THE VALE OF AVOCA

Lady Moore's uneasiness at the violence of the storm seemed to be greatly aggravated by her husband's silent brooding. During the entire evening an atmosphere of depression seemed to prevail within and around Moore's Court; and, as if to escape from this dismal state of mind, everyone in the house retired to seek repose long before the usual hour.

(To be continued.)

A SONNET.

The bridal fields and woods are full of mirth,
For Spring, swift-footed, comes across the hills;
His garb is yellow like young daffodils,
And the gay sunshine is his golden girth.

At his dear coming, i' the womb of the Earth
All nature leaps, and a long rapture thrills
Through every vale and down a hundred rills.
O shout and sing to hail this blessed birth!

The tender buds peep up with timid eyes,
The green-gold grasses nod to one another,
And leaves are stirred with rustle of light laughter;

The while fair Earth with open bosom lies,
And smiles, renewed in heart like a young mother
Wan through her labour, but more lovely after.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

THE VALE OF AVOCA.

THE river Ovoca, which flows through the charming Wicklow valley of the "Meeting of the Waters," is named *Oboka* on the ancient geographical chart compiled by Ptolemy. "In the portion of his work relating to Ireland," remarks the author of "Irish Names of Places," "Ptolemy mentions over fifty names, and of this number only about nine can be identified with names existing within the period reached by our history." In the Irish annals, the proper name of the river now so well known as the Ovoca, is Abhainn-mhor. At the date A.M. 3501, in the Four Masters, we find that Amergin, one of the leaders of the Milesian expedition and chief ollav of the Gadelian colony, made a causeway at

Inbher-mor (the mouth of the Ovoca); and the learned O'Donovan states, in a note on the entry, that the remains of this *tochar* are still traceable, and give name to a townland in the vicinity of Arklow.

The celebrated "Meeting of the Waters" is formed by the confluence of the streams of the Avonmore and Avonbeg. The latter descends through the historic defile of Glenmalure, in whose rugged fastnesses, during the fierce and protracted struggle between the Irish septs and the armies of Elizabeth, the gallant clan of the O'Byrnes had their stronghold, and bade defiance to the lords of the Pale. In 1580 they annihilated the forces of Lord Grey, who upon his landing in Ireland as viceroy had directed his first expedition against the Wicklow clans. He rashly determined to force the pass of Glenmalure; but the English troopers had no sooner penetrated into the heart of the defile, than they were surrounded by the O'Byrnes and their allies, and cut off almost to a man.

The scenery of the Vale of Avoca is exquisitely portrayed in Moore's beautiful melody, the "Meeting of the Waters:"—

> "There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
> As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
> Oh! the last ray of feeling and life must depart
> Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart."

In this delightful region nature has been lavish of all her softer charms, and everything around wears an aspect of serene and enchanting loveliness. The graceful outline of the encircling hills, clothed with the brightest and most luxuriant foliage; the repose of the sylvan solitudes, unbroken, save by the murmur of the summer wind, or the wild, sweet warbling of the feathery songsters; the tranquil, silent flow of the crystal waters, now darkened by the shadows of the sentinel groves, now reflecting in their clear wave the picturesque forms of the slowly-drifting clouds that seem loath to wander from such a fairy scene, anon glancing in the splendour of the golden sunbeam—all tend to create some of the most delightful sensations that can be enjoyed in the contemplation of the many favoured gems of scenery in our Western Isle. Little wonder that the exquisite charm of such a scene captivated the prince of Irish bards, and that under the spell of their magic beauty, he should have sung—

> "Sweet Vale of Avoca, how calm could I rest
> In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
> When the storms that we feel in this cold world would cease,
> And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!"

THE "SUPERSTITION" OF LOURDES.

SUPERSTITION—what is it? Possibly, in the etymology of the word, it is a false belief founded on a true one. The ancients had a different kind of superstition to that which is even possible for Christians. Their belief, being radically false as to the Divinity, necessarily engendered a superstructure of fancy. Cicero says—"Superstition is the mark of an imbecile and anile mind." He also describes superstition as "a weak fear of the gods;" and advises that "a certain moderation in religion" is the best possible antidote to superstition. This was all very reasonable in Cicero. But our modern pagan-Christians, half-believers, half-materialists, are like Cicero in their desire for moderation, but unlike him in their apology for ignorance. They, at least, affect to believe in Revelation, though they interpret it according to their own tastes. We are not speaking of professed sceptics or materialists, but of the highly-respectable "unattached" Christian classes. They believe in the moral part of the Gospel teaching, but they relegate all dogma to the sphere of bigotry. And since dogma necessarily involves Divine authority, they will not hear of any authority except their own. But Divine authority also involves the Divine presence; for without the Divine presence there would be errancy. Hence, the Divine presence, in the sense of Divine teaching, must be utterly ignored with the Divine authority. And, finally, "the supernatural," which includes the presence and the authority, and which, indeed, is the living energy of both, must be given up wholly and contemptuously; for what is "the supernatural," but the abiding presence of God, in witness to the Divine authority of His Church? Thus, everything which is supernatural must be called superstitious—a word which is contemptuous of Divine faith. We may give this as a general explanation. The contempt for superstition in the majority of non-Catholics, is the contempt for the supernatural Church.

Yet, superstition, from the varied uses of the word, is most difficult to be rigidly defined. For if you say that there is no infallible authority which can circumscribe the limits of dogma, you must say that every sort of "believing" either may be, or may not be superstitious. To the Socinian, our Lord's Divinity is a superstition. To the non-Catholic, the Pope's inerrancy is a superstition. To the Low Churchman, the Real Presence is a superstition. To the Dissenter, a visible Church is a superstition. To the Ritualist, Œcumenicity is a superstition. Whatever lies outside your own private apprehension of the reasonable compass of Christian truth, becomes a fancy which is built upon

mere egotism, and is, therefore, to you superstition. The morbid origin which we impute to a false belief (and "superstition" means properly a false belief) may be an accident, not an essence of its existence. Superstition need not necessarily be morbid; it need not necessarily be emotional or sentimental. It may be a strictly reasoning mental attitude. It may be so in respect to any doctrine. It may be so in respect to any report. For example: if several persons affirm that they saw a blind man receive sight, and the unbeliever call the report superstitious, he may do so on two grounds: that he disbelieves in all miracles, or that he disbelieves in this one particular miracle. Whichever his ground, let us ask him the question: on whose side lies the real superstition? Obviously on his side who is wrong as to his principle, and who, therefore, is superstitious as to a fact. If the fact be a true fact, yet be rejected from prejudice, the prejudiced rejector is superstitious; or if the fact be a false fact (to use the expression for convenience), the prejudice against the principle is superstitious. To bring the case closely home, let us say that the blind man is reported to have received his sight in Lourdes Cathedral. Now, the non-Catholic will affirm that this report is superstitious, on two grounds which are distinct if sympathetic. He will first call it superstition to believe in the principle of the supernatural character of the Catholic Church; and he will next call it superstition to believe that any miracle could be obtained by the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Hence, the non-Catholic who disbelieves in the Virgin's office (or who, at least, rejects the Immaculate Conception), is doubly scornful of a miracle which, in addition to being supernatural, is an attestation to a particular Catholic dogma. We do not affirm that this non-Catholic must be "morbid" because he rejects (superstitiously) what may be true; he may but be exercising his reasoning faculties; but neither will we permit him to affirm of our credulity that it must be necessarily more morbid than is his incredulity. We will not allow that we must be morbid at all. Our credulity is a strictly logical attitude. It is our intellectual approval of what is probable. It is reasoned out on principle and on evidence. True, the principle must be one thing, and the evidence must be another; but we claim the strict warranty of both. The principle is the consistency of the interference of God in every department of His own created universe; the perfect harmony of the interruption of *some* laws by the momentary application of *others;* and the obvious fitness of a benignity which is exercised towards creatures who are living under a supernatural dispensation. The principle is the confession of the Divinity of our Blessed Lord, and of His abiding presence, and therefore power, upon earth. It is the refusal to confine the Creator to the clouds, or to hem Him in within any confines whatsoever. It is the proclamation that the Divine Son of Mary is also the Divine Brother of true Christians.

So much for the intellectual principle. As to evidence, it is a mere testimony as to facts. It rests on the reliability of the senses. It rests on the credibility of witnesses. It can be sifted like the evidence in a court of law. It has no merit which other evidence has not; it claims not, it even rejects any favour. If the witnesses are liars, let them be proved so. If the witnesses speak truth, let them be believed. The nature of the evidence, like the nature of the principle, must be warranted on strict grounds of reason. Nothing "morbid" shall enter into either of them. Meet us on the ground of our principle, and we are prepared to show you that we are strictly logicians; meet us on the ground of our evidence, and if you reject it, you must also reject *all* evidence.

But neither as to principle, nor as to evidence, will you meet us. You superstitiously wrap yourself in incredulity. You seem to forget that incredulity may be a sign of a narrow mind, equally with its twin, which is credulity. Indeed, of the two, there is less philosophy in incredulity. Hume said when philosophizing on Christian miracles, that they were not *a priori* incredible. It is less likely that witnesses of known character and intelligence should be deceived, or should deceive others as to what they saw, than that certain phenomena should occur, which, though above what we do know, need not necessarily contradict what we do not know. This was the gist of Hume's argument. But you, O incredulous one, first narrow all laws to that tiny compass which your intelligence embraces, and then call true philosophers either morbid or superstitious, because they believe in a greater knowledge than their own. We call this a fallacy in your principle. If you have any principle at all [and we assume you to be professed Christians, for without such a postulate we cannot argue], you believe in Revelation by miracle. That miracle was the Divine Incarnation. You also believe in the wonder-working Saviour, in his death, and his resurrection from death. Your first postulate may be, therefore, formulated in this way:—"Let it be granted that Christianity was a religion revealed miraculously by God." Miracle is postulated at your first step. Since, then, you grant both the principle of the miraculous, and the fact of the miraculous, in Christian origin, you cannot affirm that the *suspension* of the miraculous would be consistent with the *origin* of Christianity. You are at liberty to speculate as to the *a priori* probability of a more or less miraculous Christian era; but you are not at liberty to question the consistency of continued miracle with the origin or the character of Revelation. The onus of the disproof of the miraculous will have to rest exclusively on your own shoulders. We, Catholics, have the argument from consistency conceded to us by the fact of the Incarnation; you, non-Catholics, have the onus of inconsistency to get rid of as you best can by mere protest. Ours is the syllogism, yours is the fallacy. Since we assert

that Christianity was miraculous in origin, and miraculous in character of dispensation, we are consistent in affirming that the whole era of Christianity must be harmonious with that origin—with that character. You may put your dead-stop to the miraculousness of Christianity—say at the moment of the death of the last Apostle; but if you do so, you must show us your warranty for a suspension which was not revealed to you in the Word of God. Not a syllable is written anywhere in the New Testament as to the suspension which you assume for a postulate. You state a fact without warranty, and against consistency. You are very fond of reproaching us for assuming our facts, or for believing upon a scarcely sufficient testimony; yet here you require of us that we should change the character of a dispensation without one word, or even a hint as to such a change. On principle, then, we can beat you; for, to prove your mere negative, is simply impossible to your reason. And on evidence we think that we can beat you, too; for we are prepared to submit our facts to closest scrutiny.

The evidence for any particular miracle, whether it be at Lourdes or in Galilee, is like the evidence for any particular crime. You must begin by assembling your witnesses. First, are they men of good credit?—secondly, have they motive for deception?—thirdly, do they agree in their testimony? Now, what would you say if six gentlemen of fair credit were to affirm that they saw one man kill another? "Oh, you must be superstitious to believe it." A happy thing for all criminals would it be, if all jurymen were to share your incredulity! But, "it is probable," you say, "that one man might kill another, because murder came into the world in the time of Cain." Who told you that such a crime is more probable than is the continuance of the miraculousness of Christianity? Probable! Why, how could your reason, without precedent, have defined the exact scope of probability? There are only two kinds of probability—that which comes from experience of what has been, and that which comes from the consistency of known laws. Christianity introduced a new range of probability, by making the Divine Son the Son of Mary. Henceforth, we were made, therefore, to "predicate" the supernatural in a range, and in a spirit, before unknown. Before the Divine Birth, no human being could have argued from what he did *not* know, to what he *might* know. Let us take the first Christian probabilities, and see what men might have expected. Was the Divine Birth at Bethlehem so probable? was the Resurrection (which the Jews rejected) so probable? was the raising of Lazarus so probable? was St. Peter's (miraculous) apostolate so probable? was the surviving of Christianity through three centuries of the Catacombs, and its after-kingdom throughout the nations of the earth, so probable a prospect or a fact? is *anything* probable, save on the evidence of such precedents as establish its apparent consistency? And since Christian miracle is proved to be probable,

from its consistency with the whole of the New Testament, on what ground are you going to dispute its probability, either as to principle or as to fact? We say that you are profoundly irrational in your rejection of the probability of miracle. You affirm that there was a God, but that He is not. Or, you affirm that God has altered His ways; that He ceased to work miracles at a given moment. You, all of a sudden, shut the door of the supernatural, as though *you* made the door, and had the key. Tell us where you have communed with God, and when He communicated to you His change in His providence; and then, but not till then, we will respect your arbitrary ruling as to the "probability" of Divine mutability.

"He did not many mighty works there, because of their unbelief." Let us consider this text in its modern bearing. Without irreverence, let it be said, that a miracle in Pall Mall would strike one as a little "improbable." And why? Because the men of fashion would resent it as an intrusion on their accustomed placidity of unbelief. They would mock, they would jeer, they would *not* believe. "Pearls before swine" are proverbially cast away; and unbelief is the swine of the intellect. But in the tranquil village, in the cloister, in the retreat, in the still grove, in the house of prayer, in the house of sickness, there is more "probability" that the gentle, pious heart will lend a willing ear to God's message. As seed will not germinate on rocky ground, so miracles bear no fruit in rocky hearts. A leading article in the *Times* does not suggest the kind of temperament which would assimilate the nutriment of the supernatural. Our Divine Lord was born in Bethlelem, and in a stable, because there was no room for Him in the inn. There is no room for the supernatural in modern thought. Yet, modern thought, so pompous and self-complacent, ought to remember that, *if* Christianity be true, it, modern thought, must be a fool. There is just that one oblivion in modern thought. There is just that one weakness in its fine axioms. Modern thought opposes to the reception of the miraculous the most arbitrary of all existences—unbelief. "He did not many mighty works there, because of their unbelief." That text should chastise a sceptic like a scorpion. It is the divinely crushing answer to modern thought. And while we allude to this text, let us also quote another, which has a fearfully cutting sarcasm against "modernists:" "Now, this man was above forty years of age on whom this miracle of healing was wrought." If we might venture to paraphrase this simple scriptural statement, we would do so with perfect reverence as follows:—"You, sceptics and rationalists, modern scientists, or what you will, have grown so old in your complacent infirmities, that your toughness of incredulity is hardly to be softened by even a visible act of the Omnipotent. You are forty years of age in your thick prejudice; you are almost senile in obstinacy or sluggishness; to work

a miracle on *you* is like trying to uproot a mountain by a gentle whispered breeze from the south-west. Children have faith in their parents, but you have no faith in your God. To work a miracle of healing upon *you*, is like regenerating a whole 'hospital of incurables.'"

But not only do you not believe in a miracle, you do not even desire its manifestation. In this respect you are worse than the bad Jews. *They* asked for a sign of Christ's divinity. "An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign." Far more evil and more adulterous is the modern generation, which hates every sign of Christ's divinity, lest it should be forced to believe in it. Our "modern thoughtists" are inferior to the good Jews, who gladly accepted a sign when it was given to them; and they are inferior to the bad Jews, in that they do not even desire to know God, nor care whether He proves His divinity or not. Nay, they desire *not* to believe in Christ's divinity. They do not even merit the reproach of the Jews; for the Jews at least professed themselves in earnest. A worse state than the state of the infidel Jew is the state of the infidel modern thoughtist. What is given to him, he declines to accept; and he even abhors the bare thought of any giving. He is a doubting Jew reconverted to blank paganism.

But let us ask, in conclusion, why do you hurry after the signs which, you think, prove to you that there is no Living God, yet turn your backs on every exquisite probability of a Living and a Loving Active Providence? Why do you instinctively prefer the tokens of an Absent God to the tokens of a Present and Compassionate God? Why do you burrow under the earth to dig up fossilled *vestigia*, which shall support your materialist theory of a Past Cause, yet turn away with disgust from any immediate intimation of the Present and Abiding Divine Love? You show your true instinct in doing this. It is yourselves you are seeking, not your God. You are angry with God, because He tells you that He is here, and you command Him to go away, that you may adore yourselves. A blind man receiving his sight in Lourdes Cathedral is a testimony to the Creator's living rule; but you want to rule yourselves, to live as pagans, and therefore you mock the faith of the true philosopher. At once more logical, more practical, more consistent is the Catholic-creature's attitude than is yours. He not only believes in God—he seeks Him; he believes in His love.

ARTHUR MARSHALL.

THE MONITOR:

An Illustrated Dublin Magazine.

JUNE, 1879.

THE LORD'S CHAMBER.

By the Author of "The House of Yorke," "Grapes and Thorns," etc.

Chapter VII.—In a Garden.

Clara Danese lost no time in pointing out to her cousin what was before his eyes, doing the honours of the sea first, since that first attracted him. Indeed, though the general effect of the place had pleased him, he hardly knew why, it did not occur to him that there was anything but the water that merited a second glance.

"How faithfully the sea keeps its treasures!" she said. "It never brings us a dead body nor a jewel; but it flings up seaweed, shells and pebbles, as if it were mocking us. And do you not find a rhythm in its seeming irregularity? The ocean sang its fugues long before John Sebastian Bach set his rolling. There are some books in the house that we must read. I think that papa had nearly everything that is known of this unsteady world. I never read any of them, because my eyes were too full of the waters forever coming—coming—never going. They seemed to brush away books, and laugh at them."

The waves played all through her talk, sweeping swiftly in glossy hollows, rising leisurely in waves transparent against the light, as though the ocean, enamoured of its own beauty, held them up to look at, or curling over in exquisite shapes before the rock on which the two sat, as if some supporting pillar of the earth were beneath them, and those diamond-fringed beryl leaves were the capital of it. Its infinite forms, its delicate shades, and broad splashes of splendid colour—they watched and praised them all.

"It seems as if the ocean had flowed through my soul and washed everything else away," the young man said, when the two had descended from their rock. "I can recollect nothing but water."

"Think of that grand old pine-tree," his cousin replied. "It is a good thought to plant first in such a desert of mind. Besides a pine is the sailor among trees. It has all the roughness, the superstition, and the sweetness. Its song is a sea-song, and it loves the salt air. Think of a pine. If we were in Italy, you might take an olive-tree instead, and find it there as the waters subside, as Noah's dove did."

Then they descended to the little people of nature, and the enchanted student found that it was still a world of wonders. Every stick and stone had its beauty; a bunch of grass was worth studying, the long spires bending each its own graceful way; and the very roots were exquisite. When their eyes failed, they took the microscope, and found trees in the moss, hills and valleys on rose-petals, feathers on butterflies' wings, coats of mail on beetles' backs, and avenues of jewels down their throats.

"I feel as if I had been reading Vathek again, and going with him down through the subterranean rooms where Solomon's treasures were kept," Francis Percy said to his cousin, after a day spent in this way.

"The treasures of Solomon were but a drop to the infinite ocean of the treasures of God," she replied. "You may depend that when He praised the creation, there is enough in even a tiny portion of it to keep us praising all our lives. His 'good,' included all our adjectives of admiration."

It was late in the afternoon, and some men had just swung two hammocks in the great pine that covered Clara's chamber window. Mrs. Percy sat in an arm-chair near the tree, reading the news from a pile of journals that had just come from the city. She looked up with a fond, contented smile as the two approached her, the sifted sunshine and fine tree-shadows falling over them, and flecking the fresh grass where they walked with slow and loitering steps. A faint and fitful breeze, that seemed to be overburdened with the resinous odours it bore, drew the hem of Clara's white dress back in a languid flutter, and lifted and let drop the long vine she had playfully twined around her cousin's sombrero. Their faces were slightly flushed with the heat, and with bending over their microscopic studies, and they both looked happy. The mother noticed with a thankful heart how healthy her boy looked, who had been so pale and careworn but a few weeks before.

"We have been on a voyage to Lilliput, Aunt Marian," Clara said; "and I, for one, am tired enough to wish for an hour in the hammock, and the very lightest newspaper you can give me."

She selected one, and settled herself like a white dove in her

nest. Francis stood by his mother's chair, and stroked softly the hand she held out to him.

"How well you are looking, my son!" she said, gazing up at him, her beautiful black eyes full of tears. The brightness of the present reminded her how dark the past had been. "The sea-air is doing you a world of good."

"And you too," he replied. "I've been watching you every day, seeing how one little wrinkle after another smoothed itself out, and your own gypsy colour came back. Clara, repeat for mamma Browning's description of the gypsy colour."

Clara had not been reading, but watching the two. It was always a pleasure to watch the passionate affection of her aunt for Francis, and his graceful, caressing ways toward his mother. She repeated—

> "As when of the scarlet, costly wine
> They drip so much as will impinge,
> And spread in a thinnest scale afloat
> One thick gold drop from the olive's coat,
> Over a silver plate, whose sheen
> Still thro' the mixture shall be seen."

"You describe a young gypsy, not an old one like me," Mrs. Percy said, with a light passing blush of pleasure. She, like Corinne, was certainly "content to be admired;" and perhaps she knew in her inmost heart that if she had prosperity to keep alive the rich oil and wine of her dark beauty, few young girls would be as beautiful as she.

Martha came out, bringing the tea-table in her strong arms. Percy ran at once to help her, and placed it just at the edge of the long shadows from the wood. Both the women looked after him, admiring his grace and strength, and rejoicing in his happiness. He was the chief object of interest in their lives, and it might be said that he had two mothers instead of one.

After a little while he came to the side of Clara's hammock and stood slowly swinging it while he talked with her. He never could stay long away from her.

"What a delicious life we are living!" he said. "I never dreamed before what the country is, and it seems to me that I shall never wish to see the city again. Couldn't I buy a piece of land and turn farmer?"

"A great farmer you would make!" she replied, with a glance at his delicate hands. "You would raise nothing but roses and strawberries, and would want a gardener to take care of those. No; work in the city, and keep the country for your playground. That is what all professional men and all artists should do, I think."

"Fancy sitting in a dingy office and hearing omnibuses rattle past!" he said. "Fancy such a noise outside that you could not sleep at night, such a dust and impurity in the air that you

could hardly breathe by day! Fancy walking over pavements, or through mud, and catching no glimpse of water except that which comes through a leaden pipe!"

He shuddered, and glanced with wide bright blue eyes all about him—at the world of waters that were never confined within any channel, at the flowered velvet sward under his feet, at the splendidly fresh and limitless air above.

"Ah! but out of those dingy city rooms thoughts sometimes flash like lightning," Clara replied. "It is crowded men who strike out fire, as crowded mists the thunderbolt. With a strong, healthy body, the mind can work well in spite of all those city annoyances, and work better in the city than in the country, I think. But that is for the future," she said hastily, seeing his face cloud a little, and recollecting that, as yet, his city fortunes were all unmade. "Now your aim should be to grow as strong and healthy as possible, in preparation for the time when, perhaps, your physical health may be rather severely tested."

He gazed tenderly in her face as he gently rocked her to and fro. She looked very lovely with the shadows moving over her fair face and white dress, and the diamond ring on her pretty hand, making the sole sparkle in that shade, as if a firefly were floating through the air with her.

"You are so sweet!" he whispered.

She smiled in return—a quiet, contented smile. Possibly the thought crossed her mind that he might love her; and though it gave her none of that happy flutter that would indicate the presence of love in her own heart, it was a sweet thought to her. One might say that love was there, like a bird in the egg, its wings not yet unfolded, yet alive and breathing softly. She was devoted to him already, and whatever should be best for his happiness, that she was ready to do. Even her heart was her own to give, if he should want it.

Some birds alighted on the table, and began to peck at the bread. One got a strawberry and flew away with it; another pecked at a lump of sugar. They made little pretences of flying away when Mrs. Percy rattled her papers, but got no further than an outspreading of the wings and a tiny hop. The birds of Foamy Point were like spoilt children, and only shy enough to be fascinating. The treetops were all on fire with the sunset—the beautiful, silent sunset of the country; there was peace in every breath of air; peace reposing on every leaf, and flower, and blade of grass; and peace in the hearts of all the quiet little household.

"How beautiful Mr. Markham's death was!" Clara said later, as they watched the stars come out. "It seems as though he went to that mossy stone on the river bank on purpose to let his soul float out on the water, as he may have sent some tiny ship out when he was a boy. If I should see a ship all in white slipping now past the Point, I should fancy it might be his spirit."

Mrs. Percy, who as yet had made no acquaintances in Canning, asked if Mr. Markham had left a family.

"A granddaughter," Clara replied briefly.

Francis asked carelessly what she was like. Clara glanced at her cousin. It occurred to her that she would rather he should not make the acquaintance of Mrs. M'Cloud.

"She is a pretty, fashionable woman who does not live with her husband," she said. Then, fearing that she might have been ill-natured, added: "But I do not know the merits of the case. Maybe she is not to blame."

He asked no more. The subject did not interest him. He was thinking of another man's granddaughter, whose pleasant voice had called him out of darkness and misery, and whose face seemed to him the fairest he had ever seen.

CHAPTER VIII.—FATHER O'MARA.

THE next day was the first pleasant Sunday since they came to Foamy Point, and Clara went into town to hear Mass, with her aunt and cousin. The Percys were an old Catholic family of the south, and Mrs. Percy in marrying had conformed to her husband's religion. When her son was born, she was already so devoted to her new faith that she would gladly have consecrated him to the priesthood if he had had a vocation. The Danese family were Episcopalians, but Clara was a Ritualist; not so much, perhaps, on account of any difference of doctrine between the two, as because the Ritualistic forms pleased her. Her imagination was convinced, and her judgment acquiesced. There being, however, no church of that denomination in Canning, she quite willingly accompanied her aunt and cousin to Mass. To her mind, the Catholic Church went a little too far, indeed, but a little too far in the right direction, and she had for its members that sort of admiring forgiveness with which we prefer a lavishly generous person to an avaricious one. She had met Father O'Mara several times, and liked him; and she liked, also, that mixed congregation where rich and poor unite in worship of the Father of all.

They set out early after a six o'clock breakfast, the Mass being at eight, and walked into the city. Clara had proposed to have a carriage sent out for them, as had always been done for herself and her father; but both Mrs. Percy and her son protested that the walk would be delightful. It was indeed delightful, as a summer morning's walk in the country always is. The freshness, the silence, the shaded road over which there fell an asperges of sunshine through the branches, the bright drops lying motionless, mingled and glittering with the dew that hung on every leaf and grass-blade—all helped to make up a scene too fair to spoil with

rattling carriage-wheels. To Clara Danese the walk had always been pleasant; to her visitors it was an enchantment.

"I did not think that your dews would be so full here," Mrs. Percy said. "I had quite forgotten the northern summer ways. And what a drench of dew we had in our garden at the south! I often wished to be an artist, that I might paint, not so much the flowers, indeed, but the green leaves with the dew on them. I remember strings of large leaves on the rose-bushes, with a thickly-set row of tiny drops round every leaf, and along the stem, and grasses bending over with a fringe of splendid sun-lit dew, and roses with a great drop on every petal. A friend of mine had a bracelet made of green enamel and diamonds in imitation of those leaves, and it was the most beautiful bracelet I have ever seen."

The trees retired presently, and with them the faint sea-song that had followed them as light as broken foam on the air, and the river met them with its capricious, murmuring music. Following its bank, they soon found themselves in River-street, in the midst of a stream of people all going to Mass. It was a sober and decently-dressed crowd, though all were working people. There were men with their wives and children; strings of graduated little ones walking hand-in-hand in all the pride and importance of church-going and best clothes; mischievous boys, trying not to laugh or play pranks, and sharply reprimanded by their elders when the temptation to do so proved too strong; smart servant girls, dressed a little too much like their mistresses, perhaps, but with honest faces, wherein one could see that faith would soon take the place of vanity; and old people tottering along with bent, absorbed faces, as if the track were so familiar that they did not need to see it with bodily eyes. And, indeed, the track that led from their humble dwellings to the altar was familiar to these dear souls, whose Catholic hearts were as fresh as their old feet were weary. How many times, since the days when they stumbled with youth instead of with age, had they followed the same track—that *Via Sacra* which is found in every country—in the Old Land that gave them birth, and that was still green and blossoming in their memory, and perhaps in many a city and town of the New World!

The church seemed already quite full when they entered, but seats near the altar were immediately given the strangers, and the Mass began very soon.

Mrs. Percy looked with great interest at the priest, as a practical Catholic usually does at the only clergyman he is likely to see for many months. This man would be her confessor, her confidant, if she should have need of one, and her adviser in any doubt that might occur.

Father O'Mara was tall and slight, and bent a very little in the shoulders. A profusion of light-coloured hair, a fair skin, and a

manner gentle even to indecision, made him appear to be younger than his real age of forty years. A superficial observer might have fancied him rather weak both in health and in will. He was neither. He had the steady health which usually follows a good constitution, regular habits, and a quiet conscience, and his rather faded colour of person and expression were the pale ashes over a very well-controlled fire.

Clara took her friends to see the priest after the Mass was over, and they waited in his pretty little reception-room till he should have taken a cup of coffee and dismissed the crowd of petitioners who usually laid in wait for him as he issued from the sacristy. While waiting, they observed the place, making acquaintance with the owner's outer personality before approaching the more intimate knowledge of himself. A small bookcase held some beautifully-bound Greek, Latin, and English classics, and was surmounted by a plaster cast of the bust of the Vatican Minerva Medica. There was a box of mignonette in one of the windows, a caged canary-bird in the other, and a vase of fragrant cedar-boughs in the fireplace. A large yellow cat, who had come to the street door when it was opened, remained in the reception-room with the visitors. This was Minnie, the queen of the house —Minnie O'Mara, the children of the street called her—a not unamiable cat when she had her way. It was only when the priest allowed such trifles as reading, writing, or visitors to prevent his opening the door at her first faint cry, that he felt the sharpness of Minnie's claws. It must be said that he seldom forgot his duty so far as to deserve the chastisement.

Father O'Mara entered presently, and welcomed his visitors with an air at once shy and kind. While they talked to him, he looked down. A full glance from those pleasant grey eyes of his was an unusual favour, and had to be earned. If there was uttered in his presence a noble sentiment, a fine thought, or a beautiful fancy, his eyelids would start up, and his eyes flash out on the speaker, full of a soft brightness. It was his only praise; but the person who had received that commendation did not need words.

Mrs. Percy was a charming talker, and Clara was not fond of being silent; but the priest said very little. After awhile, it occurred to the ladies that they were doing all the talking, and Mrs. Percy said so, with a graceful apology intended to bring him out.

"I have to thank you," he said, quietly. "I am not a talker, except when I am full of some subject, and then I do not feel sure that I know when to stop. Ordinarily, I prefer to listen."

"I would like to hear him talk on some subject of which he would be full," Mrs. Percy said, as they went away. "I have a suspicion that he would be eloquent."

Clara looked surprised. She had always seen Father O'Mara a quiet man, and, with all respect for his word, doubted a little if anything could make him voluble. But Mrs. Percy had had a longer experience of the world.

"I think that his is the quiet of force, my dear," she said; "he is not mild, though he is kind and charitable. I fancy, indeed, that he is conscious of so much force in himself that he fears it, and restrains himself sometimes when it is not necessary. I have a great respect for silence and quiet, the more because I am rather demonstrative. I know how hard it is to tame the tongue and the manner. Have I ever repeated to you my favourite bit of Scotch poetry?—

"'Tweed said to Till—
'What gars ye rin sae still?'
Till said to Tweed—
'Though ye rin wi' speed
And I rin slaw,
Where ye droon ane man,
I droon twa.'"

They were going out of the garden into the street, and they met a lady coming in. A graceful figure it was, draped from head to foot in deepest mourning. As they met, the lady put up a hand of marvellous whiteness, on which glittered a single diamond set in black enamel, and threw back her veil, showing a lovely, delicate face, as pale as a pearl. The soft eyes glanced them over with a slightly wistful expression, then dropped, and she passed on.

"Who is she?" Francis whispered to his cousin, glancing back at the stranger,

"What a pretty woman!" Mrs. Percy exclaimed, in the same breath.

"It is Mrs. M'Cloud," Clara replied.

They went on, and after a moment saw the black figure come out of the gate, and follow them down the street. Mrs. M'Cloud had found Father O'Mara too much engaged to receive her.

CHAPTER IX.—PARADISE LOST.

PERFECT happiness and contentment have very little to say for themselves; it is aspiration and disappointment which are voluble. The full heart and soul have their silent after-dinner rest like the body. At Foamy Point, then, one day was almost like another. They pursued their studies, made little excursions in the neighbourhood, cultivated the flowers, and grew superlatively healthy.

Father O'Mara called more than once at the cottage, and they established a quiet friendship with him. Now and then some

visitor came from Canning, or from a more distant city, and once Edward Danese came to stay two or three days, to rest from his labours, and renew his acquaintance with his Aunt Marian and her son. Many plans were discussed during that visit for Francis' advancement; and it was decided finally that he should go to Europe in the fall as a correspondent of some journal, and write his letters in the hours spared from more important labours. Edward Danese, who had a large acquaintance with editors, did not doubt being able to obtain for his cousin some such appointment.

Mrs. Percy conceived a happy idea for herself from this proposal. Why should not she also earn something by writing? Her school-girl compositions had been the admiration of her young companions and her teachers, and her letters had received such compliments from correspondents in later days, as to justify her opinion that many went into print who wrote worse than she. Acting on this thought, she began immediately to practise, and wrote some sketches which Clara pronounced charming.

"One never knows what one can do till one has tried," she said, enchanted with her success. "I remember now that I used to make up little romances and wonder stories when I was young, and that all the girls would sit about me and listen while I told them. I never dreamed of writing such things; but who knows but I may have a talent for it!"

She had indeed a talent for such writing; and if the plots of her stories were not much, the style was so polished and airily graceful, that they were very delightful reading. One of the grand *festa* days at Foamy Point was when she received her first acceptance and cheque from the editor of one of our chief magazines. There was an extraordinary dinner that day in honour of the event, at which all three made speeches and offered toasts, and which ended with Mrs. Percy being crowned with oak-leaves by her son.

"How very handsome you are!" Clara exclaimed involuntarily, looking at her aunt as she sat opposite her at the table, her dark face flushed with laughter, and the firm, dark-green coronet binding her black hair, where the few threads of silver shone like gold in the bright evening light.

"My dear, how very good of you not to say 'how very handsome you must have been!' as so many do, thinking to please. I have often wondered that people do not understand how very unpleasant a compliment that is. You can compliment the little remains of good looks without reminding one that it is only a remnant."

In one of those lovely summer evenings Mrs. M'Cloud came strolling through the pine woods to Foamy Point. She had been riding, accompanied only by a servant, whom she had left in the road in charge of their horses. She came holding her long black

habit about her, her soft-hued face shaded by the wide brim of a black hat, and a cream-coloured gauze scarf fluffed up in a cloud about her throat, the most dainty and becoming little protection possible against any breath of evening air or dampness.

"I have wanted so much to make your acquaintance and see your pretty place," she said to Clara, who went to meet her, "that I thought I might venture. I did not know whose should be the first visit, as we both came to Canning in the same day. Perhaps you do not recollect that we were fellow-travellers."

Clara remembered it perfectly well, and welcomed her unwelcome guest with the best grace she could. Mrs. Percy, who really admired their visitor, and had only seen her in the subdued aspect of mourning, was more cordial.

"I am so lonely since dear grandpapa died," sighed the lady, seating herself in their midst. They were all out-doors as usual. "Of course I do not feel disposed to mingle in gay society; but when I see people who are in mourning, I look instinctively to them for sympathy."

She had noticed Francis only by a slight bow, and quite ignored him afterward, addressing all her talk to the ladies. He, sitting beside Clara, sulked a little at being left out like a schoolboy, and affected, for his part, to ignore the lady. Yet he heard her musical tones, her pretty, sad little remarks, and could not resist the impulse to glance at her now and then. He found her very graceful and refined. Besides, a travelled person to one who desires to travel, and has never been able to, has a particular charm. He whose whole life has been spent at the fireside glances up with involuntary interest when he hears such phrases as, "when I was in Paris," "when I was in Rome," "when I sailed up the Nile." The speaker seems superior from having associated with superiority, and even when not attractive in himself, attracts, as the iron does which has touched the loadstone.

Therefore, when on going away, Mrs. M'Cloud turned for the first time to Francis and asked him if he would be so kind as to accompany her to the road and assist her to mount her horse, he almost blushed with pleasure. He would have offered, in spite of his annoyance, but had half expected to be refused.

"We will all walk out to the road with you," Clara said hastily. "Would you like to go, Aunt Marion?"

Mrs. M'Cloud was profuse in thanks, but Francis bit his lip. For the first time he was vexed with Clara. He had intended to show the lady, by his cold and haughty courtesy, that he was not to be slighted, and perhaps to provoke at least an implied apology from her. Now there was nothing for him but to follow on like a footman and help her to her horse, receiving probably a nod for his pains.

Clara perceived at once, with a swift pain, the mistake that she had made, and leaving her aunt to walk with their visitor, put her

hand in her cousin's arm, and looked up coaxingly into his face.

"Why are you so silent?" she asked.

"Because no one speaks to me," he replied, with an attempt at speaking lightly which did not conceal his vexation.

She said nothing; but she thought: "Nobody speaks to him because she does not!"

Mrs. M'Cloud was lifted to her saddle, where, sitting like a queen on her throne, she bowed her smiling farewell to the ladies, who had remained standing at the roadside.

"Thanks!" she said then, dropping her glance on Francis, who was still beside her, and, leaning forward, gave him her hand.

He took it, looking earnestly up into her face. She had not offered her hand to the others.

A moment after she was off, flying over the road to town.

A few days later came another visitor, whom Clara Danese welcomed with a little cry of pleasure.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Fronset!" she said, with frank cordiality, and gave him her hand. "Brother Ned said that you were thinking of making us a visit, but I had almost given up the hope of seeing you."

Mr. Fronset was pleased, certainly, by her cordiality—it was impossible not to be pleased with the sincere kindliness of so fair a woman—but he was not delighted. A little shyness would have been more agreeable to him. Maybe he had heard of that woman who, speaking of a suitor, said:—

> "I either hate, or—love him so,
> I can't be merely civil."

Besides he had caught a glimpse of the graceful figure of Francis Percy in the background.

If he were jealous of the young man, however, if there were some pain in his heart when he saw that youthful freshness, and the face almost delicate enough for a woman, and remembered his own mature years and dark face, he did not display any such feeling. When Clara introduced the two to each other, the grasp of Mr. Fronset's strong hand was kindly, and if his expression was rather grave, it certainly was not cold. Francis thought he had never seen a nobler-looking man, or one who, at first sight, inspired him with a more affectionate confidence.

(To be continued.)

THOMAS MOORE.

Shall we not honour him who woke from sleep
  Our island harp, and made it thrill once more
With sweetest songs that made the coldest weep
  And sigh that Erin's glory should be o'er?

Shall we not pay some homage to the name
  That is for ever linked with Erin's past,
The genius that rekindled Freedom's flame,
  And gave itself to Freedom to the last?

Yes! we must honour the immortal dead,
  Who helped to make life's harmonies complete,
Who o'er the world's sad strife and discord shed
  Visions of loveliness and music sweet.

The Singer is God's messenger to man,
  Unveiling Beauty's self to mortal sight,
Unfolding the Creator's mystic plan,
  Gilding our human life with heavenly light.

And he fulfilled this mission high and grand:
  He shed the light of hope on Erin's gloom,
Fired the wild spirit of our Mother-land,
  And raised her buried Freedom from the tomb.

He made his country's glory live again,
  Embalmed her sorrows in immortal song,
Showed that her heroes had not died in vain,
  And stamped with endless shame her burning wrong.

Let us not scan his life with jaundiced eye,
  But think of him in tender love and faith,
As one whose soul hath passed beyond the sky,
  Freed from the bitterness of sin and death.

His golden words are still on every tongue,
  His memory lives in music, and his name
Kindles a subtle joy in old and young,
  Whose love embalms their poet's deathless fame.

D. F. H.

LOUIS VEUILLOT.

(Concluded.)

M. VEUILLOT'S connection with Catholic journalism dates from his return from Rome in 1839, although he did not assume the editorship of the *Univers* until 1843, having in the interim held an official appointment as a functionary in the Ministry of the Interior—sub-chief of one of the offices, and attaché of the ministerial cabinet, a sinecure which left him abundant leisure for literary pursuits, and was, besides, an introduction to active functions—prefectures, administrative missions, the Council of State, &c.; one of his principal duties being to wait on Guizot every morning, to receive instructions relative to the direction of the provincial government press. It was an article on the chapel of the Convent des Oiseaux, where his sisters were being educated, that first brought him into relationship with the *Univers*. The *Univers*, then, could count on only ten or twelve hundred subscribers, and was by no means a flourishing property. M. Veuillot, who was to raise it by his brilliant talents from its comparatively obscure position to be the leading Catholic journal in Europe, had joined it at a very opportune moment. The ascensional movement of Catholicism was about to enter upon a new phase, and receive a new impulse in the revival of the agitation for freedom of education, already awakening the dormant energies of the Catholics, and moulding them into a compact, disciplined party. The hour had struck, and the man who was to fill with such *éclat* the rôle for which by natural gifts and acquired experience he was pre-eminently adapted, simultaneously appeared upon the scene. That rôle was to inspire Catholic journalism, hitherto too much dominated by party or cowed by authority, with the militant spirit then beginning to rapidly pervade the *Ecclesia discens* in France—a spirit so well personified by Montalembert in the Chamber. Prior to this, if we except the brief period of Montalembert's direction, the *Univers* was read only in a few presbyteries and vestries;* but M. Veuillot soon made Catholic opinion, as reflected in its pages, a power to be counted with, and a factor too important to be any longer slighted or ignored. Absolute devotion to the Church, absolute horror of the Revolution were the broad lines upon which the policy of the paper was based. While the editors—isolated writers, without official position, without means, without

* See letter from Montalembert to Mr. Ambrose de Lisle Phillips, dated Villersexel, February 1st, 1840, in Mrs. Oliphant's Memoir of the great Catholic orator.

anything to back them up in society—differed occasionally upon questions of detail, upon religious questions they were perfectly agreed: love of the Church without any kind of reserve, the Roman doctrines without any mystification, the absolute conviction that the successor of Saint Peter is the Vicar of Jesus Christ, that his word is infallible, that his decrees are irreformable, and that in the Church and the world he has all the rights he lays claim to. The Catholic party, born of the necessity of obtaining liberty of teaching, was, from its very inception, assailed by a hydra-headed hostility—hostility of the Legitimists more or less Gallican; hostility of the Gallicans more or less Legitimist; hostility of the revolutionists, universitarian without exception; hostility of the University party, revolutionary to a degree. It was daily denounced as the party of darkness and absolutism; the orators and writers of the University railed against the audacity and insolence of the episcopate for daring to attack the "modern spirit" with their obscurantist doctrines; while the non-Catholic press, that is to say, the party of unbelief, through their accredited organs, drew largely upon their copious but somewhat monotonous vocabulary of vituperation, and reproached them with being Legitimist, retrogressive, ultramontane, fanatical, &c., &c. But they counted without their host, and quickly found to their cost that in M. Veuillot they had to deal with a master of sarcasm, who paid back their invectives with compound interest, until "le style grossier de *l'Univers*" was the severest thing they could say of the new combatant on the Catholic side, who, having served in the opposite camp, entered the lists with the advantage of knowing all the weak positions of the enemy—knowing when and where to sever the tendon of Achilles, or pierce the joints in Atrides's armour. "Through all these hostilities," he relates, "the journal saw the number of its readers gradually increase.... Men, young then, who, having nothing else to give, embarked their youth and their fortune in a career where they had nothing to aspire to, will never recall those laborious years without a profound feeling of confidence. In pinching poverty, in an isolation at which they were astounded, slandered, insulted, sometimes almost condemned, they persevered, supported from day to day by alms, never sure of holding their ground for a month longer; but proud of their cause, happy in their self-devotion, rejoiced in the midst of this indigence and weakness, to experience how strong is truth, and see their daily bread, as well as trial, reach them in a way the most unforeseen. No official patrons, no business people, no celebrated talents, none of the ordinary resources. The man who has done most to sustain the work, and who, at last, when it was going to fall through, risked his humble fortune to prop it up, never aspired to any political or literary rôle, and knew perfectly well that the speculation was the worst possible from every point of view of

human interest. His only object, like ours, was to maintain an organ useful to the cause of the Church."* That the *Univers*, despite much adverse criticism—criticism, sometimes well but oftener ill founded—has realized the views of its promoters, is due to the great ability and unflagging zeal with which its chief editor has waged war upon all the enemies of the Church and Christian society, stimulating the holy ardour of that "army of charity, forty thousand priests and fifty thousand religieuses strong, a divine instrument against all miseries, capable, if no obstacle is opposed thereto, of solving the most formidable problems of our time;"† and when, after sustaining the combat for nearly twenty years, the paper was suppressed in 1860, for publishing a Papal brief without the sanction of the sovereign, it was felt that the government of the day, in the arrogance of power, had struck a blow not only at the freedom of the press, but at the rights of the Holy See, which, in the temporary extinction of the *Univers*, lost one of its ablest and most devoted adherents in the ranks of journalism: ranks so largely recruited from its secret or open foes as to render the task of a Catholic journalist in France as daring as it is difficult. After receiving repeated warnings, at one time for unmasking the real aim of the campaign in Italy, when the protocol of April 8th, 1856, showed Piedmont that it might count upon France; at another, for an article headed "Europe in Asia," or for proposing an address to the Pope, M. Veuillot and his colleagues determined to publish whatever reached them from the Sovereign Pontiff at any risk, and, despite a formal menace of suppression, printed the discourse in which the Holy Father stigmatized the pamphlet, *Le Pape et le Congrès*, as "a signal monument of hypocrisy and an ignoble tissue of contradictions;" following it up on the 28th of the same month (January, 1860), with the encyclical, *Nullis certe*, in which his Holiness reprobated the last outrages committed against the Holy See. The chief editor had handed the encyclical to his colleagues with the remark: "*Voici la mort; le journal sera supprimé demain.*" It appeared on the 29th; on the same day an imperial decree suppressed the *Univers*. The paper perished but the document had appeared, and its contemporaries were at liberty to reproduce it. Since then no obstacle has been raised to their publication. The next day the editorial staff of the defunct journal thus addressed the Sovereign Pontiff: "An encyclical of Pius IX. had restored life to the *Univers;* it is for an encyclical of Pius IX. it has been deprived of life. God and Pius IX. be blessed for both. Our work was thoroughly devoted to you, Most Holy Father, and our wishes, our labours, and ourselves are ever yours." The Pope felicitated the editors of the

* Le Parti Catholique, réponse à M. le Comte de Falloux, p. 19-20.
† *Ibid.*

Univers on having long and heartily laboured to sustain and defend the grandest and noblest cause, and extolled the ardour with which they had fearlessly striven to refute mendacious journals and combated for the civil sovereignty with which Providence had invested the Roman Pontiffs. The circulation of the paper, at the time of its suppression, had increased to thirteen thousand. Its proprietor, M. Taconet, was allowed to acquire by purchase the *Voix de la Vérité*, a tri-weekly, with from eighteen hundred to two thousand subscribers, out of which originated the *Monde*, a paper advocating the same views as the *Univers*, but in which M. Veuillot was officially interdicted from having any hand, act, or part. "I have loved the Church," he wrote in 1866. "I have loved the Church, which is supreme justice, and hated impiety, which is the supreme iniquity—social iniquity. For six years I have undergone a regular proscription, exiled from political life for this cause and for none other."* And replying to the taunts of the revolutionary press, he said: "I am nothing, I aspire to nothing, I have nothing, I want nothing. I belong to no party; I am not self-deluded as to any party; I cherish no chimera; except towards the Church I am bound by no gratitude, no affection. The Church is my mother and my queen. It is to her I owe everything, to her, above all, the knowledge of the truth; it is her I love, through her I believe, by her alone I hope for all I wish to hope for: as man, the divine mercy; as citizen, the salvation of my country." Long buffeted by those in power, or by malevolent or mistaken antagonists, he had already suffered at the hands of officialism, and underwent imprisonment for the Catholic cause in 1844, when, failing to intimidate the bishops, the government of the day thought, by rigorous measures, to silence the writers who assailed the University monopoly, and fined and imprisoned the Abbé Combalot, author of a *Memoire aux evêques*. As usual in political trials, the editorial staff of the *Univers*, in conjunction with the Catholic Committee, prepared a special report of the trial, M. Veuillot supplying an introduction, which was submitted to the revision of an eminent magistrate (M. Rives, Counsellor to the Court of Cassation), who found it irreprehensible. Nevertheless, the very day it was issued—the 25th of March, 1844—the whole edition was seized, and M. Veuillot arraigned on the triple accusation of provoking disobedience to the laws, attacking the respect due thereto, and defending acts criminal in a legal sense, for which he was sentenced to a month's imprisonment and fined three thousand francs. This trial strengthened rather than diminished the influence of the paper, although it still continued to be the *souffre-douleur* of Catholic journalism, and had to encounter much

* Preface to the fourth edition of the *Libres-Penseurs*.

hostility from other quarters which eventuated in a crisis M. Veuillot thought to terminate by sharing the political direction with Count de Coux, who assumed the title of chief editor: an arrangement that arranged nothing, for the secret adversaries of the journal, we are assured, were less intent on diminishing the authority of M. Veuillot than laying hands on the work itself. However this may have been, it is certain that grave dissensions had arisen in the Catholic party, and equally undeniable that the policy of which the *Univers* was the most complete expression was as hotly assailed on the one hand as it was warmly defended on the other. These dissensions may be ascribed to the liberal movement that signalized the early years of the Pontificate of Pius IX., into which several of the Italian clergy, a portion of the aristocracy, and nearly all the middle classes were drawn, and which divided Catholics, both in France and Italy, into two distinct political parties. "The one," says M. Eugene Veuillot, "doubted the good faith of Italian liberalism and stood upon the reserve; the others were transported with enthusiasm, and demanded of the chief of the Church that he should resolutely place himself at the head of the liberal party." The division penetrated even into the editorial direction of the *Univers;* but it is creditable to the political sagacity of M. Veuiliot that, like the Roman Jesuits who cautiously held aloof from clerico-liberal manifestations, he saw at once the trap that was being laid for the Pope and his adherents by the Revolution, and into which Charles Albert stumbled, and wisely counselled abstention; and when it was clear that the breach was widening and minds were drifting more and more into the "liberal" current, resolved to quit the journal rather than consent to its being committed to so uncertain a policy. He only awaited the close of the debates on the address in 1848 to carry out his resolution, when the revolution of February changed the situation, and he remained at the *Univers* with Du Lac, Coquille, and Eugene Veuillot for his principal colleagues. The events of '48, however, which sowed more serious germs of division among the party, now divided, on the political ground, into partisans and opponents of the parliamentary system; the founding, by Père Lacordaire, the Abbé Maret, and Ozanam of the *Ere nouvelle*, of which Count de Coux became chief editor, and from which he and Père Lacordaire retired when it began to develop ultra-democratic tendencies; the discussions on the question of liberty of teaching upon which Veuillot's views were that the university fortress should be entered by the breach and dismantled for ever; the ultimate voting of the *loi Falloux*, which he held gave the Catholics something very different from what they had demanded—gave them simply a small share in the monopoly when they had asked for liberty; and the *coup d'état* culminated in the division of the party (not dissolution or extinction, that were impossible), and,

as M. Falloux* relates, people saw the strange spectacle of two camps in conflict under the same flag—two lines of conduct diametrically opposite in the service of the same cause. M. Veuillot was accused of having divided the Catholic party by his absolutist views, with the ambitious aim of assuming its dictature; and a hot polemical contest ensued between him and Count Falloux, who twitted him on the stern joys *(apres jouissances)* of a writer who has mastered the art of rallying and dominating his public. "In this work," M. Veuillot replied, "the 'stern joys of the writer' were a slight compensation for the anguish and bitterness it has cost him. First of all, there is no literary gratification for a journalist. When the journalist happens to be a writer, the exigencies of his profession deprive him of the pleasure of writing; he only knows its fatigue and often its distastefulness. The Catholic journalist, like others, foregoes the pleasure of writing, and replaces it neither by the prospect of fortune nor the mediocre satisfaction of domination, nor even by the satisfaction of combating. Fortune?—He is a layman; he has nothing to aspire to in the Church, and the Church can do nothing for him but give him the sacraments and bless his coffin; he is a Catholic, he can expect nothing from Government, and hope for very little from the public. Domination: whom to dominate? There is a Pope and there are bishops little disposed to forget duties that would compel them to break that kind of power if it succeeded in establishing itself. It is not the triumph of his own opinions, but of Catholic truth the Catholic strives for. He combats through a sense of duty and not for pleasure. When it is against his brethren, the victory is also a defeat. Besides, he is in presence of enemies almost inconvertable, who attack all he holds dear. He struggles as one struggles against fire and water. He defends the truth, he defends the Church, he defends its altars—woe to him if he did not!"† Whatever exception may be taken to M. Veuillot's particular views or to his occasional vivacities of language—vivacities by no means more pronounced than those indulged in by some writers who differ from him—it must be admitted that in the ranks of the laity, at a time, too, when the laity seem providentially designed to exercise a marked influence upon the direction of religious thought, the Church has had no more devoted, courageous, or uncompromising champion than the distinguished publicist in whose hands one of the principal weapons of attack, one of the great social and political forces of the age—the newspaper press—has become a most effective weapon of defence, thus combating and conquering the enemy with their own favourite arm. "A journal," he says, "is essentially an engine of war. If you do not make war upon your

* Le Parti Catholique ce qu'il a été, ce qu'il est devenu, par le Comte de Falloux.
† Le Parti Catholique, réponse à M. le Comte de Falloux.

enemies, you will upon your friends."* Still, although a journalist, *par excellence*, one who has made his mark in a profession he has both elevated and adorned, he by no means shares the extravagant admiration of an institution, typical of an age with which he has little in common, in which post-prandial panegyrists occasionally indulge. "The progress of printing," he observes, "in universalizing the habit of reading, has not equally diffused the knowledge of the true, the taste for the beautiful, the love of the good; it does not redound to the honour of the press, and still less to the profit of liberty. The sentiment of liberty, if it seems to have become general, has nevertheless been singularly weakened. All discipline is more hated, all violence more docilely endured. History shows us in every page people at once more faithful and more high-spirited than now-a-days. They loved something that could be wrested from them only with their lives; they hated something they repulsed as long as they had life in them. Now they love nothing and they hate everything, but with a weak, cowardly hatred, prompt to yield, constant to betray, whence results the facility of dominating and the impossibility of governing them. The daily press has been the principal instrument of this decomposition; it has changed the moral temperament of humanity; it has brought about the reign of indifferentism, and indifference, too, weighs upon it. If the journalists of this time—those who can speak out—were careful of the honour of their profession and the future of freedom, if they were anything else than violent and audacious party-men, or minds lost in indifferentism, doubt, and indolence, they would not ask for immunities in servitude but rather responsibilities in liberty. They would blush to have privileges and no rights, arms and no adversaries; in fine, to be a police force for the repression of ideas in conquered countries rather than loyal soldiers voluntarily engaged in waging a just war legitimately. I may take the liberty of using this language. I have been a journalist. For twenty years I held the pen every day. When that pen was broken in my hands by an act as easy to foresee as to execute, I had never, I hope, betrayed my profession, freely embraced, after having already had experience of its work and worry—a profession I esteem very noble, and even glorious, when it is worthily exercised. And as I have not betrayed, neither have I flattered it. I know the press. If I had to make a present of it to the world, I should doubtless hesitate, and very likely withhold it. But it is no longer a question of setting up this perilous and, perhaps, destructive engine in the midst of civilization; it is a question of living with it, of getting all the good one can out of it, of neutralizing, or, at least, attenuating the evil it may do. I have never concealed that this evil might not be very

* *Le Parti Catholique.*

great, and probably greater than the good; I have never despaired that the good might not be real and capable of counterbalancing the evil to a certain extent. I have always thought that the only way of maintaining this equilibrium was to give the press a sufficient amount of liberty, and, by strict laws, impose an equal amount of responsibility upon it. An illimitable liberty, as has often been demanded, and such as sometimes has nearly existed; an illimitable servitude, such as is now* imposed, are two different but equally efficacious means of turning the press into an absolute evil. Then it is really and exclusively an instrument of destruction. In both cases, in the present state of civilization, with the influence the press necessarily exercises, authority, religion, morals, art, language, culture of manners, could not have a more formidable enemy than a completely free or completely enslaved press."†

I might dwell much longer on this phase of M. Veuillot's career if space permitted; and if I do not enter into the history of the philosophical thesis, the question of the classics, the non-intervention of bishops in the councils of public education and other questions upon which the *Univers* was at issue with some eminent members of the French episcopate, notably the late Bishop of Orleans, it is because Rome has made its authoritative voice heard above the noise and clamour of party contentions, and silenced all disputes.‡ I trust I will not be suspected of writing in a partisan spirit if I express my conviction that the Catholic line has been more distinctly traced and more undeviatingly followed out by the *Univers* than any other Catholic paper that has fairly attained a representative position, and that its permanent disappearance would, as the Bishop of Arras expressed it, have been a public misfortune for religion. "The services rendered to the cause of the Church by the *Univers*," wrote that prelate, as far back as 1856, "are those rendered everywhere by Catholic journalism, of which nobody now misconceives either the importance or the necessity; only its services are greater than others, because it is itself the greatest, that is to say, the most influential and widely-circulated of all the Catholic papers." And the Bishop of Annecy, in a letter to Montalembert

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* Under the Second Empire.

† *Les Odeurs de Paris*, liv. i.

‡ See the first volume of the *Melanges* for a detailed narrative of the questions debated among Catholics from 1848 to 1856; also the Abbé Vétu's pamphlet, *Rome, les évêques, les Catholiques et l'Univers, ou l'affaire de M. de Veuillot presentée dans ce qu'elle a de plus grave et de plus important sous son vrai point de vue et avec impartialité.* The reader, I have no doubt, will be at once struck, as I have been, with the admirable judicial calmness and the charitable solicitude for the personal honour and legitimate rights of all concerned displayed by Rome in the encyclicals touching on the delicate questions raised; another proof, if proof were needed, of the wisdom that moulds and matures the decisions of the Holy See, and justifies the filial confidence with which they have always inspired sound Catholics.

of still earlier date, credits the *Univers* with having forced journalism to take up the gage which it flung down, and exchange the easy triumph of disdain for a war in which its religious indifferentism was to be vanquished. Prior to this no notice was taken of any religious question by the papers. "Now," says the bishop, "they are beginning to realize that the religious question is at the top and bottom of all others, and that Catholicism alone is the whole religious question. Since then it is no longer possible for any man who thinks, speaks and writes to avoid the discussion of religious interests. They are everywhere at stake. The newspapers themselves are obliged almost daily to enter into controversies relating to religion. This polemic is, without contradiction, one of the grandest conquests of Catholicism, which only needs to become known to be recognised as absolute truth. From newspapers and books religion has passed into the speeches of politicians, ministers, governments, diplomatic relations, and almost even into the allocutions of sovereigns; and this latter point is not the least remarkable in the grand revolution that is being wrought. Much, it seems to me, may be expected from this religious *parlage* which is pervading the whole world; were it only to awaken the vague sentiment of religious needs which slumbers at the bottom of so many souls, it would be already a preparation to something more advanced, to truths more positive."

But although journalism has absorbed, and still absorbs, a large share of M. Veuillot's time and talents, it is in literature, properly so called, that he has made his most enduring mark. A great admirer, like Mgr. Dupanloup, of the grand age and *le grand française*, and yet not insensible to the influence of the romantic school, which has exercised such an intellectual ascendency over his compatriots and contemporaries, he has, as M. Gautier* well observes, united in himself two epochs, two ages of which he is the living *trait d'union*, grafting upon the venerable language of the Bossuets, Bourdaloues, Fénélons and Racines—a noble and beautiful tongue, he says, which no one can speak who has not a fund of nobility and sincerity in the soul†—the younger, bolder and more flexible French of the nineteenth century. Master of a style formed upon the finest models, abounding in traits of the highest excellence, and marred by few defects, polished and perfected by dexterous retouches of the pen which show that it is the hand of an artist that is at work—for M. Veuillot has the true artist feeling, without which it is impossible for a man to be a writer, no matter what quantity of paper he may cover with words more or less intelligible—a style, rich, varied, complex, strikingly original in its quaint, idiomatic individuality, full of brilliant epigram, exquisite turns of phrase that express the finest

* *Portraits littéraires.* † *Les Odeurs de Paris*, p. 37.

shades of meaning, yet withal a *hardiesse* that disdains that prurient purism, which, in its over-fondness for niceties, prunes and pares down an expression until only the pale spectre of an idea remains; he has written books that, by the common consent of all competent critics, have been accorded the rank of contemporary classics, books brimful of thought and suggestiveness, full of grand views upon history and philosophy, opening up long-drawn vistas extending far into the shadowy past, or forecasting the dim mysterious future—the outlook of one who stands upon a lofty height and takes in the whole in a comprehensive glance; for in viewing history, as in viewing a landscape, the point of view is the grand, primary essential. Thoroughly interpenetrated with the Catholic sense of history, he looks out upon the world from the safe standpoint of the Church, the only firm foothold in the midst of the continual flux and reflux of the great human tide that surges around its immovable base, as the waters of the Deluge surged around the Ark; consequently his conception of the function of writer is a lofty one, and eminently religious. "We ought to devote ourselves to our vocation," he says, addressing the young Catholic writers who composed the society of Saint Paul, "not on account of the attraction with which it inspires us, but because it comes to us from God, and that the work to which it urges us is the real work He expects from us. If it is to that God calls us, let us be writers—let us only care for that; let us even make great sacrifices, at need, to be only that. In the labour of literature let us accept a kind of priesthood; let us use it no more for the advancement of our fortune than for the satisfaction of our vanity. God will know how to enable us to live by a labour we shall consecrate to Him, and it will be the sustainment as well as the occupation of our lives. The times we live in impose the highest duties upon us Christians, who, lowly or great, weak or strong, should labour as best we can to re-establish so many things in the intellectual and moral order, now miserably shattered or prostrate upon the ground. It is sweet to the Christian to have to fulfil great duties; he derives from thence the certitude of the great graces God will give him to accomplish his object. In effect, everything encourages us. If we examine the present state of Catholic literature in our country, we will joyfully recognise that the inspiration of the Church is, as ever, the strongest and loftiest; and that the masters of style in these times, although far removed from the perfection of ancient models, are still the Christians. May we draw near enough to them to hope to one day raise, amid their splendid monuments, a few humble houses among those that will form the great City whose plans M. de Maistre says are already visibly determined for the future."* And in one of the exquisite

* *Rome et Lorette*, chap. lvii.

morceaux he has enshrined in his *Historiettes et fantaisies*, he depicts the real writer as one whose genuine superiority lifts him above public disdain, and makes him forget himself in his work. No frivolous *dilettante*, no mere adorer of renown, "he has not written for the peurile pleasure of seeing his portrait in the print-sellers' windows, and receiving the gushing epistles of Cathos and Madelon. He wished to serve men in glorifying God ; he knows that all he has done will not count for the future life, like every human work, except as a good action, and, as to the merit of the performance, he is no prouder of it than any other artisan of any other work. What does it matter to him whether they read upon his tombstone, 'He made books' or 'He made shoes?'"* With him literature is a means to an end, and not, in itself, the end. In expansion and elevation of thought he leaves far behind him those writers who only pursue an imaginative ideal in the culture of form, or those whose instinctive weakness leads them to seek after success in the miserable, beaten track of public opinion. "Nothing," he says, "better proves the complete absence of all literary vocation. The writer who has not, once at least, run full tilt against the general public, who has never known, never dared to speak against the sentiment of the crowd ; who has never dreamed, never tried to make headway against a torrent of abuse, is not a writer ; he has neither the nobility, courage, nor independence of mind that give style and life to literary productions ; he is only a bourgeois who bellows with the rest."† Whatever literary sins of omission or commission may be laid to the charge of M. Veuillot—and they have not escaped the keen scrutiny of rigid censors—he cannot be accused of paying undue deference to public opinion, and making it the criterion of taste, much less of duties or beliefs, for he has been all his life running full tilt against the sentiment of the crowd ; against the age, with its passions and prejudices, continuing on the higher ground of literature the warfare begun when, armed *cap-à-pied*, he joined the ranks of Catholic journalism. The same militant spirit pervades his works as pervades the paper to which he has imparted so combative a tone. Most of his writings are but a fuller and more mature development of his views upon the great questions discussed from time to time in the columns of the *Univers*, often with a boldness that has startled minds accustomed to colder processes of reasoning and a more cautious and conciliatory tactique. Grave censure, even, has been passed upon the almost savage severity with which he has occasionally lashed wrong-doers of all kinds, religious, political, or literary, sparing neither false friends nor open foes ; for M. Veuillot is a hard hitter, and when he strikes, strikes with both edges of a particularly keen

* *Historiettes et fantaisies, Sulpice*, p. 303.
† *Les libres penseurs*, p. 67.

weapon, and strikes home. In the *Libres penseurs* and the *Odeurs de Paris* he has poured out all the vials of his wrath upon the sophists who have swarmed like a cloud of locusts over what were once the richest pastures of the Church—lettered infidels and intellectual freebooters, who earn a dishonest livelihood by the plunder of beliefs, and those vile panderers to the basest passions of a debased people, writers of the school of Paul de Kock and Eugene Sue, who have sullied contemporary French literature, leaving a noisome track behind them like uncleanly reptiles. "As to writers of all kinds," he boldly declares, "I make them no concession. The truth is, I consider them the guiltiest promoters of public degradation. Far from attenuating, I have added, and I only regret having but too feebly expressed my indignation. Compared to certain authors, three-fourths of the wretches our laws condemn appear to me innocent. What I say here will one day be the general sentiment. Enlightened by cruel experience, France will recognise the evil the writers have done her: to protect herself from books, she will take not rigorous but savage measures. I warn you of it, proud sirs; either reform or prepare to see evil days. Beware of the cage and the cauldron! In order to restore some semblance to a society dissolved by you, a despot will come who will gird you with iron. The sentiment of right is perishing; freedom, soiled with mud and blood, is disappearing; slavery advances, consequence and end of the reign of the frecthinkers. The day will come when they will see themselves that they have marched to their ruin and prepared their own chastisement. That day there will be no longer time for writing. Before it dawns, I speak, to leave those who will come after us a memory of what the anger of heaven will have destroyed. 'I have witnessed the morals of my time, and I have written these pages.' I have published them for the vindication of Providence. My book will be enough to show those who will not have leisure to seek elsewhere how we have perished. *Per me si va nella città dolente.* The witnesses of the resurrection, learning from me across what slimy ways we have marched to death, will not accuse me of having too vividly depicted or branded both this miserable age and the guides it has followed." In the *Odeurs de Paris* we have presented to us in something like a series of dissolving views—so rapidly does the scene change—a graphic picture of society in the French capital, drawn with realistic fidelity—so realistic that the reader may be sometimes tempted to ask if, after all, the game is worth the candle; if this minute literary vivisection, this pitiless taking to pieces of every small witling who has played fantastic tricks before high heaven in some obscure sheet that has never circulated outside the barrier, is not painfully like breaking a fly on a wheel, and the violent denunciation of others more like pouring oil upon fire than oil upon water. M. Veuillot seems to have anticipated this, for he says:

"I speak as I have felt. I neither accuse nor excuse myself for the bitterness of my language. While I am hardly in love with the time I live in, I recognise in myself more than one trait of its character, and notably that which I most condemn —contempt. Hatred has not entered my heart, but contempt cannot quit it. It is cramped and screwed up there; whatever I may do, it predominates; when I try to stifle it, it increases. It afflicts my soul in revealing to it, as an effect of human perversity, that universal conspiracy against Christ in which ignorance has, perhaps, a larger share than perversity. My reason, not less revolted than my faith, weighs down what hopefulness I would wish to preserve, and dictates to me bitter words it seems to me I would wish not to write. I have come to believe that it is my function to let the persecutors of truth hear something of that indomitable contempt by which the conscience and intelligence they are oppressing avenges itself, and shows them in a near future the inexorable scourge that will inevitably fall upon them. I am that man a force superior to his will caused to run along the ramparts of beleagured, but still proud Jerusalem, exclaiming, 'Woe! woe! woe to the city and the temple!' And the third day he added: 'Woe to me!' And he fell dead, struck by an arrow from the enemy."*

When, years later, this prophetical denunciation seemed near its fulfilment, and the syren city was twice girt round with a cordon of steel and iron, while impending ruin hovered, vulture-like, over the doomed capital, the same *sæva indignatio* that burns in the *Libres-penseurs* and the *Odeurs de Paris*, found vent in two volumes, wherein, with a realistic power comparable to that with which the Jewish historian records the awful judgment of heaven upon the deicidal city, he tells the story of the two sieges, a story whose sequel has, perhaps, yet to be written. It is impossible to mistake the significance of the parallel here suggested, nor the parallel he draws elsewhere, between Rome and Paris, between the metropolis of Christendom and the metropolis of the Revolution. It was Rome, which has inspired so many pens and captivated so many hearts, that inspired his best book, in which are enshrined, in the rich setting of a style as varied as beautiful, all the author's ripest thoughts on philosophy, history, literature and art; a book whose quaint title has offended some fastidious purists, but whose only fault is an occasional strained and high-toned lyrism. "Rome smells of death!" says the exquisite M. Taine, essentially Parisian and essentially of the epoch; "Rome breathes the most delicious perfume," responds M. Veuillot, essentially Catholic and essentially Roman. "God be thanked," he exclaims, "I am of those that Rome has stooped

* *Les Odeurs de Paris*, xv., xvi.

to raise, stricken with the old death-wound. Its luminous hand has transported me to divine heights; its maternal hand has steeped me in the divine air; its holy hand has nourished me with the divine aliment. I have received from her life; I pay her back love. When I saw Rome for the first time, ignorant of death and more ignorant of life, but moved by an unknown instinct—when I saw this august Rome and breathed its perfume, then I knew I should love. On different occasions love, victorious over every obstacle, led me back to the Vatican. In Pius IX. I found the majesty of Gregory. I felt again that paternal heart; again I received that name of son. One day I had to ask for justice; and the judge, as attentive as the Father was clement, restored my humble right, which a powerful hand had broken. Another day, crushed by power, insulted by that power that was crushing me, helpless, but treated thus, thank God, because I had done my duty, sad to feel myself useless, tranquil like a wounded soldier, I appeared before the Vicar of Jesus Christ. O, heaven! prostrate, I heard him glorify my wound. His sacred voice said: '*Beati qui persecutionem patiuntur propter justitiam.*' Yes, my ears have drunk in those words; I have had that glory!"* It was the *Perfume of Rome*, he tells us, suggested the *Odours of Paris*. "Rome and Paris," he observes, "are the two heads of the world, the one spiritual, the other carnal. Paris, the carnal head, thinks the world no longer needs Rome, and that this spiritual head, already supplanted, ought to be abolished. . . While my soul, glowing with admiration, gratitude and love, exhaled the perfume of Rome, the odours of Paris pursued, persecuted, insulted me. I saw the independence of ignorant, triumphant pride; I heard the jeers of folly, the more stupid outbursts of blasphemy, the odious stammerings of hypocrisy. I thought of placing *en presence* the city of the spirit that is perishing, and the city of the flesh that is killing it. A glance at the capital of carnal civilization cannot be useless at such a moment. It is only a glance. I have not pretended to write a portrait of Rome, a task beyond my powers; much less shall I undertake a description of Paris, a labour beneath my dignity. Besides, Paris has its special painters, in great numbers and of great audacity, whom I shall have occasion to quote now and then. They will say enough about it. If I throw a veil over the wound, one will catch the acrid or unsavoury, but always morbid odour."†

The *Dialogues Socialistes*, in which the *reductio ad absurdum* of Socialism, as a regenerative force, is dramatically depicted in its supposed momentary triumph, is a development of the same thought that runs through the *Libres penseurs*; while in *l'Illusion liberale*, the most remarkable of his political *brochures*, he strongly

* *Le parfum de Rome*, vol. i., Introduction.
† *Les Odeurs de Paris*, xi., xii.

inveighs against the quixotic scheme of Catholic liberalists to found a party that would stand between the Church and the Revolution, clasping hands with both in seeming friendship, which M. Veuillot regards as an unholy and deceptive alliance. According to him, two powers divide the modern world, Revelation and Revolution, and have engendered three parties—the party of Revelation or Christianity; the Revolutionary party, of which the so-called "liberal" schools only serve to mask the designs; and a third party, the eclectic school, which fancies it is strong enough to reconcile the others, but, by the very fact of its adopting the Revolution, denies Christianity, of which the Revolution is the absolute contradiction and formal negation. It is with this third party that Catholic liberalism, as a school of political thought, seeks a *rapprochement* by its recognition of the principles of '89 and its conciliatory compromises. To M. Veuillot's thinking, Catholic liberalism, in the present state of the world, has no value either as a doctrine or as a means of defence, and is as incapable of ensuring peace to the Church as of procuring it the least advancement or the least glory. Its tendency is towards heresy. "I do not say," he adds, "that liberal Catholics are heretics. Primarily it would be necessary that they willed it. Of many of them I affirm the contrary; of others I know nothing, and it is not for me to judge them. The Church will pronounce if there is occasion, and when it will be time. But, whatever may be their virtues and whatever good intentions may animate them, I believe they bring us a heresy, and one of the most definite ever seen. . . . . Catholic liberalism and the spirit of the world are consanguineous; they converge in many ways. In the vast mass of atheists, deists, eclectics, know-nothings, pretended inquirers, there are many weak consciences, who only want an accommodating 'tolerant' religion. In the Church itself one would, doubtless, encounter many wearied, tempted or timorous minds, who would not wish to be openly apostates, nor break openly with the world. The heresy that does not altogether deny the truth, nor altogether affirm error, opens up a bed for these shallow streams; they pour into it from two declivities, and thus swell the torrent."*

But politics and philosophy, although they have engaged much of M. Veuillot's attention, have not prevented him from employing his pen upon literature of a different order.

Space will not permit of my entering into anything like a detailed analysis of his voluminous writings, or unfolding their philosophical aspects, here only briefly indicated. Since the *Pelerinages en Suisse* appeared in 1838, his pen has been incessantly busy in enriching French literature with works that may challenge comparison for culture of style or depth of thought

* *L'illusion liberale*, pp. 32, 33.

with the best productions of the best writers of the age. That his facile pen has lost none of its fluency or power, is abundantly evidenced by his latest lucubration, *Molière et Bourdaloue*, a sketch begun in the *Univers*, and subsequently extended to the dimensions of a volume, and which throws much light upon an interesting episode in the literary history of France. He has also written several books, in which those who may be disposed to dissent more or less from his philosophy of history, or his peculiar political opinions, may discover many beauties without encountering much that clashes with their preconceived ideas. Religious literature owes to his pen a life of our Lord; a biography of the early religious of the Visitation; a sketch of Pius IX., and of the Blessed Germanie Cousin, the saintly shepherdess, recently raised to the honours of the altars; *Les filles de Babylone*, prophecies of the present time, taken from Isaias and turned into French verse; *Pierre Saintive*, *Agnes de Louvens* and *Le Saint Rosaire medité*. We have also a notice upon Charles Sainte-Foix and his writings; a collection of miscellanies under the title of *Cà et Là*, some charming idyllic pieces collected into a volume, called *Historiettes et fantaisies*, one of his most readable books; *Corbin et d'Aubecourt*, which some esteem a *chef d'œuvre*; *L'Honnête femme*, a Christian romance; *Le guerre et l'homme de guerre*; *Le droit du seigneur au moyen age*, which Pontmartin describes as "serious as a history, captivating as a romance, amusing as a pamphlet, and mordant as a satire," and in which he has triumphantly vindicated the outraged honour of the Church and Christian society in the middle ages, as in the works already noted; and in *Rome pendant le Concile*, which may be regarded as a pendant to the *Parfum de Rome*, he justifies the attitude of the Church in presence of its nineteenth century accusers.

R. F. O'CONNOR.

SCENERY OF THE SEASONS: SPRING.

Now all the air is stirred with wings
From the deep south, as April brings
Amid fresh scents and radiances
Mild, dewy suns from the blue seas:
In meadowy slopes the daffodils
Sprout yellow by the tinkling rills,
Singing on their way from the distant hills—
Where, in the azure air, some white
Vapour superbly soars in sight:
The lamb by budding hedges roams;

And swallow flocks in sidelong flight,
Sail past by starts—to left, to right;
The bee hums in the drowsy light,
And creeks the crake with all his might.
Far away in the mountain's shade
Some thin thread of a pale cascade
Glitters near the snow-fleck left
By winter in some rocky cleft:
While all around is bright and bland;
On glassy lake you see the swan,
The deer upon the sunny lawn;
Through leaves and grasses joyously
The river flows by vale and lea,
Singing as it goes in merry moods,
As 'twere the spirit of lonely woods,
Or sparry cavern deep inland,—
Wearied with silence and mystery,
Come down to commune with the sea.
Waters flow from many a well's moss'd mouth,
A scent of rain comes up the blue-hilled south;
At moments floats an airy radiance round
From the white dropping clouds; the fresh clear sound
Of the young sparrows in the sallow bushes,
Where through the flaggers the brown runnel rushes,
Twitters:—a quickening motion in the brown
Of furrowed fields is felt; and from the town
Vague noises, like the ceaseless, drowsy hum
Of distant stony pulses, faintly come:
On one side sleeps a rushy-margined pond,
Where, girt by oaks, the moss-tufts, bronzed and shorn,
Grow green in cozy sheltered nooks again,
As blow the cool airs from the lifting morn,
Or sleep in sunny siftings of pure rain:
Long winding roads and upland brownly loamed,
Spread to the showery distance, vapour domed;
And lengths of white cloud stretch upon the wind,
All through the growing, vernal hours; until
The westering sun, dipped in a golden haze,
Along the shining, sloping, green-patched hill,
Makes of the forest boles a luminous maze,
Glows on the shadowing interspace of earth,
Whence comes the ploughman's whistle through the mist;
And silence settles all where it may list:
The faint smoke rises from the crackling hearth,
Of roadside cots; while the spring tide afar
Begins to twinkle from the evening star.

Then, as we homeward wend through dewy dusk along,
Memories of southern seasons rise from antique song:

Where, down the spring-blue winding river the stately white swans oar,
Plucking the grass and herbage growing by the verdant shore,
Where lately blocks of mountain ice whirled dreary, cold, and dim;
Where freshens the rusty winter moss on the bubbled fountain's brim.
Snowy ærial vapours stream on the distant vine-draped rocks,
High up in the austere dome of azure hurry the long-legged flocks,
And comes by the April twilight shores in twilight's swoon,
The plaint of the Halcyon poised on the wave in the dewy moon;
Or where the exuberant, succulent stems of the milky corn
Rustle the night's rain-drops away in the early airs of morn;
Where the tempting apples' ripening juices yellow the fragrant rind,
And the scent of the blue-black violet yields to the rose on the warmed wind;
Where under the dusky red sea dawns the April swallow flies;
Where mother and child in shore-side cots sleep alone under genial skies,
And high in heaven the Pleiades look on a myriad sailing eyes;
Where opulent autumn bends in the splendid sunshine, heavy with grapes,
And the boats of the fishers anchor at night at the ends of purple capes;
Till flames bright Vesper, late arisen, through rains and blood-red haze,
Its earnest lustre across the waste of darkening windy bays.

T. C. IRWIN.

HIGH TREASON.

A TALE OF THE JESUITS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY C. W. CHRISTALL.

CHAPTER XV.

HOW THE JESUIT FARED IN PRISON.

THERE is a story related of the Prussian monarch, Frederick the Great, that being on one occasion at a review, the troops were thrown into confusion by the blunder of an officer, whereupon the king savagely kicked the offender's shins. Burning with

rage at the pain and indignity, the officer turned to his neighbour, a private, and kicked him; and upon being angrily remonstrated with by the king, responded sulkily: "Sire, I kick where I dare!" which is eminently characteristic of poor humanity.

The unceremonious treatment that the Sheriff of Warwickshire had received from Sir John Coniers, and the deep humiliation of soul he underwent in consequence thereof, only rendered him more eager to wipe out the memory of his shame; and being unable to retaliate upon the man who had made him bite the dust, he turned his attention towards the defenceless priest, whom he held solely responsible for his wrongs.

His perseverance was rewarded with some success; and with the aid of two of his sharpest followers, he tracked the fugitive to the town of Stratford. From the authorities he received the most cordial and energetic assistance. In accordance with the cruel policy of the times, the magistracy was recruited chiefly from the ranks of the Puritan faction, whose fierce antagonism to the State Church was overlooked on account of the zeal they displayed in putting down the still more obnoxious Papists. Nor must it be forgotten that the godly work of reformation succeeded in a great degree because it was paid for by results. The persecution of Catholics was social; and the authorities were careful not to drive these men to desperation by putting forth all the strength of the law at once. The legal processes were tedious and protracted; and the impoverishment of recusants was effected in the main, slowly, and by degrees; and as in every case informers were enriched at the expense of the accused, it is easy to conceive how fast the work must have sped when quickened by the combined incentives of fanaticism and avarice.

Over the whole face of the country was spread a vast network of persecution; so meanly ingenious in its details, that a late writer expresses his "wonder that any Catholic priest, whether secular or religious, could have existed at all under such circumstances." Besides the various commissions, or courts of law maintained for the sole purpose of repressing the Catholic religion, with their busy agents in every district, hunting out priests and plundering the houses of recusants, the corporation of every leading town was enlisted in the same odious service, and was stirred up by repeated admonitions to exhibit their zeal in the good cause. In the villages, the small squires, justices of the peace, and parsons joined in the pursuit; while behind these appeared a vast horde of pursuivants and constables, who did pretty well as they pleased.

This may appear exaggerated, but it is the sober truth; and we extract, almost at random, from a manuscript recently published, a few instances, in the words of the sufferers themselves.

"William Newnham, alias Claxton, condemned at Nottingham for robbery committed by him on the highway, broke from his

keeper, the goaler, there, took away with him the daughter of one Griffith Apparaye, minister, and now hath gotten a counterfeit pursuivant's escutcheon and warrant; and so, under that pretence, robbeth and spoileth [the recusants] as others of like quality.

"William Stapleton's house searched; himself apprehended and sent to London, there imprisoned; a lease of his life begged by Cuffe; he was enforced to take a lease of his own living at Cuffe's hand, having otherwise no remedy at all.

"Pursuivants came from London, from York, from bishops, from noblemen, besides justices, sheriffs, justices' ministers, &c.: if all daytime will not serve nights must. Most upon the festival days, when, as they think, Catholics will for charity to themselves have priests, they charitably come to apprehend them. If they have [obtain] not what they will [demand] they take the man, wife, children, and servants all to prison. No help for it: yea, they are praised for it.

"Pursuivants searching at the house of Hugh Erdeswicke in his absence; he coming in finding his chests all broken open, and his evidences dispersed, one of them arrested him and called him traitor; whereto being moved, he bestowed some blows upon him, for which he was soon after deeply fined and endured long imprisonment.

"If any of them will but yield to go to church, all treasons are remitted."*

The last sentence sufficiently shows the object of the persecution.

At the time of which we write, Warwickshire contained a great number of Catholics, and among those inhabiting the little town of Stratford we may in all probability reckon Shakspere, who then dwelt at his house in New Place. His earliest biographer affirms that "he died a Papist;" and in the list of recusants, still extant in the archives of the Corporation, the name of his father, John Shakspere, occurs repeatedly in the list of recusants.

At Stratford the worthy sheriff was utterly baffled: he could track his prey no further, and reluctantly gave up the pursuit. But some months later one of his men happening to be at Aston Manor, learned from the servants' gossip that Burnet had been arrested in London. The information was useless to Mandrill, who was deeply engaged at the time in his very profitable duties; but he transmitted it at once to Sir Roger Aston, in the hope that the knight still felt sufficient interest in the matter to induce him to journey to London for the purpose of assisting justice, and bring the traitor to his richly-merited doom.

Cuffe's severe wound healed but slowly; but his recollection

* From a Manuscript preserved at St. Mary's College, Oscott, and published by the Rev. J. Morris, S.J., in his "Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers." Third series. London, 1877.

of the affray was so vague and confused that Burnet might have cleared himself of the charge of attempted murder if the judge had not put some very awkward questions. In the course of his examination—for prisoners were not then held innocent until proved guilty—it transpired that he was a recusant, and, moreover, strongly suspected of being a priest; and upon his refusal to give a satisfactory account of himself, he was committed again to prison; but had not fresh evidence been forthcoming, he might have reasonably hoped to regain his liberty by bribing the judge.

But his identity was clearly proved by Sir Roger Aston, who, upon the receipt of the sheriff's news, hastened to London. He had a stormy interview with his brother, who displayed so much warmth and indignation, that their meeting ended in a downright quarrel.

When the Jesuit was carried to the office of the Privy Council for examination, he found, seated at the table in company with several others, his old foe Sir Roger, who, greeting him with a sarcastic smile, addressed him as Walter Everard, and congratulated him upon his escape from Nottingham some two years before

Further concealment was impossible; and the prisoner admitted that he was a Jesuit priest, ordained abroad, and whose life was consequently forfeit by the laws of the realm. But the matter did not end there. His judges proceeded with his examination.

"Who sent you into England?" inquired one.

"The superiors of the society."

"To what end?"

"To win back straying souls to the Creator."

"No, no," said another; "you were sent for matters of State, to excite rebellion among the king's subjects, and to induce them to transfer their allegiance to the Pope."

"We are strictly forbidden," rejoined Burnet, "to meddle in any way with affairs of State; and obedience to the Pope interferes in no way with that due to the king. Each is to be obeyed in his own proper sphere"

"You cannot be a loyal subject of the king if you obey the Pope," said a keen-visaged gentleman who had written down the answers. "The Scripture says that no man can serve two masters, and you will not deny Scripture? Supposing that the Pope sent an army into England, asserting that his object was solely to bring back the kingdom to the Catholic religion, and protesting that there was no other way of introducing that faith; and moreover commanding all in virtue of his apostolic authority to aid his cause: whose side would you then take—the Pope's or the king's?"

"I do not consider such a thing possible," said Burnet, as the others looked at him with some amusement, in the hope of seeing

him entrapped. "But as I am a true Catholic and a true subject, I would obey each as far as his commands were just and lawful, and act as became a loyal subject and an obedient Catholic."

"That is equivocating," responded one of the judges, with much annoyance. "We know you Jesuits deal in cunning tricks and shifts, unbecoming to honest men. Answer positively and to the point."

"I can make no other answer," said Burnet.

"How long have you been playing the priest in this country?" was the next question.

"About four years."

"How and where did you land, and where have you lived since you came hither?"

These questions Burnet refused to answer. Of himself he was willing to speak, but declared that he would never disclose the names of those who had assisted or harboured him.

"We shall see!" said one of his examiners sourly. "If good-will fail, we must use force. Have you reconciled any persons during the past four years?"

"Many," said Burnet; "and I would that I had reconciled many more."

"That is high treason, as you well know. Give us the names of those whom you have thus persuaded."

"I cannot," said Burnet. "And I pray you, sirs, not to set down my refusal to any contempt of your authority. I have never meddled with affairs of State. I have tried, indeed, to bring back souls to the knowledge and love of God, for that is my duty. But never will I be guilty of the crime of exposing to the severity of the law those who are innocent of all offence, save that of embracing a faith that we know to be true, and in which your fathers and mine contentedly lived and died."

Finding that neither remonstrances nor threats made the slightest impression on Burnet, the commissioners signed the warrant for his committal to the Tower on the charge of high treason, and handed it to the gaoler, directing him to put the prisoner in irons, for he was clearly a dangerous fellow.

"You can do nothing without God's permission," said Burnet calmly. "His will be done."

He was led through the streets next day, in his Jesuit's cassock and cloak, and the people jeered and hooted as he passed. The honest gaoler, feeling disgraced by being abroad in such disreputable company, reproached him with hypocrisy, declaring that no honest man would wear a disguise and go about under a false name.

"You are hard to please, friend," said Burnet. "But yesterday I was twitted with being a courtier, and told that I dressed myself in that fashion to hide my real character. Well; I have resumed my proper dress, and that is equally offensive to you."

He was duly consigned to the charge of Wade, the lieutenant of the Tower; and, after the necessary formalities had been complied with, was conducted to a cell at the foot of one of the towers then standing within the enclosure, and left for the night.

Some sixteen years before, that cell had been tenanted by a member of his own Order—Father Henry Walpole, afterwards executed at York for being a priest—and upon the wall the prisoner had cut his name. A narrow window, blocked up with stone, had served for an oratory, and on either side he had traced with chalk the names of God, His Mother, and other objects of devotion. Within those walls, it was said, he had been tortured fourteen times; and Burnet, by the morning light that faintly struggled in, contemplated with feelings of awe and pity those feeble memorials of one who, enduring to the end, had won the martyr's crown.

A thorny path, and well defined, lay before him. It was easy to follow; for those who had preceded him in that way of sorrow and humiliation had marked the familiar track in their own blood.

He was removed, much to his regret, to another cell. He would have remained there willingly, although it was destitute even of a handful of straw to lie upon; but the gaoler's orders were peremptory, and this poor consolation was denied him.

Prisons at the time were self-supporting institutions, and the inmates were expected to provide themselves with food and furniture; and when Jennings, the warder, asked for money to obtain these necessaries, Burnet could only refer him to Father Gower. He had no friends, he said, of whom he could ask the favour, save those who were in durance like himself.

As the warder made several journeys to and from the Clink, Burnet availed himself of the opportunities thus afforded to write to his friend; and for a time the two contrived to maintain a guarded correspondence, which, however, shortly came to a sudden close.

One morning Burnet received the intimation that the attorney-general had arrived to take his deposition; and Wade, the lieutenant of the Tower, came in person to fetch him.

The members of the commission, consisting of one of the judges, a privy councillor, Wade, and the attorney-general, occupied an apartment in the lieutenant's lodgings; and Burnet, casting a hasty glance about him, observed, with a quiet smile, a marble bust of King James with which the loyalty of the lieutenant had adorned the broad and massive mantelpiece.

The examination proved very similar to that which he had already undergone, his answers being again written down.

Among other questions, the judge asked:—

"Have you received any letters lately from abroad?"

This was with reference to an intercepted packet intended for

Burnet, which had found its way by some means to the Privy Council. He admitted that he had; remarking that such letters related only to private concerns of Catholics who were living beyond seas, and bore no reference to matters of State.

"Well, where is he to be found to whom you delivered those letters, and how is he called?"

"I do not know," he answered; "and if I did, I could not tell you."

"Your refusal, let me remind you, renders you liable to the same penalty as those incur who correspond with traitors abroad. Tell us, then, with whom you have lived since you came to England?"

"My life is forfeit because I am a priest," was the reply. "You cannot go further than that. I cannot give the information you require."

"But you shall before you leave this place," said the judge

"Please God, that shall never be," said Burnet.

"Then you compel us to resort to harsh measures. We have the power to order you to be tortured. There is our warrant for what we do."

Burnet took the document, and reading it through, said:—

"By the help of God, I will never do what is against God, against justice, and against the Catholic faith. I am in your power; do what God permits you, for you certainly cannot do more."

"Let me entreat you, sir," said the councillor who had hitherto been silent, "not to force us to this act. It is as hateful to our feelings as to yours. We are extremely loath to do it; for we are bound not to desist from putting you to the torture day by day, as long as your life shall last, until you give us the information we seek."

"I humbly trust that the goodness of God will not permit me to commit the sin of bringing innocent persons to harm. We are all in God's hand, and I do not fear the worst that you can do to me."

The depositions being finished, were handed to Burnet, who put his signature at the foot of the sheet, after reading it over with attention; and this stage of the proceedings was finished.

The torture-chamber was in a spacious crypt beneath the keep, and being perfectly dark, candles were brought thither by the attendants; and looking round, Burnet could dimly see the racks and other terrible instruments of torture scattered about the place. To intimidate him, they drew his attention to these engines, showed how they were worked, and hinted, with grim pleasantry, that he would have to taste every one if his strength and determination held out. When they had made the circuit of the place, which was of great extent, he was again asked whether he was yet willing to answer their questions.

"It is out of my power to satisfy you," he said; and throwing himself on his knees, he prayed fervently for a few seconds.

At the summit of one of the pillars that supported the crypt were fastened some iron staples; at its foot the attendants piled up some billets of wood, which Burnet was ordered to mount, after being divested of his cassock.

On his wrists were placed a pair of manacles, somewhat resembling handcuffs, and through the link that connected them was inserted an iron bar. Raising his arms at their request, the bar was laid across the staples above his head, and made fast. Then one by one the billets upon which he stood were withdrawn, and he was left hanging by his wrists.

The pain was most intense. It seemed as though all the blood in his body had rushed to his hands, upon which the whole weight of his body depended; and at the time he thought that the blood was actually bursting from his finger-tips and the backs of his hands.

He uttered gaspingly some feeble words of prayer; but the agony was so acute, that he lapsed after a short time into insensibility.

When he came to himself, he found they had replaced the billets beneath his feet, and one of the gentlemen inquired again if he was willing to confess.

"I neither can nor will," he responded faintly.

The wood was again withdrawn, and his judges, finding that they could obtain no other answer, left him, and waited at the lieutenant's house, sending now and then to know how things were going on in the crypt.

Three or four strong men, with the warder, were left to superintend the torturing; and Jennings, out of kindness, wiped the perspiration from the sufferer's agonized face, imploring him to have pity on himself, and tell the gentlemen what they wanted to know.

Burnet almost inarticulately desired him to hold his peace; and one of those who stood by said in his hearing:—

"He will be a cripple all his life, if he lives through it; but he will have to be tortured daily until he confesses."

For four hours he remained in this position. When he fainted, which happened about every half-hour, they supported him; but as soon as he recommenced his prayers, they let him down again.

Then Wade came back and asked: "Will you yet obey the commands of the king and the council?"

"No," said Burnet. "What you ask is unlawful: it is therefore vain to ask me."

"At least, then, say that you would like to speak to the secretary."

"I have nothing to say to him more than I have said already."

"Hang there till you rot!" said Wade; and turning his back, went away in a rage.

By that time all the commissioners had left the Tower; and as the bell now began to sound as a signal for closing the gates for the night, the attendants helped Burnet down and released him. But he was scarcely able to stand; and being almost carried back to his apartment by the warder, he lay motionless and helpless throughout the night.

This treatment was renewed at intervals during the two following days; and the lieutenant, finding Burnet's resolution still unshaken, left him to recover his strength as best he could.

CHAPTER XVI.—AN ESCAPE FROM THE TOWER.

THE Tower of London formerly occupied the south-eastern corner of the city, of which it formed the chief bulwark. High above all its lowlier surroundings, the mighty keep, assailed in vain by time and storm for nearly a thousand years, still rears its massive front, solid and threatening as when the Norman, in his pride of conquest, first set it there to overawe and control his turbulent subjects. It was said, probably with truth, to be impregnable, and we believe that no record exists of its ever having been taken by assault.

On three sides of its extensive walls ran the broad, deep moat, and along the fourth there flowed the river on whose banks it stood. Like all feudal strongholds, it was entirely isolated. The main gateway, defended by drawbridge and portcullis, has been known for centuries as the Bloody Tower, and its sole remaining inlet, facing the river, bears the equally significant appellation of Traitors' Gate.

Its vast area teems with memories of deeds of craft and violence. Royalty itself has therein bowed its neck to the headsman, or bared its bosom to the assassin's steel. Nobles, whose broad lands excited the envy of their rulers; priests and monks, who incurred the tyrant's wrath by clinging to the faith that he had abandoned; women, and even children, have been foully done to death in its gloomy dungeons, or upon the ensanguined Tower-green.

Palace, prison, and fortress: its every stone deep-dyed with blood, its atmosphere burdened with crime and oppression, reeking of the axe and scaffold, it remains a gaunt monument of human injustice and cruelty; its memories are those of the graveyard and charnel-house; and, as with busy finger we search the pages of its ghastly records, unable to point to a single period when happiness reigned within its ill-omened walls.

The very chapel of the Tower, crowded with the headless

trunks of unnumbered victims, is with strange irony dedicated to St. Peter's Chains!

It was with little difficulty that Pouch ascertained whither the Jesuit had been transferred, and, as frequently as he dared, he might be found making a circuit of the Tower, and anxiously scanning its walls in the faint hope of being rewarded by a glimpse of the prisoner it held fast in its strong embrace.

Father Burnet was confined in one of the bastions on the eastern side of the fortress; and from the narrow loophole that lighted his cell he could see, beyond the moat, the little village of St. Katharine's and the green hedgerows and fields that skirted it.

He had been there about three months, and now, as the March winds were beginning to abate something of their sharpness, the trees were putting forth their leaves and giving promise of a genial spring.

Once or twice he had noticed a figure that, despite the disguising cloak, he recognised as that of his faithful friend, and he had watched patiently for its re-appearance.

His contented demeanour and cheerful aspect had won the commiseration of his gaoler, and the man had evinced a desire to lighten, as far as lay in his power, the irksomeness of his confinement. Burnet had corresponded several times with Gower in the Clink; and the gaoler, for a small consideration, readily agreed to fetch and carry between the two Jesuits.

Some oranges that Jennings brought to him suggested to Burnet a very simple project, that he proceeded to put into execution. Out of the peel he fashioned some rosaries and crosses, and fastening them together by a silken cord, wrapped them in paper, and consigned them to the gaoler for transmission to the Clink, as little mementoes for his friends there. With the aid of a pen, made from a toothpick he had begged of the gaoler, he wrote in orange juice any matters that he did not consider it prudent to entrust otherwise to his obliging messenger; and as the writing only became visible upon the paper being held to the fire, there was nothing to arouse the man's suspicions.

Father Gower replied in the same way; and mentioning in one of his notes that Pouch had been a frequent visitor to the Tower of late, Burnet gave a description of the precise situation of his prison; and to enable Pouch to distinguish it, promised to wave his handkerchief at the loophole, every day as the Tower clock sounded the hour of twelve.

Pouch was on the point of giving up his search in despair when this welcome intelligence reached him. He had been so unremitting in his daily attendance at the Tower, ostensibly to view the curiosities therein displayed to sightseers, that he became apprehensive of exciting suspicion by his frequent visits. Among the other attractions, there was a small collection of wild

animals, a great rarity at the time, which included some exceedingly woebegone-looking lions, that were usually stretched at full length on the floor of their cage, with their heads sadly resting on their forepaws, as though captivity had broken their spirits. The air of the Tower seemed to agree but ill with things, whether of beasts or men. He had even got on speaking terms with the keeper of the beasts; but the man was unable to give him any information about prisoners, other than those he tended.

In the course of his perambulations round the building, it had occurred to Pouch that if an escape were possible at all, it could be effected only on the eastern side, where the moat was comparatively narrow; and when, a day or two later, he observed Burnet's signal, which he dare not answer, he drew his breath hard, and walked rapidly away with an elated smile. But he returned to the same spot again and again during the day, silently noting every feature of the place; and then, as darkness approached, gave a farewell look towards Burnet's prison, and betook himself to the Clink.

A brief conference with Father Gower resulted in the despatch of a missive to Burnet, asking his opinion to the scheme. But the priest, although admitting that it was quite practicable, declined to commit himself to the hazardous undertaking without the consent of the Provincial; and upon being assured of the cordial approval of that personage, provided that Burnet did not risk his life, it was finally decided that the attempt should be made.

The roof of the tower wherein he was confined was flat and battlemented; and under pretence of enjoying the air, Burnet obtained permission to walk in this small enclosure. There was little space for exercise, but a grateful and expansive view could be obtained from the summit of the country eastward of the city. Beyond the little village below, the more verdant hamlet of Shadwell (or St. Chad's Well) was visible, and the pleasant plains of Mile End. To his left, reaching far and wide, lay the Spital-fields, once the appanage of St. Mary's Hospital, a forgotten monastic house of charity, suppressed nearly a century before; and far away into the dim distance, almost as far as the eye could reach, stretched cornfields and meadows, dotted here and there with scattered farms, or the residences of the opulent, until the vista was closed by the well-wooded northern heights of London.

The view is somewhat circumscribed now; and it would not be easy to find in the dusty, noisy streets that cover the enormous area the overgrown city occupies, a single tree or blade of grass to break the monotony that is the pervading feature of the metropolis of to-day.

Some anxious days passed slowly by, during which Pouch was very busy making the necessary preparations; but the

arrangements were completed at last, a small ship engaged to convey the fugitive to the French coast, and the long-expected night at length arrived.

Before the hour agreed upon, Burnet, having made a small bundle of the books he possessed, and which he was not willing to leave behind, took his stand on the roof of his tower.

The stillness of the night was unbroken, except by the slow and regular footfall of the sentry, who paced the deserted pathway that extended along the river front of the Tower.

Looking downwards, Burnet could hardly repress a cold shudder at the turbid moat over which he leaned, and in the darkness, the distance from the opposite bank seemed increased.

He heard the plash of oars, and a boat grounded on the beach. It was Pouch and two friends whose aid he had secured; and Burnet could barely distinguish their forms that now appeared above the wall on the opposite side of the moat. A low, cautious signal was given, and Burnet waved his handkerchief in response.

Then taking in his hand a ball of lead attached to a string, he threw it with all his force. It did not reach the spot where Pouch stood, but fell with a loud splash into the moat. Their heads instantly disappeared, and after waiting a few moments, he drew the lead in carefully. He could hear a faint whisper of encouragement, and grasping the ball, he flung it a second time. It flew over their heads; but they seized it, and fastening it securely to a heavy rope they had brought with them, signalled to him to draw it up.

The rope was hauled across by means of the string, and Burnet coiled it round a heavy piece of ordnance that was placed in position on the tower, but without knotting it, as their intention was to draw it away after he had effected his escape. He called to them in a whisper that all was secure, and Pouch fastened the other end firmly to the stem of a tree, making the rope thoroughly taut.

All was now ready for his descent; but Burnet observed that, owing to the width of the moat, the rope seemed to stretch almost horizontally, so that he would be unable to get along it by his own weight, without propelling himself by some exertion on his part. To satisfy himself of this fact, he first placed the bundle of books on the rope to ascertain whether it would slide down of itself, but it stuck fast at once. He threw it aside, and hastily commending himself to the protection of Heaven, took the rope with his right hand, passed his left firmly round it, and with his face downwards, descended a few feet.

Scarcely daring to breathe, Pouch watched his progress in an agony of suspense. So slow and painful were the priest's movements that he was hardly able to make any progress at all. As yet he had not traversed a third of the distance, and his weight rendered the rope so dangerously slack, that the accomplishment

of his task, if even his waning strength held out, seemed almost hopeless.

Suddenly one of the men uttered a cry. The priest had slipped, and swinging round, hung beneath the rope, to which he clung with convulsive energy. The shock was so great that he nearly lost his hold; but the sight of the dark waters beneath, from which there was little hope of escape should he fall, nerved him to another desperate effort.

"Hush, hush!" said Pouch, in an imploring whisper. "For mercy's sake be silent! Yonder sentry is within earshot. Would to heaven we had thought of bringing another rope to pass round the good priest's body: it would have been easy then to draw him across. See! he pauses again. Now God help him; for we cannot."

Burnet had now crossed about half way, and was actually below the level of the tree to which the rope was fastened. His strength appeared utterly to fail him, and for some seconds he was unable to move. Almost breathless, he clung by his arms and feet to his frail support; and looking nervously below from time to time, he put forth all the strength he yet possessed, and inch by inch struggled feebly on. To his joy his feet at length touched the wall; but his body hung downwards, with his head towards the moat, and he could go no further.

Without a word Pouch directly mounted the wall, and grasping the priest's limbs, drew him up. They lifted him in their arms, and gently laid him on the ground, when overcome with anxiety and fatigue, he fainted.

"The flask, quick!" said Pouch. "Every moment is worth a king's ransom."

Some wine was forced down Burnet's throat; in a few minutes he recovered consciousness, and looking up gratefully at his deliverer, silently grasped his hand.

"Rest here, sir, you will be better presently," said Pouch. "We must detach this rope before we leave. Lend a hand, friends."

But their combined and strenuous efforts were unavailing to dislodge the rope. It had been too securely fastened to the gun by Burnet, and Pouch therefore severed it with a knife, letting the ends fall gently into the water.

There was no time for rejoicing or congratulation. The priest was borne down to the shore, and he had hardly taken his seat in the boat when footsteps were heard rapidly approaching.

The noise had reached the watchful ear of the sentry, and he gruffly challenged them. Pouch dashed into the water and hastily pushed the boat off, and as he clambered in, the report of a matchlock awoke the stillness of the night, and the bullet went whizzing past them, and fell harmless into the river.

The alarm was given; lights were seen flitting about; the drums beat; and some soldiers issuing from Traitors' Gate de-

"The noise had reached the watchful ear of the sentry."—*High Treason*, page 442.

scended the stairs, and manning one of the boats lying there, followed in the wake of the fugitives.

The vessel that had been engaged to convey the Jesuit to France, was a small hoy, anchored in mid-stream ; and in their excitement, Pouch found that the oarsmen were pulling away from it. Seizing the rudder, he altered the boat's course ; and as they reached the hoy, and called to the look-out man to throw them a rope, he observed with dismay that the soldiers were coming nearer and nearer every instant.

The error made at starting had proved fatal, and Pouch, in utter desperation, watched the pursuers as they approached.

Captains of small traders plying between England and France were usually willing, for a small consideration, to convey recusants abroad, when it could be done with safety ; but the penalty for assisting persons to leave the country without permission of the Council was very severe, and led to the confiscation of the vessel employed, as a matter of course.

The men on deck seeing that their passenger was pursued, made no response to Pouch's demand for assistance, and stood moody and silent as the priest reached the deck.

Almost at the same moment the soldiers, distinctly visible by the glare of many torches, came alongside, and making an ineffectual attempt to seize Pouch's boat, clambered up the ship's side.

Pouch and his companions were pulling away for dear life when a heavy splash was heard, and amid a confusion of voices, he noticed that the soldiers had re-entered their boat. Fearing that their intention was to follow him, he directed his little craft to the opposite shore, and running it aground, leaped out.

Burnet had stood for a moment hesitating, until the soldiers were within reach, and then suddenly turning, he plunged over the ship's side and disappeared.

CHAPTER XVII.

SHEARING OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

IT was somewhat galling to the soldiers to lose their prey at the moment when it was almost within grasp; and they stood blankly staring over the side of the vessel, hoping to see Burnet rise again to the surface. But the darkness favoured him, and they betook themselves to their boat and rowed about vainly for some time, roundly cursing the artful Jesuit who twice that night had slipped through their fingers.

As the waters closed over him, Burnet gave himself up for lost, fearing that his strength, already overtaxed, would not enable him to reach the shore. He had been an expert swimmer in his

youth, and former experience served him in his hour of danger; but after a few determined strokes, he found the exertion gave him much pain, and he was fain to content himself with floating on his back, letting the current bear him on its course.

He could hear voices in the distance, and the regular plash of oars; and as they fell upon his ear, there came back to him the natural love of life and freedom, so nearly lost, so hardly won; and he struck out again with a certainty insured by early and constant practice.

This could not, however, last for long; his powers were rapidly failing, and looking eagerly about him for a convenient landing-place, amid the rotting wharves and dilapidated tenements that lined the river, he clutched at the gunwale of a wherry that obstructed his passage, and, supporting himself by his arms, paused, gasping for breath.

Encumbered by his heavy clothing, he began to sink; but he was nearer the shore than he had anticipated, and to his intense relief his feet rested on the ground. Blindly dashing through the water, he stumbled at the foot of a rude flight of stairs, upon which he fell exhausted.

The water here was comparatively shallow, scarcely reaching above his elbows; and slowly toiling up the steps, he rested himself and tried to wring the water from his saturated garments.

While thus engaged, he became conscious of the presence of a man who stood close to him in the narrow archway, watching his movements with dubious surprise. Burnet started, but bethinking himself that the stranger was merely a waterman in charge of the boats, and waiting at the stairs for the remote chance of a fare, he uttered a short "good-night," and passed hastily into the dark street beyond.

The only place of refuge that he could think of at the time was in Blackfriars, the house of a noble lady who habitually sheltered priests, and thither he directed his course. But coming unexpectedly upon the fish-market at Billingsgate, he stopped and turned into one of the numerous by-streets to avoid the crowd of fishermen and porters, busily engaged by torchlight unloading some smacks that were drawn up in the little bay.

Bareheaded, his clothes soiled with the mud and slime of the river, and with the water dripping slowly from his drenched clothing, he presented an unenviable and somewhat suspicious appearance. But he carefully avoided the leading thoroughfares, and gliding warily through the least-frequented lanes, he reached St. Lawrence-hill, and in a few moments stood in the lane bearing that name.

He recognised the place instantly. A light gleamed faintly from one of the upper windows of the Golden Fleece, and feeling that it would be more prudent to seek shelter there rather than to present himself at the residence of his noble patron at such an

unusual hour, and in a condition likely to provoke the comments and suspicions of the servants, he crossed the road and knocked softly at the door. As his signal was unnoticed, he cast a handful of gravel at the window, and waited. The lattice opened and a woman peered out, asking who was there. He said a friend from Master Gower, and the window was hastily closed again.

A cautious footfall awoke the echoes of the silent street, and as Burnet shrank closely within the sheltering porch, a man approached, and halted, looking in his face the while suspiciously. While they stood face to face, the door was opened, and the light falling on the stranger's face, Burnet recognised him as the man who had met him at the river side.

"Did you say you came from Master Gower?" the woman asked, as she reclosed the door and gazed at him.

"Patience, good dame," said Burnet. "I used his name to induce you to give me shelter for the night. He was your guest some months since. I am a priest, flying for my life. Within the last hour I have escaped from prison, where I have been long confined, and I only evaded my pursuers by swimming. You see I am drenched."

"A priest! Now God be praised," said Esther, kissing his hand. "My poor master is lying sick unto death, and you have been sent to us in time to give the poor soul an opportunity of making his peace with God. But, mercy on us, you must change these wet clothes, sir. There are others above-stairs that Father Gower left here when they took him. Oh! these unhappy times! When will they end?"

Sighing and muttering to herself, she conducted him to the room formerly tenanted by his brother priest, and, pointing to the chest that held the clothing, left him, saying that she would bring food to him directly.

But his hands were weak and swollen, and, benumbed with cold, he had made very little progress, when Esther called to say the meal was ready. He declined to eat, although he was faint and exhausted, but desired to see Shefford at once.

The unfortunate saddler lay in the room to which the body of his child had been brought, and where Gower had so earnestly striven to soothe his revengeful feelings. His stout, hearty frame had shrivelled to a mere skeleton: his face was white and emaciated; his hair had turned grey; and in a weak voice, thin and piping like a child's, he feebly greeted the priest.

"Esther tells me you are a priest, sir," he said. "God be thanked! It is more than I deserved," and the tears trickled down his cheek.

Burnet grasped his hand encouragingly.

"I did not heed Father Gower's warning. He said that my—my child would shrink from my bloodstained hands; but he does not. I have seen him again; and he looked at me so sorrow-

fully and so lovingly, as he did when he was here beside me. But I am no murderer, thank God!"

By slow degrees the whole story was laid before the priest. He did not interrupt the dying man, but let him talk on. Shefford's brain seemed confused, and he wandered at times; but the story grew intelligible as he proceeded, and Burnet listened wonderingly to the revelation of the crime of which he had been a witness, and that from the lips of the man to whom he owed his own arrest.

The child's untimely death smote the saddler with crushing force. The object of all his patient, earnest labour was gone; his business was neglected; one by one his men left him to seek more profitable employ; and customers, finding him grow apparently reckless, took their patronage elsewhere.

The occasional paroxysms of grief to which his wife gave way were so pitiable to witness, and so aggravated the bitter sorrow that rankled in his heart, that he consigned her to the care of a relative, trusting that absence from the scene of her bereavement might bring peace to her troubled mind: and finding himself alone, he grew more taciturn and moody, loitering purposelessly about the place by day, and wearying himself by night with long journeys, undertaken with no object but to escape from his own misery, and by sheer fatigue to deaden the tumult that raged within him.

Some latent purpose of seeking out the hated pursuivant may have unconsciously animated him in his nightly wanderings, and shaped them to an end; for, as it was noted afterwards, he never ventured forth without his sword; but he earnestly assured the priest that, in obedience to Father Gower's solemn admonitions, he had laid aside every intention of revenge, and neither sought nor wished to meet the murderer of his child again.

The priest's words had deeply impressed him. His love for the child had been almost idolatrous; and as Mistress Shefford had only seemed to live in little Davy's presence, so too the saddler, now that the child was gone, appeared to shrink and wither like a plant deprived of the light and air of heaven.

He was returning one night from one of his desultory journeys, when he was suddenly seized and forced back violently. Looking up in a half-dazed manner, he found that his assailant was Cuffe, who jeered at him for a sneaking Papist, telling him that he meant to beg a quarter of his friend, the priest, to set over his own door, and uttering some further incoherent insults.

Even then Shefford would have avoided the man, seeing that he was in a half-drunken state; and he dejectedly bent his head and sought to pass him.

Some unfeeling taunt regarding his wife and child made the saddler start shiveringly, and a clumsy blow from Cuffe's sword aroused all his dormant passion. He could not recall the

words the pursuivant had used, but whatever their nature, they stung him into fury.

That this man, above all others, who had ruthlessly trampled out of his life all the poor consolation that remained—that he should dare to turn the sufferings his own hand had wrought into mockery and derision—filled Shefford's cup of bitterness to the brim.

He flew at Cuffe like a tiger that has just scented blood ; and maddened by the recollection of his wrongs, struck right and left with fierce energy, and thrusting his sword through the drunken pursuivant, was borne to the earth by the force of his own blow.

In the fall, his sword was broken in two, and from the fragment buried in Cuffe's body he received an ugly wound. How he reached home, bleeding profusely, and with the sword-hilt still grasped in his hand, he never knew. A raging fever and delirium ensued, and weeks later he recovered his senses only to feel that life was slowly ebbing away.

"We are hunted and worried like wild beasts; but we show our fangs sometimes when driven to bay. Is it a crime to slay those that seek our death?"

The death-bed confession was finished at last: the priest gave the absolution ; and exhausted by the effort, the saddler slept.

Once or twice the priest watching by the bedside thought that the soul had quitted its earthly tenement, and listened for the fitful breathing of the dying man. And then, resolutely struggling with the overpowering sense of his own fatigue, he drew a volume from his pocket, and slowly read the prayers for a soul in its last agony. His voice faltered ; the letters grew dim and confused ; the book dropped from his trembling hands ; and Esther, noiselessly entering, found him sleeping in his chair.

He was awakened by a loud crash, and as he started up, a man forced his way through the window into the apartment. At the same instant, the door below was burst in, a number of men clattered up the stairs, and greeting the priest with shouts of laughter, rudely laid hands upon him.

"This man is dying," he said, pointing to Shefford. "Respect his sufferings: as you would die in peace, vex not his death-bed by unnecessary violence."

In their haste they had not observed the saddler. With fast glazing eyes, and the cold sweat of death upon his brow, he raised himself unaided from his couch. They stood spellbound ; the ghastly figure seemed like a spectre. Inured as they were to scenes of misery and suffering, they stood silent and appalled.

With shaking finger he slowly pointed at them.

"Oh, men of blood!" he said in a faint, hollow voice ; "sinful instruments of harsh and wicked laws, you have done your worst ; I can endure no more. We are your pastime, your spoil. There is not a corner left in all England where we may hide

from your injustice. You claim the right to make a new religion for yourselves, yet will not suffer us to cling to the faith of our fathers! The blood of our people—men, women, and innocent children—cries to God for vengeance; and think you that the ears of the Omnipotent are deaf to the voice of our complaint? Before the bar of eternal justice we shall meet, and God will decide betwixt you and us."

A faint, gurgling noise sounded in his throat, and with his hand outstretched menacingly, he fell back upon the pillow, dead.

As they left the room, the priest observed the face of the man who had followed him an hour or two since, gazing anxiously towards the saddler's couch.

It was the Puritan. His reluctance to betray Gower had not hindered him from giving notice to the authorities of the half-drowned man he had seen seeking refuge at the Golden Fleece. Knowing the saddler for a reputed recusant, he had little difficulty in satisfying himself that his new guest was a priest; and repairing to the Lord Mayor, his fanatic zeal was gratified by intelligence that confirmed his suspicions. It was already known that Burnet had escaped from the Tower, and Price gave the clue to his retreat.

He was not naturally vindictive; and the charity that Gower and Shefford had afforded him, touched him with compassion. A pang shot through his heart upon seeing the priest in the hands of his captors, and he silently slunk away.

The book that he professed to hold in such profound reverence, read it how he would, had surely not taught him to render evil for good!

(To be continued.)

TASSO AND ARIOSTO.

AMONG the Italian poets, Dante, although he has professedly taken classic Virgil as his model, is the most Gothic. In the third part of the Divine Comedy—the "Paradiso"—his imagination has reached a purer and more exalted sphere than that of any of his succeedents. There are in the "Inferno" some beautiful and many terrible scenes. We recur to a few passages in it as illustrating the intensity and varied power of the poet, such as the story of Francesca di Rimini and that of Ugolino. But the beauty of the "Paradiso" cannot thus be estimated by extracts: it must be read as a whole. Petrarch represents the transition between the classic and modern school of poetry. About twelve of his sonnets are among the few perfect things in literature; as are some twenty of Moore's songs. Among the sonneteers, Filicaia,

is distinguished for his religious and patriotic spirit, and Thomaso for his scenic or descriptive sonnets. The lyric poets are inferior to those of some other countries. Italy does not possess any equal to Beranger as an illustrator of national character, or any amatory and festal song-writer equal to our "Poet of Music," the author of the Melodies. But in Romantic poetry the Italians surpass all other nations. It is with two of these latter, Tasso and Ariosto, we purpose to deal, remarking, *en passant*, that there a few nearly as fine scenes and passages in Bojardo, and others, and that Pulci was an earlier and less-finished "Ariosto," who, like him, introduces comic among his heroic scenes. His description of the battle of Roncesvalles presents a more spirited and vigorous picture of war and chivalry than any of their battle-pieces.

The distinction between a tragic and an epic poem is, of course, that the first must have a disastrous, and the second a fortunate conclusion. Homer gives his ideal of the *epos*, when he says that it should consist of "great actions and noble destinies." To us, however, despite of the imaginative powers evinced in the delineation of character and variety of incident, the chief interest attaching to the great Greek ballad rhapsodies, is historical—that arising from the pictures of old-world life they present. The production of an epic poem requires the widest range of poetic capacity, inasmuch as it comprises all varieties of poetry, dramatic exhibition of character, narrative representation of incident, tragic and pathetic powers—the idyl and the elegy—characters, machinery, episodes, moral, all conforming with and giving interest to the fable. The first beauty of a poem consists in the choice and nature of the subject. Regarded from this critical point of view, "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," which relate to the fall and redemption of man, have a higher moral purpose than any other epic. Johnson objects to "Paradise Lost," on the ground that it does not fulfil the requirements of the epic, as it concludes unhappily; forgetting that both poems are one, and together complete the epic unity. The subject of Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata," which is the liberation of the tomb of the Saviour by the Crusaders from the hands of the infidels, is also higher than that of the Iliad, as the noble motives with which Godfrey are inspired are more elevated than the wrath of Achilles. Virgil's theme is the founding of an empire: that of Camoens, the discovery of a new world, and the happiness and glory which will result from universal Commerce.

Greek and Italian are so musical, that any choice composition in those languages possesses, irrespective of its matter, a certain charm, which depends on the abundance and arrangement in the words of the vowel sounds. Compare the opening lines of the Iliad and of Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata" with the first in "Paradise Lost," and the natural melody of the former tongues will be apparent.

Apart from the magnificent swing and measured modulation of the Greek hexameters, the numerous open vowel sounds render them more musical. It is the same with the softer Florentine; while in those of Milton, sibilates abound. Nevertheless, for sustained, stately and majestic harmonies, illustrations may be found in the English poet which it would be impossible to parallel, at least in the Italian; and, as regards the painting of objects, in sensitive, imaginative language, examples may be selected from Keats equal to any that can be picked out of the Italian poets. For instance, take Tasso's description of the cestus of Armida, and contrast the word-painting with that of Keats depicting the chamber of Madeline in the "Eve of St. Agnes," and we will see that in its capacity for poetic painting the English language, in the hands of a master, is equal to any. Where can we find among Italian poets lines more musical, and whose sound more picturesquely echoes the sense, than those of Tennyson in the little idyl in the "Princess?"

"Myriads of rivulets murmuring through the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees."

Ariosto's great poem is a romance; Tasso's, an epic of chivalry. The one resembles Ovid, a luxuriant; the other, Virgil, a less spontaneous, but more systematic genius. The subject of Tasso's poem is the recovery by the Crusaders of the Holy Sepulchre from the Saracens. It is full of spirited scenes of combats, of exciting and touching situations, and encloses a lovely idyl—that of Erminia. The characteristics of the poet's genius are grandeur, beauty, symmetry—but not sublimity. The convocation of the infernal powers by Lucifer, for the purpose of aiding the pagan armies, is far inferior, both in characterization, colloquy, and in the picturesque sublime, to the scenes in the First and Second Book of "Paradise Lost;" but then to Tasso belongs the credit of having originated and poetically worked out the first conception of a picture so terrible. His description of the blasting of the infernal trumpet which summons the fiends in Pandemonium, is often referred to as an instance of Tasso's selection from the soft Italian of words abounding in aspirates, to make his lines as rough as possible.

"Chiama gli habitator dell' ombre eterne
Il rauco suon della Tartarea tromba,
Treman le spaziose atre caverne
Et l'aer cieco á quel rumor rimbomba."

"Now roars the harsh Tartarean trump, whose sounding
Summons the hosts of dark demoniac souls
Through the eternal shadows; as it rolls
Between the gloomy subterranean poles,
The deep cavernous world to its resounding
Shudders; with earthquake the dread realm seems sundering,
While all the black air trembles with its thundering."

From the appearance of the angel who appears to Godfrey, the

Christian leader—the Agamemnon of the "Gerusalemme Liberata"—first canto, to the triumph of the Crusaders' armies, a lofty grandeur distinguishes the poem of Tasso. It is only in sublimity he fails. Lucifer, as he describes him, with horns and tail, even though loftier than Atlas, is but a monstrous hobgoblin when compared with Milton's Satan. It is, however, in beautiful scenes that Tasso excels, such as the description of the gardens of Armida, and of the palace and *personnel* of the enchantress—scenes which may be contrasted with Ariosto's picture of the gardens of Alcinois, or that of the Fortunate Islands in Camoens, or Haide's island, in Byron. Tasso, in the sixteenth canto, has concentrated all sorts of lovely objects: green lawns, crystal fountains, woods bending with their fruit, and in the midst of those lovely scenes, introduces a bird who sings a song which is the key-note of the description. This fancy is considered a falsetto note by some critics, a concetto, not a truly imaginative conception. Though not classic, it is yet not inconsistent with the character of romantic poetry. The image of the rose, and the inference, is like one of Moore's songs, and this one is well suited to a scene which is redolent with the spirit of joy, and youth, and beauty.

"'Look'—sings the nightingale—'how richly springs the rose,
Virgin-like and modest 'mid its cincture of fresh green;
Its tender bloom though open half yet shrinking to disclose
The odorous charms that multiply with every leaf that's seen;
Now boldly in the sunlight its gentle bosom glows,
And now, alas! it languishes and looks no more, I ween,
As when it beamed the emblem blossom, bright and dewy-laden,
Of thousand thousand lovers and of many a myriad maiden.'

"Thus passes bright and passes swift within a single day,
The fresh green strength and blossom of this mortal life of thine,
Whose youth, once vanished, time no more re-animates with May,
Though countless summer suns arising o'er the water's shine.
Then cull the blossom, thou, the while it takes the auroreal ray,
And tinctures life's soft atmosphere with fragrancy divine;
Gather Love's rose while heart with heart can echo morning's strain,
While loving, youth inspired by youth you may be loved again."

The "Gerusalemme Liberata" of Tasso is the most symmetrical in its structure of all epic poems. It has a beginning, middle, and end; the fable, characters, the contrasts and situations, main incidents and episodes, all conform to one end and blend into one artistic unity. The male characters are generally well drawn—a couple of them admirably. In several of them he is supposed to have idealized some personages at the court of Ferrara, as Shakspeare is thought to have done with several in Elizabeth and James's epochs; but they resemble the characterizations of the French dramatists, rather than the living conceptions of Shakspeare. It is, however, in his female characters that Tasso chiefly excels. If the most picturesquely-beautiful part of the poem is that which depicts the gardens of Armida, the most

touching situation is that in which the hero, Tancred, in a misadventure, kills the warrior maiden Clorinda, with whom he is enamoured—a pathetic incident, which Moore has imitated in the "Veiled Prophet," where Azim kills the tender Zuleika.

Ariosto's great poem does not possess the epic unity we admire in Tasso's. It is a series of interesting and romantic adventures, full of characters, of battles, enchantments, magicians; it has its comic as well as its tragic scenes; and ends with the combat in which Ruggiero, the Christian hero, kills Bradamante before the gates of Paris—the Paynim knight succumbing to the Christian, as Turnus in the Æneid falls beneath the sword of Æneas. Much has been said of the indebtedness of Milton to the classic writers; but the Italian poets of chivalry are alike full of imitations of them. Thus Tasso, in many places, copies Ovid, Homer, Virgil, and Lucan; while Ariosto seems to have admired Catullus more than any of them. In the scene where Olympia, abandoned by Biremo, gives utterance to her despair when she sees his ship sinking under the horizon, he has imitated, but failed to equal, the scene in the "Peleus and Thetis" of the Veronian, where Ariadne laments the departure of Theseus.

Ariosto worked out his poem in separate scenes and passages, into which he threw all his observation, knowledge of human nature, descriptive powers, and artistic feeling and knowledge—his tragedy and humour. Among his famous descriptive passages is that of the tempest which overtakes the vessel which is conveying a band of Christian knights to Tripoli; and which he rewrote eight times. There are many fine descriptions of storms in classic and modern literature, such as that in the Odyssey; that in the Æneid; the Italian storm in Dante's Divine Comedy; that in "Paradise Regained;" that, full of detail, in Falconer's "Shipwreck;" those in "Thompson's Seasons;" and, finer than any of those, the storm in "Don Juan;" while in prose fiction we have the night tempest in Smollet's "Count Fathom;" the admirable description of one in Cooper's "Pilot;" the storm in Dickens' "David Copperfield"—his finest descriptive effort; and that powerfully-sustained picture of the storm in Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea." That great writer of epical romance has also given an admirable sketch of a storm in his book on the "Rhine." We may refer to those descriptions as they have become classic; of course there are many others very fine, in poetry and prose fiction; but Ariosto's storm in several respects has never been surpassed. The language employed is powerful; the words and lines swell like the sea. In Virgil we have the roll of the waves:—

"*vastos volvunt ad litora fluctus;*"

in Homer we have the onamatopœic line describing the sail shattered by the wind—

"ἱστία δέ σφιν
Τριχθά τε καὶ τετραχθὰ διέσχισεν ἲς ἀνέμοιο"—Od. ix.

in Ariosto the "horror of great darkness," the swollen mountains of the sea—

"Aloft extend the thick tumultuous clouds
Drowning the day; nor in the dark appear
Openings for any star to give them cheer;
Through the upturned swinging ocean drear
Hurries the tempest, striking flat the shrouds,
And in cold gloom the vessel overborne
Palling, with all its mariners forlorn;
While, as night thickens, higher o'er the plain
Swell the fierce billows of the monstrous main."

The Italian poets excel in their descriptions of female beauty. Where is a lovelier picture in words to be found than of Laura by Petrarch!—

"Le crispa chiome del pure lucente,
Et lampaggiar del angelico riso,
Que solian far in terra un paradiso—
Poco pulvere sol, que nulla sente."

"The crispy ringlets of pure lucid gold,
The lightning beauty of the angel smile
That made my heart a happy Eden isle,
Are now a little heap of senseless mould."

In the sixteenth canto of the "Gerusalemme Liberata" there are several lovely pictures of this sort—that of the nymphs, and of the enchantress Armida; and in Ariosto we have those of Angelica, Olympia, and many others. With those we may contrast Milton's picture of Eve, which is unsurpassable for chastity and grace; or the following sketch, by the author, of "Endymion," and not included in the ordinary editions of his poems, but which, in its way, is perhaps as fine as poet's pencil ever drew.

Deep blue eyes, semi-shaded by white lids,
Finished with lashes fine, for more soft shade,
Contrasted with her twin arched ebon brows;
White temples of exactest elegance,
Of even mould, felicitous and smooth;
Cheeks fashioned tenderly on either side,
So perfect, so divine, that our poor eyes
Are dazzled with such fine proportioning.

Reading most translations is like hearing a piece of music composed for one instrument played on another; or looking on the wrong side of a transparency, where the meaning of the picture is clear, but where all the delicate tints of colour are unseen.

There are numerous versions of Tasso's great poem in the English as there are in the principal Continental languages. Among the former, the old version by Fairfax, though not so literal as some others, exhibits most of the spirit of the original; in which respect it resembles Chapman's Homer. Italian literature was in fashion in Queen Elizabeth's time, as French in Queen Anne's, and has

left its impress in the works of several of the old English poets, chief among them Spenser. The reader, who overlooks the allegory of the "Fairie Queen," finds himself in the same world of romance and chivalry in which he travels in company with Ariosto and Tasso—among an endless series of adventures, combats, enchantments. Spenser's diction has just the same even flow as that of the Italians, with here and there a passage of intense poetry, grand and beautiful. The poetry of the "sage and serious Spenser," as Milton called him, resembles that of Shelley in one respect—namely, that it depicts an ideal world; one entirely distinct from that of ordinary human life. He delights in detail; his fancy is inexhaustible. Besides the six books of the "Fairie Queen" which we have, he wrote six more, which, alas! have long since mouldered away at the bottom of the Irish Channel, having been lost during one of his transits to England; and he could have written another half-dozen but that he had exhausted the virtues and vices to whom he gave personality.

Byron is another English poet whose last writings manifest the influence of the Italians. His mind, in his early poems, may be compared to a night, stormy and starry, but too frequently oppressed with exhalations. There is a manly energy in his poetry such as is not be found in that of any of his contemporaries. Description is his forte, and nothing can be better than some of those in "Childe Harold," and elsewhere. He impresses us as a personality more than an artist, and it is to this impression, and not from his having been a "lord," that, together with their peculiar merits, the popularity of his tales, &c., have been attributable. Unfortunately, almost all his male characters are bad—in some of his dramas he was rising into a wider conceptive atmosphere—they are all guilty of palpable or mysterious crimes, with some one virtue, like a jewel on an Ethiop's neck. Shakspeare paints all sorts of characters well; Byron, one, unsurpassably. Personally he had noble sympathies and a high sense of beauty, physical and moral; yet not a little of his latter work is evil, and he seems to have been possessed with the vain and insane perversity of identifying himself with those shadowy imaginations, the Conrads, Laras, and so on. It was not until he became acquainted with the Italian poets that his conceptive faculty broadened and found ampler expression, blending descriptiveness, tragedy, wit, humour and pathos in his chief work; whose popularity he did not foresee must be for ever restricted by so much of its material and its treatment. The study of Pulci, Bojardo, and other Italian poets led him to the invention of comic scenes and the intermixture of wit and satire in the narrative. He also adopted their manner. Like Ariosto, he begins to describe a scene with his accustomed power; then stops short, and commences another series of adventures. The description of the shipwreck, of Haide's

island, and of her death—though exception must be taken to this in several obvious respects—are perhaps finer than anything in Ariosto. Byron's sympathy with external nature is stronger than with the Italians; on the sea he is especially at home, and in his description of it, Victor Hugo is his only rival. Byron was an Englishman of the Regency, as Tennyson is one of the Victorian epoch; and while the genius of the latter artist is wise, beautiful, and human, that of the young Byron, while noble and heroic, may also be designated as being, to a certain extent, demoniac.

Ariosto and Tasso derived the materials of their great romantic poems from history and historical tradition; from fictions associated with the Normans and Saracens; from the songs and stories of the Troubadours; and from classical literature. Scenes, characters, and adventures of which but a dry and meagre outline was thus presented, they have, as artists, worked up in the richest, most varied, and attractive manner; the nucleus of the subject and its development bearing about the same relation as the old ballad of Lear and Shakspeare's tragedy. Into their poems they threw all their knowledge of human nature, their invention, their culture, and mastery of language. Tasso is the grander and more symmetrical genius, Ariosto the more varied and luxuriant. The one may be compared to a wide and wild natural country, with its plains on which battles are fought; its sunny and shadowy regions where the spirit of adventure energizes; its grey mountains and woods, with their enchanted castles and palaces, and its solemn sea and ever-varying horizon; its moon with its marvels, and cloud-land, whither Fancy excursions when it is wearied of earth: a domain where all the passions glow or gloom, and beauty and terror, wit, fantasy and humour make their home. The other resembles a spacious garden, through whose lines of stately cedars the sun glories, through whose branches the depths of orient skies disclose the pomp of cloudy armies, terrors of thunder vapours, magnificences of light and motion—lastly, triumphs of golden clarions round the altar of the morn.

N. W.

MY LADY'S GARDEN.

All in a garden of the olden time,
The time so quickly passes,
Spring reigns with hints of Summer's fuller prime;
Each brook blue heaven glasses,
And winds have died, and gone is winter's rime,
And flowers grow, and grasses.

Then in the morning, when the air is bright,
Nor any longer chilly,
She comes demurely from her bower's height,
As fair as any lily,
To cull the buds with which her beds are dight—
Pink, primrose, daffodilly.

Here brave narcissus reaches to her hand,
Like to some modest wooer,
Snow-white—but round his eye a blood-red band,
As mutely pleading to her
That shame-faced purity may love command:
Nay, she seeks something truer.

All human love she deems so old a story,
So often told untruly,
She seeks some flower that may speak the glory
That follows duly
The leaving of earth's joys, so transitory,
For bliss known newly.

And yet she is full fair; a lover's voice
Would surely speak her peerless;
But long ago her steadfast maiden choice
Was set, all fixed and fearless,
Upon that haven that makes the heart rejoice
When all the world is cheerless.

So let her roam and dream among her flowers,
Singing her song of gladness,
Of how there may be happier, better hours
In country, than town's madness
Can give;—how Heaven each white maiden dowers
With joys that bring no sadness.

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

IRISH ART AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

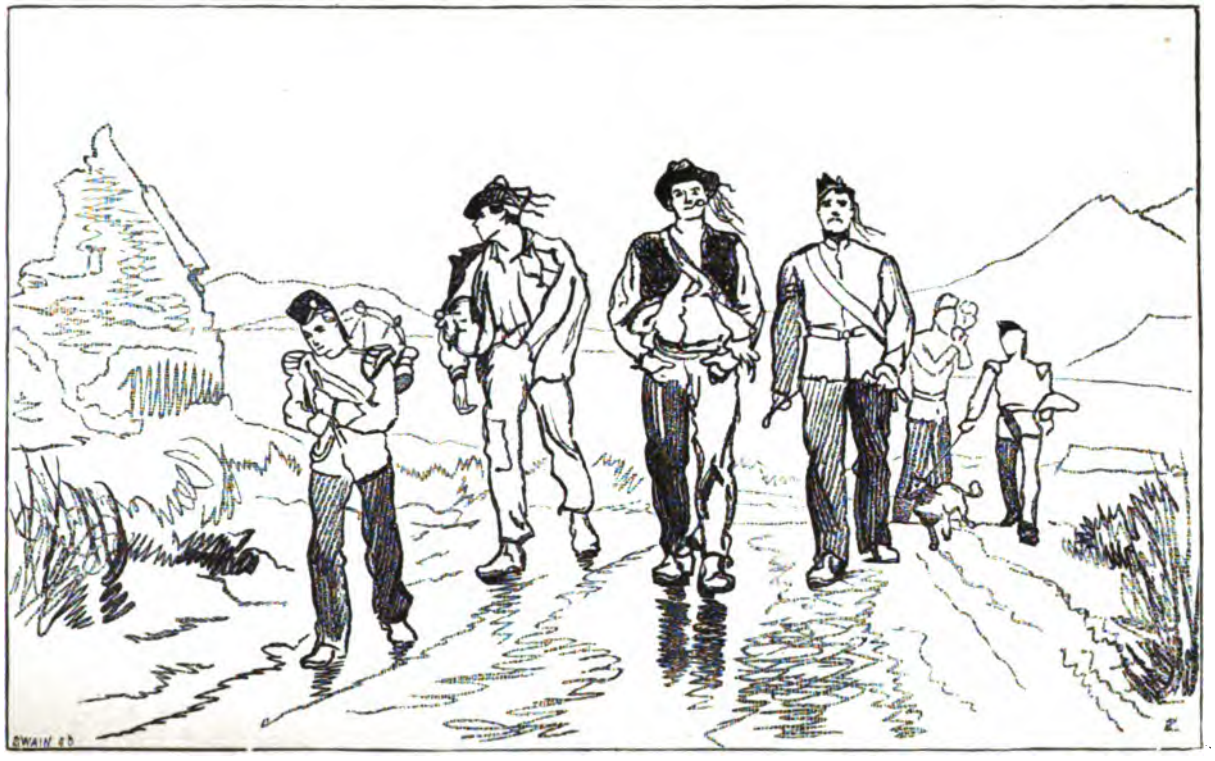
IT may, perhaps, be doubted whether the Celtic genius has much affinity with the combination of workmanlike, dramatic, and observant qualities which constitute the pictorial capacity. Art records impressions, the Irish character is occupied with feelings; art is simple and positive, the Celtic genius is (if we may employ a much abused word) transcendental; and having borrowed one term from metaphysics, let us sum up the whole contrast at once

and say that art is objective, while the cast of Irish thought is distinctly subjective. National music, unrivalled for character and beauty, national poetry of an equal spiritual charm—these are the natural expressions of the national genius. All praise of Irish music is trite enough; but what has never been fully acknowledged, is the debt, in this matter, of the sister island. England has had some true musicians; but in hardly a single case can their origin be inquired into without the discovery of Irish or of Jewish blood—the mighty Jewish musical genius, indeed, having influenced even the great schools of Germany to an incalculable extent. The Scotch and the Welsh have the musical faculty, but by some chance they have been more self-contained in regard to it, and have not leavened the English nation as Ireland has done.

Nevertheless, though not the land of artists, Ireland is the home of art—in this sense, that a picturesque faith, a picturesque climate, a picturesque landscape, a picturesque people which does picturesque things by some happy instinct, offer a whole world of living pictures to the painter. The Irish make many pictures if they paint few. We have not found, and we cannot imagine, in any country more perfect compositions of figures at labour, of glen and hill, of light and cloud and colour, than are met with among the Kerry mountains. As an example of the poetical instinct by which the people make pictures in their own lives—an instinct without parallel even among the Italian peasantry—there occurs to us a scene, acted often and without ostentation or self-consciousness, without witnesses, and without record. A batch of young emigrants is on the eve of quitting some poor village for ever; upon the hill-side is a tract of holy ground; the church has gone to ruin, but the churchyard remains, and a little mournful pilgrimage is made thither; the oldest woman of the village, the mother of many mothers, cuts a sod of the consecrated earth of Ireland, three times sacred as being blessed by the Church, as being the soil of the fatherland, and as lying over Irish dead; and this the young exiles are to bear with them to that new world which has no history, nor poetry, nor faith. Passing from the Ireland of to-day to the Ireland of the past, the annals of no country, whether secular, sacred, or legendary, are so full of noble suggestiveness. It is impossible, for instance, to read the life of St. Patrick without calling up mental pictures of those years of his youth when he kept sheep and prayed alone among the wild hills. The scenery is unchanged; and the very dress of a shepherd of his times is still preserved. But these are not the subjects chosen by such artists as have elected to paint Irish life. They have almost invariably followed each other in treating a serious and pathetic country as the scene of a conventional kind of buffoonery. Humour is admittedly an element, and a fine element, in the national character; but it is

tragedy, and not low-comedy, which is acted in this wild and solemn scenery, and by these people who think and speak so constantly and so familiarly of death, who are so poor, so great, and so unfortunate. The artist who treats Ireland as a joke has seen nothing through his own eyes; he has borrowed those of unintelligent predecessors, and adopted a stale tradition. Ireland has thus been given over to the travesties of the stranger, because she has no great and worthy national painters. Besides the transcendental, literary, and musical bent of Irish art-power, this lack of any school of painting of our own may be attributed in part to the prosiest of reasons. The people are poor, and those who might be patrons of national art have few or no national sympathies. In 1771, Benjamin Franklin, writing in young America, said:—"There is no doubt of the arts flourishing hereafter on our side of the Atlantic as soon as the number of wealthy inhabitants shall increase." Of course, the prediction has been fulfilled; and there can be little question but that a larger number of Celts would join the Anglo-Saxons in the conquest of that peculiarly Latin art—the art of painting—if Ireland counted among her wealthy men such eager and intelligent collectors of pictures as there are now in Boston, Philadelphia, or New York. For painting and poetry, like commoner things, are governed by questions of supply and demand.

Painters, Ireland indeed has had, though they have not watched their mother's moods, or lingered lovingly over her aspirations and her acts, as her poets and her musicians do and did. The name of Maclise may be said to be immortal; and Barry, a Cork man, like Maclise, had a great reputation in his day. He was the friend of Burke, he won the praise of Dr. Johnson, and was not only an Academician, but the Academy's Professor of Painting. In Sir Martin Archer Shee, who was born in Dublin in 1770, Ireland supplied the Royal Academy with a president; and she might, for the matter of that, have supplied it with a second, for the post was offered to Maclise, and declined. Not all members, not even all presidents of the Academy are great artists; the fame of far the larger number of them is destined to die, and among the rest, it is to be feared, that of even the ambitious Barry and of Shee Maclise will have more claim on posterity. He was entirely destitute of dramatic power and incapable of expression, but he could draw like a master, and his skill in detail was something more than mere imitative dexterity. When the majority of his works, with their familiar mannerisms, have ceased to be prized, a few will yet remain to make his name, though not his nationality, remembered. Among these will be his elaborate composition of Caxton showing his first printing-press to Edward the Fourth, now exhibited at South Kensington. It is familiarly known by the engraving, and was once popular enough—perhaps less for its real merits than for the cheap Pro-



Thumb-nail Sketch of "'Listed for the Connaught Rangers." By Mrs. Elizabeth Butler (*née* Thompson).

testant clap-trap embodied in it by the introduction of the shadow of two monks which falls upon the open page of the first Bible, to typify that men of their cloth have obscured the light of the Word! This incident illustrates the un-Irish sentiment of this Irish painter—a peculiarity which is altogether indisputable in spite of the fact that he sometimes chose national subjects, such as his "All-Hallows' Eve," his "Marriage of Strongbow and Eva," and his "Earls of Desmond and Ormond." Yet, as a man, he possessed many traits characteristic of the land of his birth, and was not above the perpetration of a fine, free, and rampant bull—if we may judge from an unpublished letter of his which lies before us, and in which he excuses himself from an evening appointment because he has been "so *saturated* with *dry* detail at the Academy all day." He was Irish, too, in the fitfulness of his capacity for work, and in his generous carelessness of money. He kept his coin in the bottom of a cupboard, whither he and his sister went, whenever they needed any, without burdening either their memories or their book-shelves with accounts of expenditure, or of receipts, or of balances in hand. Charles Dickens used to say that Maclise, had he cared to figure in literature, might have done so with signal success.

That the poverty of the past, as regards Irish art, is shared by the present, needs no further demonstration than that given by a visit to the great annual exhibition of contemporary paintings now open at Burlington House, the magnificent quarters of the Royal Academy in Piccadilly. Out of the fifteen hundred and eighty-six titles in the catalogue, we have noted only four which appertain to Ireland, viz., a view of "Turnberry Point" on the west coast, by Joseph Henderson; "Donegal Bay," by Walter F. Stocks; "Interviewing the Member," by Erskine Nicol, A.R.A.; and "'Listed for the Connaught Rangers," by Mrs. Butler. Clever and humorous as Mr. Nicol's picture is, the large canvas that comes last on our list is the only one that fulfils the conditions of a really earnest national work. An English critic has spoken of it as "the one really memorable picture of the exhibition;" certainly it is the only one, from an Irish standpoint, which is representatively true. For there is much more on this canvas than a mere recruiting incident, as we shall presently show. Even in a finished engraving of "'Listed for the Connaught Rangers," the colour would be lost; the pure green-blue of the sky, the rich aërial purple of the mountains, the glow of the storm-clouds as they roll away, and the strongly accentuated colour of the figures in cloud shadow against the brilliant background—would all be turned to sober black and white. And much more than this—the expression of the faces is missed in our rough little sketch of the picture which the artist herself has made; but which will, nevertheless, show the composition and give a general idea of the work. The story of the

picture is soon told. A recruiting party has passed through a remote Irish village, and two sons of the soil have accepted the Queen's shilling. The big fellow who marches next to the sergeant is called Foley; he is an excellent specimen of the Kerry men, who are usually smaller than he among those hills. Though he carries himself with seeming dare-devilry, and smokes the pipe, if not of peace, at any rate of warrior-like indifference, he will make a splendid soldier in the course of a year, by dint, we are sorry to add, of an occasional visit to the blackhole. Foley's brother recruit will be moulded by the gentlest military discipline. He attributes his slightly inferior physique to the fact that he has been brought up on potatoes, while the more fortunate Foley, who comes from the little seaport of Cahirciveen, close to Valencia Island, has luxuriated on herrings. None the less he will make a magnificent soldier—the soldier who goes from remote Connemara to India, to China, to Canada, and to the Cape, where these Connaught Rangers are now fighting, and where the bones of many a Kerry boy may, at this moment, be bleaching under the sun by the Afric river and on the Afric sand. Well might the Duke of Cambridge when, in his speech at the Royal Academy banquet, he singled out this picture for especial praise, lament that the ranks were not recruited by more such men as they. But they are everywhere emigrating, and while they make their way to America, the British army is replenished by garret boys—the scum and the off-scouring of iniquitous cities.

Mrs. Butler has a double claim on our notice here, being not only the painter of an Irish picture, but the wife of an Irish husband. Whether an artist should marry has long been a discussed question, even in the case of men, and much more in the case of women. When Flaxman told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he had taken to himself a wife, the great man remarked, "then you are ruined as an artist"—he himself, it is said, having been jilted by Angelica Kauffmann—a fact which explains the acerbity of his dictum. But the painter of the "Roll Call" is a woman first and an artist afterwards; and she had not long changed the name of Miss Thompson for that of Mrs. Butler before she set to work at the picture under notice. The landscape was faithfully studied in Kerry, at that most beautiful time of the Irish year, September (the September of 1877), when there is a glorious medley of sunshine and of rain. The mountains to the right are the Reeks, and the recruiting party are passing through Glencar —the glen of stones. The whitish-grey boulders and the golden gorse—among which are interspersed the Killarney fern, holly trees, and all kinds of mosses—give a brightness of colour to the middle distance which it would not have in July or June, the time of heather. The ruined cabin to the left stands in nature about five hundred yards distant from the exact spot depicted, and it was a wise thought of the artist to go a little out of her

way to include the characteristic spectacle in her canvas. It affords, says Mr. George Augustus Sala—for it is hardly a secret that the art critic of the *Daily Telegraph* is he—play to "that pathos in the suggestion of which Mrs. Butler excels. Journeying across the Green Isle from Dublin to Cork one used to see, sixteen years ago, hundreds of such ruined homesteads. These battered apparitions meant only one cruel, miserable thing—eviction. They were the wretchedest landmarks in the history of a beautiful and unhappy country." Precisely—it was because the desolated cabin was an historical landmark that Mrs. Butler recorded it on canvas. This is what we meant when we referred to her work as being really national and representatively true. A great picture is not a mere literal transcript of an actual incident or scene; a great artist paints not only what lies before him, but much more—

> "The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream."

The Archbishop of York, speaking on this subject the other day, made some observations that deserve to be rescued from the oblivion of a local newspaper column. "Art," said his Grace, "is not mere imitation. If that were so, the photograph would be the highest product of art. Realism may happen to be the enemy of art. The bespattered boots of the fallen Emperor in Delaroche's great picture attracted very often the attention due to the head and bent figure, heavy with the weight of a crushed empire, with the ruin of a thousand schemes of a selfish life. Interpretation, not imitation, is an artist's function. Let us take, at a venture, three examples in this year's academy—the 'Waning of the Year,' by Mr. Parton; the portrait of Mr. Gladstone, by Millais; and the 'Remnants of an Army' (Mrs. Butler's second academy work). In one sense they are imitations of an autumn landscape, of a statesman's face, and of an exhausted horseman and a spent horse. It is not the imitation, however, which is the charm of each, and will arrest the admiring eyes of thousands in the coming months. No; in one sense the artist is confronted with an autumn scene, and it speaks to him of the decline of the year, and the withdrawal of exuberant summer life. The sadness of such a scene, or at least its solemnity, comes from within; for it reminds us of the waning of our own year of life. Consequently, all features in the real landscape that are void of this significance would be omitted by the artist. So the portrait of the statesman comes from one who could understand that he was in the presence, not merely of a strong and vigorous head, but of one which is a speaking record of a long, earnest, passionate career, marked with its force, but also with its sorrows and disappointments. The third picture bears out its idea with even more clearness. Alone, exhausted, snatched out of universal death, and sustained

by sheer force of will to the end of the desperate flight, amidst an arid, stony landscape, which says, 'expect no help nor shelter of roof or tree from me,' the man has come back to tell of a powerful army blotted out, of the shame and humiliation of a great people." So in Mrs. Butler's other work—the one which we have especially selected for notice, because it concerns our own land—there is the touch, not of the mechanical artist only, but also of the creative genius which has comprehended and expressed the whole history of modern Ireland in this one simple scene. The long, lingering look of that young recruit tells us, as Mr. Sala well says, that somebody is sorrowing for the peasant lad who has 'listed in the Connaught Rangers; that "somebody down there in the purple shadows of the wild mountainous country grieves for Alec, or Phil, or Harry who has gone for a soger." And it tells us more. It typifies thousands of such tearings asunder of beloved ties—it is the epitome of a long chapter of national wrong and sorrow which needs no ruined roadside cabin's corroboration, of the domestic sentiment and the love of country which is so strong in the heart of every son and daughter of Erin. And throughout the composition there are similar touches to be found. Thus it is that we hail Mrs. Butler as a national painter; and we are happy to hear it is not improbable that her claim to this title may rest not merely on "'Listed for the Connaught Rangers," but also on some of her future works. Others, once she sets the example, will follow, not as mere imitators, but as learning from her canvases their own latent talent, and having aroused in them aspirations too long suppressed. Thus, haply, in the day of Ireland's regeneration, when she recovers whatever she has lost and gains new glories, she may have this also—a school of painting of her own, rich in worthy memorials of her history, her scenery, her faith.

> "O Eire, it is not ended! Soon
> Or late, thy flower renews its bud!
> In sunless quarries still unhewn
> Thy statue waits; thy sunken moon
> Shall light once more the autumnal flood!"

So sings the greatest of her living bards, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, and her people say, "Amen."

A. R.

THE MOORES OF MOORE'S COURT.

By Denis F. Hannigan.

Chapter XIII.

It was long after midnight when a solitary rider proceeded along the road that lay right in front of Moore's Court. As he rode onward under the murky sky, from which burst forth at intervals a vivid flash of lightning, he exclaimed, in a tone of growling discontent:—

"Bedad, 'tis mese'f came in for it hot an' heavy, an' all on account of a couple o' cursed letthers."

Perhaps the alliteration should rather be "dark and dreary;" but, as the reader is aware, Patt the Post had a peculiar mode of expressing himself.

Glancing up curiously at the mansion, which, in its stillness and gloom, looked as if there were no life within its walls, he muttered:—

"The divil a light I see there at all! I suppose they're all gone to bed hours ago. I'd betther get to my mother's, an' wait till mornin' to dilliver them."

He turned down a rough path leading along a deep glen, which, in the darkness and solitude of night, presented a weird and sombre aspect. He could hear the hoarse murmur of the streams that rushed wildly along through the dark valley; and no other sound broke the solemn silence, save an occasional peal of thunder, which caused the postman to bless himself in an unusually devout fashion. In his course, he passed beside a country churchyard, and as he glanced over the walls at the white tombstones, a superstitious dread possessed him that perhaps the commotion of the heavens might have called forth the dead from their graves. Forcing his jaded beast to quicken her pace, he very soon reached his destination—a small thatched house standing alone by the side of a dreary road.

Dismounting, he knocked roughly at the door with the handle of the whip he carried in his hand; and, in a few minutes, a shrill voice from within cried:—

"Who's there?"

"Open! 'Tis me, mother. I'm half dead after a long ride Hurry, and don't keep me here waitin'."

These words seemed to stimulate the occupant of the house to more rapid exertion; for, ere another minute had elapsed, the door was opened by an old woman, holding a rush candle in her hand. There was something wild and haggard in her appearance.

Her grizzled hair hung in disorder about her head; and a faded old gown was thrown loosely about her person. She was unusually tall, and there was a strange eagerness, almost amounting to fierceness, in the expression of her face.

"So you came in spite of the tundher!" was her greeting, as the postman, having secured his mule, made his way towards the part of the cabin where the embers of a turf fire shed around a faint blue light, like the ghost of a dead flame.

"I'm next to death's doore, woman alive!" he returned, in a tone of discontent. "Put something in that fire, and give me a dhrop of somethin' sthrong, if you have id in the house."

The old woman advanced towards an old cupboard, and, after some fumbling, drew forth an earthen jar and a cup without a handle, into which she quickly poured some of the liquor contained in the larger vessel.

"Here, Patt; this is some rale *potheen*," she said, as she handed him the cup. "Sure 'tis yourself'd want id, after the bad night you had!"

The postman drained the contents of the cup at a single draught. "Bad night!" he repeated, as he wiped his lips with his coat sleeve; "you may say that, mother. Faith, I'm not at all obliged to my imployer for the work. Who the divil but a madman or a slave could endure sich a thing at all?"

"Oh, don't talk that way, like a daycint boy," cried the old woman, who addressed the postman in this fashion, not because of his youth, but on account of his filial relation to herself. "'Tis out with yourself you are, afther such a hard ride. Had you any dhrop on the way at all?"

"Of coorse, I had!" he replied, as if the question were preposterous. "Do you think any Christian could keep up his heart sich a night as this, on a long road without a drop o' liquor? Sure, I should get under cover from the storm! Do you think I'm made of iron? Sure, I'm a'most murdhered intirely!"

The old woman placed a fresh sod of turf on the hearth, and fanned the half-extinguished fire with the corner of her gown.

"An' how many letthers did you bring with you?" she asked, as she sat down in her former position.

"I have two—an' one of them, I b'lieve, is of great consequince. The ould 'torney tould me to be mighty careful about it, as 'twould be a sayrious matter not to dilliver it careful; an' he said I should lose no time in dilliverin' it ayther. I suppose there's somethin' valyable in id."

"Well, I needn't tell you not to bethray your thrust," said the old woman. "The Flahertys was always known for honesty through the whole counthry, an' we don't need 'torneys to tell us what's right and what's wrong."

"I'll have another dhrop o' that stuff there," observed Patt, waving his hand significantly towards the cupboard. The old

woman again proceeded to pour some of the contents of the earthen jar into the old cup, and handed the latter vessel to her son, who seemed now to be growing tired and sleepy after his long journey. Having swallowed this fresh draught, he muttered: "Faith, I'll have a stretch on this settle here till mornin'. I'm too tired to sit up any longer."

He remained for about three minutes on his knees, going hurriedly through some formula of prayer, then flung himself upon the settle—a rude wooden bench with a back to it, which was placed in a corner directly opposite the fire. Sleep, however, did not seem to visit him all at once, for he continued to address his mother in a kind of drowsy tone :—

"Could you guess who the other letter is from, mother?" he asked, without moving from his recumbent posture.

"Why, how should *I* know?" she returned, with an air of abstraction.

"Well, thin, 'tis from a man o' the name o' Callanan, who lives in Cork—a rich broker, if you care to know who he is."

"Callanan! Callanan!" the woman repeated in a dreamy sort of way. "That name is deeply fixed in my mind—ay, an' sure it ought, too."

"How is that, mother?" he inquired. "What can you know about the Callanans? They're livin' in Cork this many a year, an' the only one o' them that was ever down in these parts is the young man that was at college with Masther Frank—he's stayin' at Moore's Court at present."

"Ah, indeed," said the old woman, thoughtfully. "Then they can't be the same as the Callanans *I* knew."

"What Callanans are *you* thinking of, mother? I never knew any others."

"Oh, they were left the counthry, Patt, before ever you were born. An' 'twas a pity, too; for they were a daycint ould stock; an' a bad act it was to turn them out—a rale bad act; an' I fear it lies heavy on the ould masther's sowle."

"What's that you're talkin' about, at all?" cried the postman. "I don't undherstand. Who were these Callanans?"

"Listen, an' you'll hear:—Ould Tim Callanan held about forty acres of land from Sir Annesley's father"—

"Sir Valentine, is it?"

"Yes; but let me go on. He was as good a man as ever braythed, the same Tim Callanan. I remimber him a fine hearty ould man when I was a mere girl. Well, Tim paid his rint regular, year afther year, till the ould masther took it into his head to raise the rint all round, one year, an' he raised it higher on Tim than on any o' the rest. Tim (poor man!) never looked out for the rainy day—his heart was too good. Indeed, I remimber one good act of his, an' sure it gave rise to very curious things. Indeed, they say 'twas that brought all the trouble on his head."

"Arrah, why are you talking that way in parables, mother?" cried Patt, who seemed to be growing interested in his mother's recollections of the past. "Tell how the thing happened."

"Can't you wait till I'm ready?" returned his mother, who seemed determined to tell the narrative in her own way. "Long ago, when Tim Callanan was in his prime, a band o' gipsies came to this place; and they pitched their camp on a part o' the istate that was close to Tim's own boundaries. There they remained for weeks, tellin' the girls their fortune, an', I b'lieve, makin' a power o' money by their divilment, or whatever it was. But Sir Valentine, when he comes back—for he was away in London or some place like that, you see—he threatens to bring them up at the coort, and punish them as vagabones, if they wouldn't quit the place in all haste. So one fine mornin' they marched away, and, as good look or bad look would have it, who should they lave behind them but a little girl with the blackest eyes an' the blackest hair ever you seen. An' this little stranger makes her way into Tim's house; and Tim's wife, Molly (a very tindher-hearted woman she was, by the same token) takes a sthrong fancy to the little crature, for she hadn't any daughther at all of her own, you see. An' so they christen her an' call her Mary Callanan, an' rear her up with themselves; and Tim an' Molly grow as fond of her as if she was their own child. Well, 'tis a long story to go through, all that happened afther that—ay, an' tis a sorrowful story, too. Sir Valentine used often take a turn down to Tim's place; an' he used to see Mary—I mane this gipsy girl—milkin' the cows or doin' somethin' about the place; for she could learn to do anythin' she'd see others doin', she had sich a quick way about her; an' he sometimes praised her for her good looks, an' paid her compliments that did her sowle no good, I warrant you. Well, one day, says the masther to Tim's wife: 'Sind this girl down to the great house,' says he, 'an' we can employ her about the place as a dairy-maid.' Well, Tim and his wife were very unwilling to part with the girl, for they had grown to love her very much; but the masther showed he was determined to have his own way in the matther; an' accordin'ly they let her go. This was the time before Sir Valentine got married, for, you see, it was rather late in life whin he settled down. 'Tis little I thought that what occurred thin would ever come to pass. I was mese'f in sarvice at Moore's Court at the time that poor Mary came there. She was quite a girl even then—not more than sixteen years old—but she was as tall as a full-grown woman, an' she looked like some beautiful foreign lady instead of a poor girl. Ah! poor Mary Callanan! 'Twas the black day for her that ever she came to Moore's Court. It brought misfortune on herse'f, an' on poor Tim, an' on his wife.

Here she paused, and, glancing at the settle, exclaimed: "You're not listenin', Patt, are you?"

A snort and an unintelligible muttering showed that Patt's weary spirit had escaped from the dull atmosphere that surrounded it, and was wandering somewhere through the land of dreams.

"Well, 'tis better to have him asleep, for I was near forgettin' mese'f," murmured the woman self-reproachfully. "This is a thing that even he shouldn't know. Where's the use of rakin' up the ashes of the dead? The baronet is gone now; an' Tim Callanan is gone long ago, I suppose—wherever he died; an' the poor gipsy girl is gone, too. Ah! I wonder where they are now. Sure, he couldn't be where *she* is, though he boasted that he was a gintleman, for I'm sure she is in heaven, poor thing!" She seemed to be carried back in spirit to the past, as she brooded over the events she had been recalling; and suddenly a strange thought, arising out of her son's reference to the letter he was bringing to Sir Annesley, floated before her mind. "Where can her child be now? Heaven only knows. I b'lieve it was a boy. An' there is a family named Callanan now in Cork. I wondher can they be anything to Tim Callanan, or anything to the poor gipsy girl?"

The wretched rushlight had long since burnt itself out; and still the old woman crouched over the faded ashes of the turf, saying to herself in a low tone: "It *was* a bad deed—the worst deed of his whole life!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE next day was as bright and cloudless as if no storm had ever darkened the summer sky. The air was fresh and balmy, and the smiling earth was clad in a gorgeous robe of sunlit verdure.

Sir Annesley sat at the breakfast-table with an expression of relief on his face. He had just received the two letters which Patt the Post had delivered; and, though there was something in both of them that slightly ruffled his aristocratic pride, they were, all things considered, rather satisfactory. Mr. Sharkey had sent what he called "the first instalment" of the promised loan, observing in his letter that "a portion of the two thousand pounds would go to the payment of legal expenses," but that he would "forward the balance by an early day." Knowing from experience that the attorney could scarcely allow any sum of money to pass through his hands without an indirect reference to a bill of costs, Sir Annesley regarded this as one of the necessary inconveniences resulting from connection with a lawyer, and submitted to Mr. Sharkey's professional mode of payment with as good a grace as possible. Mr. Vincent Callanan's letter was very short, but otherwise did not exhibit any glaring breach of conventional propriety. It thanked Sir Annesley for his invitation, and declared that Mr. Callanan would have the pleasure of visiting

Moore's Court on to-morrow, but that business would not permit him to remain longer than two days.

"I am glad your father is going to come down," said the baronet, addressing Charles in a more familiar style than usual. "It will, I hope, be a benefit to him, and it certainly will be of some service to me to talk to him on matters of business."

"And so Mr. Callanan is coming, papa?" Rose interposed, with ill-concealed chagrin.

"Oh! we shall all be glad to see Mr. Callanan's father," said Lady Moore, with a quick look of reproach at her daughter.

"My father is not a man who cares much for society," Charles observed, gravely.

"I'm sure he'll find us quite as much shut out from the world as his heart can possibly desire," cried Frank, with a laugh.

"I suppose you find yourself better to-day?" said Lady Moore, glancing significantly towards her husband.

"A little," the baronet returned, meeting her glance.

Miss Quain had listened to the announcement that Charles Callanan's father would visit Moore's Court apparently with some interest, but she did not venture to make any remark.

After breakfast, Sir Annesley, with an unusual solicitude concerning Lady Moore's health, proposed that they should order out the phaeton and have a drive.

"Probably, no one cares to accompany us?" the baronet said, with an inquiring glance around the room.

"I don't feel disposed for that kind of thing," said Frank, indolently.

"Of course, you can't go, Rose?" Sir Annesley observed.

"I suppose not, papa," replied Rose, half discontentedly.

"I have to remain within all day, as I have important matters of a religious nature to attend to," observed Aunt Deborah, solemnly.

"I feel in a reading mood," said Charles, who fancied that he was probably expected to refuse. Perhaps, indeed, it was only the baronet's politeness that led him to ask the question at all; for, when Lady Moore came in, arrayed very becomingly in a grey silk gown, over which a lace shawl was thrown, and wearing a handsomely-trimmed bonnet, he spoke to her in rather a joyous tone.

"We must go alone, Charlotte, it seems. The young people are all very much indisposed, and not one of them will come."

Lady Moore smiled, and the baronet led her to the door with a courtesy which was fashionable in his younger days, but almost obsolete now.

As they drove away, Rose Moore exclaimed, with some impatience:

"*I* am treated as a mere school-girl. Papa assumes that *I* must remain within doors to go through some stupid lessons."

Let us take a glance at the educational grievance which provoked this young lady's spleen.

Miss Quain usually spent about four hours each day in attendance on her imperious pupil; and the appointed time for the performance of this duty was from eleven till three o'clock. Rose Moore possessed, indeed, a high capacity for learning. She exhibited far more reasoning power than most girls of her age; and her memory was so faithful that she could, by a slight effort, reproduce whole passages from the books she had read. She had acquired a knowledge of French and Italian sufficient to enable her to read Racine with great facility, and to go through the whole of the "Gerusalemme Liberata" without missing the force of a single line. She had also evinced a passionate taste for scientific studies, rarely found in girls. Her curiosity regarding the operations of nature, the laws of physical life, and the speculations of astronomers, often surprised her instructress. She also possessed a certain amount of talent for drawing, but she did not care to cultivate it; for, strange to say, she seemed to be specially attracted by none of the fine arts, not even music, for which most young ladies exhibit a passionate love. Up to a recent period she had received lessons both in music and drawing from an Italian master, whose warm temperament could not harmonize with Rose's peculiar character; for, having dared one day to whisper in his pupil's ear some "soft nothings" in his own harmonious tongue, she called her father's attention to what she indignantly termed "the man's insolence;" and the unfortunate Italian was informed that his services were no longer required. In a word, Rose's mind seemed to have little of that softness and sensibility which are so often (but not very correctly, perhaps) regarded as distinctively feminine attributes.

The place adapted to the purposes of a school-room was an antique apartment adjoining the library, which, in former days, had been used as a kind of museum by an ancestor of Sir Annesley, who had affected a taste for Irish antiquities. Its walls were garnished with a number of curious old weapons, amulets, and bronze figures, supposed to be relics of pagan Ireland. The fresh-looking school-books, which lay strewn about the room, the map of Europe, primly hanging by itself in a corner, and the two new writing-desks, on one of which lay the manuscript of a girl's theme, presented a strange contrast to these fruits of antiquarian zeal, as if the Past, venerable even in its rust and decay, looked down reproachfully on the superficial glitter of modern learning.

Here it was that Rose and her quiet teacher were seated, a short time after Sir Annesley and Lady Moore had gone out to drive. It would, perhaps, be pedantry to follow them through the course of their intellectual toil: it may, therefore, be sufficient to remark that Rose seemed unusually discontented to-day with the dull routine of her school-work, and that she took the

liberty of expressing her feelings on the subject long before the closing hour had arrived.

"Don't you think, Miss Quain, it is almost time for me to be rid of this kind of drudgery?" she asked. "Could we not discuss things together like two persons, each supposed to possess a mind of her own?"

"But you must be patient," returned the governess. "We must learn what the greatest thinkers have written, before our minds can be ripe enough for independent thought."

"I have read many things written by so-called great thinkers, which were really shallow and silly. Was there ever a weaker or vainer creature, let me ask you, Miss Quain, than Rousseau, judging of him by his works alone?"

"I don't pretend to be an admirer of Rousseau," said Miss Quain, with some earnestness; "but I believe he had great original powers."

"Well, I don't like Rousseau for one reason amongst others: he was an upstart. He attacked rank and noble birth because he had neither of them himself."

"But, surely, our faculties themselves are nobler than any social distinction?" said Miss Quain.

"That may be true," Rose returned; "but how could any society exist without an aristocracy? and is not a long line of distinguished ancestors the highest test of an aristocracy?"

"Ah! but we must not confound our ancestors with ourselves," said Miss Quain, with a smile. "We have each of us our individual obligations, and cannot be fairly expected to answer for the deeds of those who have gone before us. Indeed, it may be well for us, in many cases, that we are free from the responsibility of answering for our ancestors' conduct."

"Why, you talk now, Miss Quain, in the same strain as that mad fellow, Charles Callanan."

"You are not very complimentary to him, I see."

"Oh! really, Miss Quain, he thinks too much of himself, like all persons of his class who are sent to college. But let us take a stroll into the garden before dinner. It is too fine a day to be confined inside."

As she spoke, she sprang up impetuously from her seat, and the governess, disposed to submit to any caprice of her pupil which she did not consider absolutely wrong, rose to accompany her. As they proceeded towards the garden, Rose continued the conversation with unusual vivacity. "I don't like Charles Callanan," she said; "he is insufferably vain."

"There I think you do him injustice," observed the governess. "He is an enthusiast, and sometimes expresses himself strongly; but he has a candid and generous nature."

"I believe enthusiasm like his is merely effervescent self-conceit," said Rose, sharply. They had just passed through the

garden-gate when Rose uttered these words, and she was a little startled to hear a man's voice addressing them almost immediately after she had spoken.

"Beautiful day, ladies, is it not? You have come out to enjoy the sunshine, it seems?"

The speaker was Charles Callanan; and, in spite of her self-command, a deep blush overspread Rose's dark features.

"I did not expect to find you here, Mr. Callanan," she said, a little confusedly.

"Apparently not, Miss Moore," he returned, closing the book he had been reading, and glancing quickly at Rose; "I am rather unfortunate in being so often in the way. I happened to disturb Miss Quain in like manner a few days ago."

"Oh! really, you must not say that," the governess interposed. "If anyone were disturbed on that occasion it was yourself, Mr. Callanan; for I believe it was *I* that intruded myself unwittingly on your meditations."

"You are very kind to put it in that way," Charles returned. "It is pleasant to find ladies generous enough to take on themselves the responsibilities of others."

"It is not pleasant to see men more effeminate than women," said Rose, who had by this time quite recovered her composure; "it is a sure sign of degeneracy."

Charles reddened, but said nothing in reply to this harsh taunt.

"Your father comes here to-morrow, I believe, Mr. Callanan?" Rose observed, after a pause.

"So it seems, Miss Moore. I must confess I am a little surprised at it myself, for he very seldom goes away from home."

"I must acknowledge that *I* am surprised at it, too. I need scarcely tell you that few visitors come to Moore's Court; and one of the last I would naturally expect is your father, Mr. Callanan." They were now slowly moving along the gravelled path; but Rose, as if she wished to keep Charles and the governess at a respectful distance, walked on a little in advance, listening to what was said, and giving utterance to her own remarks, without ever turning round to look at either of her companions.

"I believe you heard me say before," said Charles—who felt that Rose's last observation was little better than a covert sneer at his father's supposed inferiority of rank—"that my father has not any special love for society. Indeed, I believe he has seldom mingled in any family circle save his own."

"You seem to forget that society is often too exclusive to permit people to choose the sphere in which they are to move," Rose replied, sarcastically. "As a general rule, persons engaged in business are different both in their habits and in their tastes from those of the upper class."

"That seems to be a mere prejudice," observed Miss Quain. "There is often very good taste and very strict morality amongst the mercantile class."

"Indeed, you are right, Miss Quain," said Charles; "and it would be absurd to think that Providence ever meant to give what is called the 'upper class' a monopoly of either refinement or virtue. On the contrary, I believe some of the noblest gifts of mind and heart are often possessed by persons of the very humblest station."

"But, surely," cried Rose, "the mercantile class, which has sprung from the churls of the middle ages, cannot possess the qualities that peculiarly belong to the aristocracy?"

"In reality, if you reason in that way, every line of princes in Europe is descended from some nameless adventurer," Charles warmly rejoined. "But to speak of station or descent as things that transcend individual merit, is absurd. Great men are not to be found merely among the aristocracy."

"You talk like an eloquent democrat," said Rose, who was, however, impressed more strongly by his words than she wished to acknowledge.

"But is it not a contemptible thing to coop ourselves up into a narrow social circle, and never move out of it?" Charles exclaimed. "Surely, it is not a large-hearted or charitable view of human life, to think that we must all live in cold exclusiveness!"

"I do not profess to be a saint," said Rose, blushing slightly. "I think it best to take human life as I find it. I find that, in spite of the influence of heroes and saints, social distinctions have always prevailed, and I think they must always prevail."

"I suppose it is vain to attempt to change those preconceived notions of yours," said Charles, who felt that the contest would, perhaps, become interminable if he continued it.

"I fear my pupil's faith in aristocracy is too fixed to be easily weakened," observed the governess, with a smile. "But I believe it is almost time for dinner, Mr. Callanan?"

"Oh, dear! how stupid of me!" cried Rose, who seemed to regret that she had lost so much time in an idle discussion. "Papa and mamma must have come back an hour ago, at least."

It was, indeed, as Rose surmised. Sir Annesley and Lady Moore had returned, and were even inquiring of Frank whether he knew where Rose and Miss Quain had gone. Frank, being in one of those lazy moods into which his easy nature occasionally lapsed, had been lounging all day on a sofa over one of Moliere's comedies, and declared, with a yawn, that his aspiring sister and her mentor might, for all he knew, have taken wings and flown to the stars.

When the two young ladies in question, accompanied by Charles Callanan, entered the drawing-room just before the dinner-bell rang, Lady Moore exclaimed:

"We were wondering what had become of you. Where in the world have you been?"

"In the grove of Academe, discussing philosophy," Charles playfully returned, while he glanced curiously at Rose, "In other words, we have been talking in the garden."

"To little purpose, indeed," said Rose, sententiously.

"By-the-bye," observed Sir Annesley, "we met Mr. Winkleson out, and had a long conversation with him. He says he expects to get some lucrative appointment in India shortly, through the influence of his brother."

"*Deo gratias* for that," cried Frank. "The fellow is a tiresome snob."

"I hope you do not seriously think so," said Lady Moore, "for we asked him to come and dine here to-morrow."

"Why, Mr. Callanan, from Cork, is to be here to-morrow before dinner, mamma," cried Rose, deprecatingly.

"That does not make the slightest difference, I hope," said Sir Annesley.

"I am afraid Mr. Callanan will not tolerate 'General George,'" said Frank, glancing humorously at his friend, who reddened, and made an awkward attempt at a smile. It was evident that Charles looked forward to his father's arrival at Moore's Court with more anxiety than satisfaction.

(To be continued.)

THE MOORE CENTENARY.

IT must be a source of gratification to all admirers of Thomas Moore, to find that the memory of our Irish poet, whose works have delighted millions in all parts of the civilized world, is still fondly cherished in his native island; and that those feelings of admiration and of gratitude which we entertain and owe to him, for the charming poetry he has bequeathed to us, will find expression in the Centenary Celebration on the 28th of May, in honour of the greatest lyrist in English literature. Through the aid voluntarily offered by several eminent Irishmen, additional interest and *eclat* will be given to the occasion. Lord O'Hagan, who is as distinguished for his eloquence and literary taste as for his patriotism, will deliver an oration on the subject of the day's celebration. Mr. Denis F. MacCarthy will contribute a centenary ode, which will be recited by the Rev. Chancellor Tisdall, who is so accomplished an elocutionist. The Centenary Festival will also be celebrated by the admirers of the poet in lands far away from the green island of his birth.

Among other efforts made by musical and literary artists to

popularize the event, we may notice the production of an opera entitled *Finola*, written by Mr. Charles Dawson, the object of which is to reproduce in connection with an Irish historical plot, which, though slender, is effective for the purpose, a selection of some of the richest gems among the "Irish Melodies." The author states in his preface that he was induced to undertake the composition of this pleasing operetta from having remarked operatic airs and London music hall songs were more sung by the Irish than were those Melodies of their native land, which, for sweetness, gaiety, pathos and passion, it is needless to add, have never been surpassed. The former have derived their popularity from having been sung on the stage; and the author of *Finola* believes that were similar means of publicity given to the Melodies of Moore, they would soon supersede the trashy productions in vogue, imported from England and elsewhere. This object is meritorous; and both from a poetic and national point of view we wish it success. The opera opens at Tara, during the period of one of the Danish invasions. The son of the Ard-Righ of Ireland is about to be married to the daughter of Hermon, the king of another division of the island. When the approach of the foe is announced, Finola orders the young prince, her lover, who is better acquainted with the harp than the sword, to leave her and defend his country against her enemies. The prince departs; and in a battle which presently ensues, and in which the Danes are successful, is supposed to have perished. In the latter scenes we find Finola at her father's court, where she is sought by numerous suitors, but rejects them all. The prince escapes from the Danes; marshals the Irish of the South, among whom he had found a retreat; attacks the enemy, and drives them out of the country. He then rejoins Finola, and while Tara, which had been destroyed during the war, is being rebuilt, their marriage takes place. The series of situations in the opera are well designed to introduce some of the most exquisite of the Irish Melodies.

In view of the Centenary Celebration, a few brief allusions to Moore's lyrical genius may not be inapposite. He appears to have acquired his earliest poetic *afflatus* from

> "Those simply charming little odes,
> Embalming old Anacreon's moods,
> Where scents of garlands and Greek must
> Still breathe from out their sparkling dust;"

and, indeed, his natural taste and scholarly culture enabled him to give his songs a symmetry and perfection of literary form unrivalled by the best of the old Greeks themselves, during the brief, bright summer of their intellectual civilization. There are no festal songs so beautiful, fanciful and refined as those of Moore—they are like wreaths of sunny vine-leaves and fresh shamrocks. Several eminent critics have considered these and

his amatory lyrics among his finest effusions. Byron, on the other hand, thought "When first I met thee," his best song. Sheridan said: "No one could put such feeling into their fancy as Moore;" and such is the case. Though he has displayed an unrivalled power in running through the whole compass of lyric emotion, it is easy to indicate those songs which were born of his heart rather than his head; such as the songs of affection, of national sentiment—melancholy or enthusiastic: and these are the most likely to have an enduring fame. Moore's mind, indeed, while "scintillant as spar to the sparkle of wit, was soft as the blossom enriched by rain." His sympathies embrace all that is lovely and loveable, grave and gay, aspiring and patriotic, in the Irish national character and history; and some of the martial lyrics exhibit a concentrated energy, and have an inspiring ring like the intrepid eloquence of Grattan. The "Melodies" of Moore, while distinguished by the purest poetic taste, are the most complete literary embodiment we possess of the National Sentiment of Ireland. They merit the first place among our classical compositions. Some twenty of them are among the few perfect productions to be found in any literature. In the exquisite adaptation of a sentiment to a simile, or *vice versa*, he is unequalled. Never were feeling and fancy so charmingly combined with finished execution. We can well believe that each of his "rich and rare" songs cost him a month's labour—the same period that Beranger devoted to meditate on one of his *refrains*. The art in which he was pre-eminent was in illustration:—the management of comparisons. "No English writer," said Macaulay, "had such a faculty of perceiving analogies, except Bacon, as Moore." In some of his love songs, the interweaving of the metaphor with the subject or sentiment reminds one of that scene in Goëthe's "Herman and Dorothea," where the lovers stand at the well, looking silently down on the mirrored images of their lovely faces, as they seem to caress and blend with each other on the surface of the wavering water.

Our National Melodies, while affording a proof of the exquisite genius for music which the Celts of Ireland possessed, may be considered as the truest reflection of our national history. By incarnating their spirits, so to speak, in such perfect literary forms, Moore has extended the repute of their beauty, and made the world sympathize with the sorrows, gaiety, pathos, courage, of which they are as much the expression as if of the Irish heart an Æolian harp had been made. In writing the Irish Melodies, the author performed a work of permanent patriotic influence. Wherever their music is sung, the soul of Ireland is rendered present. Wherever the words he adapted to those Melodies are read, the plainest, as the most cultivated, intelligence must admire the genius of Thomas Moore.

O.